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"A HISTORY OF ITALIAN  
LITERATURE."



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The first volume is the volume which  
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A HISTORY OF ITALIAN  
LITERATURE

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# Literature of Italy 1265 1907.

Edited by Rossiter Johnson and  
Dora Knowlton Ranous

With a General Introduction by William  
Michael Rossetti and Special Intro-  
ductions by James, Cardinal Gibbons,  
Charles Eliot Norton, S. G. W. Ben-  
jamin, William S. Walsh, Maurice  
Francis Egan, and others

New translations, and former render-  
ings compared and revised

Translators: James C. Brogan, Lord Charle-  
mont, Geoffrey Chaucer, Hartley Coleridge,  
Florence Kendrick Cooper, Lady Dacre,  
Theodore Dwight, Edward Fairfax, Ugo  
Foscolo, G. A. Greene, Sir Thomas Hoby,  
William Dean Howells, Luigi Monti, Evan-  
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Knowlton Ranous, Thomas Roscoe, William  
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AN  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
ITALIAN AUTHORS

FROM CAVALCANTI TO FOGAZZARO

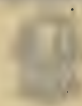
*PORTRAIT OF VITTORIA COLONNA*

(1270-1507)

*From a Painting by Jules Lefebvre*

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

THE NATIONAL ALBANY



AN  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
ITALIAN AUTHORS

FROM CAVALCANTI TO FOGAZZARO

(1270-1907)

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

THE NATIONAL ALUMNI

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## INTRODUCTION

**N**O literature is fully and fairly represented by its great authors alone. Nor are the great authors themselves fully represented unless the reader is enabled to make some acquaintance with their countrymen of less renown that have sung the smaller (and sometimes sweeter) songs of love, home, or heroism, or have preserved in *genre* the everyday life of their own times. An educator's pupils are a part of his works, and the minor authors are nearly all pupils of the schools founded by those

"Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time."

That would be an imperfect presentation of English poetry which should take no notice of Collins, Gray, Chatterton, Hood, Mrs. Hemans, or Charles Lamb; and similarly the editors of this series would perform an incomplete service to Italian letters should they fail to give the reader something from the works of Cardinal Bembo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Vittoria Colonna, Gaspara Stampa, Carducci, Verga, Fogazzaro, Ada Negri and others, who have a permanent though less conspicuous place in the literature of their country. But this volume is not drawn entirely from minor authors. A few whose rank is higher are represented here because the scope of the series, or the peculiarity of their work, prevented us from assigning to them an entire volume.

THE EDITORS



POEMS

BY

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI





## INTRODUCTION

**G**UIDO CAVALCANTI was born about the middle of the thirteenth century; the exact date is unknown. He belonged to an eminent family, of the Guelph party. His father, known as a soldier and a politician, is mentioned by Dante in the *Inferno* because of his acceptance of the Epicurean philosophy and his lack of faith in a future life. Guido married a daughter of Farina degli Uberti, and succeeded him as the head of the Ghibelline party. He was beloved and admired by Dante, who classed him with himself and a few others as a founder of the new school of poetry, the *dolce stil nuovo*. He sent him the first sonnet of his *Vita Nuova*, and a poetical correspondence between them is still in existence. Cavalcanti was involved in a feud between the Cerchi and the Donati, which became so violent that the leaders of both parties were exiled. He went to Sarzana, and thence made the popular pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint James, in Santiago de Compostela, Spain. On his return he met at Toulouse the lady Mandetta, to whom many of his poems were addressed. These are mainly sonnets and canzonets. One eminent critic expresses the opinion that "his verse savors more of the dialectician than of the singer"; that "his odes are dryly scholastic," but that "at the same time certain lyrics composed in a lighter mood have the essence of sponta-

neous and natural inspiration. His *ballate* were probably regarded by himself and his friends as playthings, thrown off in idle moments to distract a mind engaged in thorny speculations. Yet we find here the first full blossom of genuine Italian verse. Their beauty is that of popular song starting flower-like from the soil and fragrant in its first expansion beneath the sun of courtesy and culture." Another critic writes: "Cavalcanti shows two somewhat distinct tendencies. He feels the philosophizing influence of Guido Guinicelli, which had transformed the chivalric and amorous ideals of Provence and France into doctrines of the spiritual life. He feels also the charm of the simple and direct passion, the naïve loveliness, of the popular song of the Florentines. His influence upon Dante must have been great from this very fact."

Cavalcanti died in 1300, soon after his return from exile. A full edition of his poems was published in Florence in 1813. His biography has been written by Pietro Ercole.

## I

### TO DANTE ALIGHIERI

*Cavalcanti interprets Dante's Dream, related in the first Sonnet of  
The New Life.*

Unto my thinking, thou beheld'st all worth,  
All joy, as much of good as man may know,  
If thou wert in his power who here below  
Is honor's righteous lord throughout this earth.  
Where evil dies, even there he has his birth,  
Whose justice out of pity's self doth grow.  
Softly to sleeping persons he will go,  
And, with no pain to them, their hearts draw forth.  
Thy heart he took, as knowing well, alas!  
That Death had claimed thy lady for his prey.  
In fear whereof he fed her with thy heart.  
But when he seemed in sorrow to depart,  
Sweet was thy dream; for by that sign, I say,  
Surely the opposite shall come to pass.

## II

*Cavalcanti compares all things with his Lady, and finds them  
wanting.*

Beauty in woman; the high will's decree;  
Fair knighthood armed for manly exercise;  
The pleasant song of birds; love's soft replies;  
The strength of rapid ships upon the sea;



The serene air when light begins to be;  
The white snow, without wind, that falls and lies;  
Fields of all flower; the place where waters rise;  
Silver and gold; azure in jewelry:—  
Weighed against these, the sweet and quiet worth  
Which my dear lady cherishes at heart  
Might seem a little matter to be shown;  
Being truly, over these, as much apart  
As the whole heaven is greater than this earth.  
All good to kindred natures cleaveth soon.

## III

*A Rapture concerning his Lady.*

Who is she coming, whom all gaze upon,  
Who makes the air all tremulous with light,  
And at whose side is Love himself? that none  
Dare speak, but each man's sighs are infinite.  
Ah me! how she looks round from left to right,  
Let Love discourse: I may not speak thereon.  
Lady she seems of such high benison  
As makes all others graceless in men's sight.  
The honor that is hers cannot be said;  
To whom are subject all things virtuous,  
While all things beauteous own her deity.  
Ne'er was the mind of man so nobly led,  
Nor yet was such redemption granted us  
That we should ever know her perfectly.

## IV

## IN EXILE AT SARZANA

Because I think not ever to return,  
Ballad, to Tuscany,  
Go thou therefore for me  
Straight to my lady's face,  
Who, of her noble grace,  
Shall show thee courtesy.

Thou seekest her in charge of many sighs,  
Full of much grief and of exceeding fear.  
But have good heed thou come not to the eyes  
Of such as are sworn foes to gentle cheer;  
For, certes, if this thing should chance, from her  
Thou then couldst only look  
For scorn, and such rebuke  
As needs must bring me pain;  
Yea, after death again  
Tears and fresh agony.

Surely thou knowest, Ballad, how that Death  
Assails me, till my life is almost sped:  
Thou knowest how my heart still travaileth  
Through the sore pangs that in my soul are bred.  
My body being now so nearly dead,  
It cannot suffer more.  
Then, going, I implore  
That this my soul thou take  
(Nay, do so for my sake),  
When my heart sets it free.

Ah! Ballad, unto thy dear offices  
I do commend my soul, thus trembling  
That thou may'st lead it, for pure piteousness,  
Even to that lady's presence whom I sing.  
Ah! Ballad, say thou to her, sorrowing,  
Whereso thou meet her then:  
"This thy poor handmaiden  
Is come, nor will be gone,  
Being parted now from one  
Who served Love painfully."

Thou also, thou bewilder'd voice and weak  
That goest forth in tears from my grieved heart,  
Shalt, with my soul and with this ballad, speak  
Of my dead mind, when thou dost hence depart,  
Unto that lady (piteous as thou art!)  
Who is so calm and bright,  
It shall be deep delight  
To feel her presence there.  
And thou, Soul, worship her  
Still in her purity.

THE STUDENT'S ADVENTURE

BY

MASUCCIO SALERNITANO

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE





## INTRODUCTION

**M**ASUCCIO GUARDATO, known as Masuccio Salernitano ("the Salernian"), was born in Naples in 1420, and died in 1480. Authentic details are lacking as to his true social rank, but he seems to have risen high in the favor of noble patrons, and he was for a long time secretary to Prince Roberto Sanseverino, and lived most of his life at the Neapolitan court. His collection of tales (*Il Novellino*) was published in 1470, and established at once his reputation as a story-teller of the highest order, who owed nothing to Boccaccio, as was the case with many writers of that period. His style was distinctively his own; he lived among the nobles of a royal court, yet he knew intimately both the middle class of society and the common people. This broad knowledge of the men and manners of his time is shown in the wide diversity of his original and strikingly dramatic plots; and his mode of expression is free from pedantry and full of strength and beauty. He always insisted that his stories were founded on fact, which assertion must have awakened much startled curiosity in his contemporaries, as most of the tales deal with the weaknesses of erring human nature, and attack the clergy, as well as noble lords and their fair ladies, with no gentle touch. But his work has been popular throughout the centuries, because of its irresistible appeal to the imagination of all readers.



## THE STUDENT'S ADVENTURE

**A**TTRACTED by the very distinguished and ancient reputation enjoyed by the University of Bologna, an eminent scholar of Castile resolved to visit that city for the purpose of obtaining the legal degrees. The young man was Mes-ser Alfonso da Toletto, esteemed for his virtues, and in very easy circumstances, the recent death of his father, a noble cavalier, having left it in his power to furnish himself with everything requisite for his studies. Thus, with handsome equipments, steeds, domestics, an excellent library, and a thousand gold florins in his purse, he set out on his way to Italy. Passing in a few days by way of Castile and Catalonia into France, he arrived at Avignon, where he purposed for a short time to remain.

The next day, as he was proceeding from his inn to amuse himself with observing the place, he chanced to behold, looking from a balcony, a very beautiful lady, whose equal he imagined he never had seen before; and as he passed along her attractions were still present to his view. Such, indeed, was the impression, that abandoning all his laudable pursuits, he determined to remain in that place until he obtained some portion of her regard. By frequently passing her house and throwing himself on all occasions in her way, he so far betrayed his attachment, that, being a very artful creature, she quickly perceived that she had him in her power. Aware of his youth and inexperience, as well as of his wealth

and quality, she began to consider how she might best impose upon him for her own interested purposes. And in order to engage more speedily in a conference, like some piratical vessel sending out its boats to seize provisions for its voyage, she fixed upon a wicked old creature, well trained to the business, and seating herself in the window, prepared to observe the result. This it was that the poor youth most ardently desired. Before the old hag broke off the interview, she had learned everything from him she wished; and after various presents and messages had passed on both sides, it was agreed that he should be permitted to wait upon the lady the following evening, on the condition of bringing with him a thousand gold florins as the price of the lady's conquest. When the hour arrived, this imprudent and unfortunate young man was conducted to her dwelling, and received with apparent pleasure by its inmate, whose name was Laura, and there, unhappily for them both, he remained until the following day. And having arranged how they should in future meet without fear of exciting the suspicions of her relatives, the wretched youth reluctantly took his leave, and returned to his own abode.

The lady seized upon her spoils with triumph, and, before her lover left her, so imposed upon his credulity by her arts, that, having dismissed all idea of Bologna and its studies from his mind, he expected to have frequent access to her society. So the following evening, not in the least doubting of the same favorable reception, he hastened at the same hour to the lady's residence, and having repeated the signal of his arrival with-



out effect, he was at length compelled, however unwillingly, to retire with the loss, no less of his wealth and honor, than of his beloved object, and, stung with rage and grief, slumber refused to visit his eyes during the whole of that unhappy night. Resolved the next morning to ascertain the cause of this cruel treachery, he again visited the fatal house, where he found both doors and windows closed, in confirmation of all his worst fears that he had been vilely abandoned and betrayed by the artful woman to whom he was so passionately attached. He returned to his friends and followers full of desperate thoughts against himself, which stifling with the utmost difficulty, he prepared to leave the place. And being quite destitute of means to discharge his expenses, he was compelled to dispose of one of his finest mules. Having thus satisfied his host, with the trifling resources that still remained, he proceeded on his way through Provence toward Italy, plunged in the deepest grief at the thought of having to travel to Bologna, and to reside there as a poor student, instead of making the noble figure he had expected. As he went thus full of grievous thoughts along his weary way, being arrived at Trayques, he had the singular fortune to take up his quarters at the same inn where the husband of the artful Laura had just entered for the night. He was a handsome and accomplished cavalier, of distinguished eloquence and great authority in the state, and was then returning from an embassy sent by the King of France to the Pope. Having begged the host to inform him should any noble traveler alight, in order to enjoy his society at table, a custom always observed by travelers

from France, he was told that there was a Spanish scholar going to Bologna, who, according to the account of his domestics, appeared buried in the profoundest sorrow, having scarcely broken fast for the last two days. On hearing this, the cavalier very good-naturedly determined to invite the poor youth to sup with him, and, becoming his own messenger, he introduced himself into his room, where he found him seated in a disconsolate attitude, and taking him affectionately by the hand, entreated he would favor him with his company at supper. The youth, perceiving from his appearance that he was a person of some importance, could not refuse, thus invited, to accompany him; and sitting down together, when they had concluded their meal, they dismissed their domestics from the room.

The ambassador then ventured to inquire into the object of the young man's travels, and next, as far as delicacy allowed, into the cause of his apparent affliction. Messer Alfonso, in great emotion, replied with difficulty to his first question, entreating to be excused from touching upon the latter. But his new friend, having learned the reason of his leaving home, and the high respectability of his family, became still more solicitous to discover the origin of the excessive melancholy which seemed to overpower him. After frequently evading his questions, the youth was at length persuaded by the deep interest he evinced in his welfare to confide to him the whole of his unhappy adventure, with the lady's name, and the manner in which he had been entertained by her; adding that the disappointment he felt at being thus betrayed, and the loss of all his resources, had

driven him to the verge of despair. The cavalier, who had thus unconsciously insisted upon the knowledge of his own dishonor, at these words soon presented a far more distressing picture of wretchedness than even the author of his disgrace; and it is for high-minded men alone, who may have survived the loss of honor, to appreciate the real nature of his feelings. But with his usual prudence and self-command, he checked the impulse of his feelings, adopting with singular promptness the line of conduct which he conceived such an emergency required. Then turning toward the youth, he thus addressed him:

"You have indeed, young man, given loose to your passions in a very reprehensible manner, and fallen into the snares of a vile wretch, whom, from your own statements, you should have avoided with the utmost care. Could my severest reproaches now avail you, I should never cease to condemn your folly; but, as you are in far greater want of assistance than of blame, it will be enough to leave you to the remorse such conduct cannot fail to produce. Cease, however, to entertain the desperate thoughts you have already too much indulged, and you shall find that in the end I will become your real friend, and treat you no otherwise than if you were my own son. And, as you may perceive, I am a foreigner, bound to pursue my route, excuse me if I cannot be at your disposal, and do not refuse to accompany me back the way you came. Come to my house for a few days, and I then promise you that you shall pursue your first intentions with far more pleasure than you at present believe. For the reputation of your family and



your father's noble character will not permit me to behold his son proceeding thus unhappily to begin his studies, unable to support the respectability of his name and the virtues to which it has ever been allied."

Surprised at these proofs of kindness, the youth expressed his gratitude, as far as mingled grief and shame permitted him to give utterance to his feelings. They then separated for the night, and the next day set out on their way toward France, traveling so speedily under the direction of the cavalier, that they arrived, ere night-fall, in the city of Avignon. The cavalier, taking the young man's arm, immediately conducted him to his own house, the fatal house whither he had before resorted; and recognizing the spot, he beheld the same lady advancing with lights in her hand to welcome her husband home. Aware of the whole truth, he immediately gave himself up for lost; and as he was hardly able to alight from his horse, the cavalier assisted him, and led him trembling into the same apartment wherein he had been received before. The wife, starting back at the sight of the student, stood as if conscious of her impending fate; and it would be impossible to describe the grief and terror at that moment depicted on her countenance. The supper made its appearance, when they sat down, together with the lady, all in their secret thoughts enduring varied feelings of pain. The supper-table being withdrawn, the cavalier, turning toward his wife, thus addressed her:

"Laura, bring me the thousand gold florins which this young person gave you, and for which you bartered your own honor and mine, and that of all our family."

On hearing these words, the lady appeared as if she were sinking into the earth, and was unable to utter the least answer. Her husband then fixing his eye upon her with a stern expression, and seizing his dagger, exclaimed:

"Thou vilest of women, as you value your life, this moment do as I have commanded you!"

Marking his rising passion, his wife, overpowered with fear and weeping bitterly, dared not even deny the fact, and, going out, immediately returned with the money, which she laid with a trembling hand upon the table. Having examined it, her husband took one of the pieces, and presented it to the young man, who stood speechless with fear, momentarily expecting, together with the lady, to feel the fatal dagger at his heart. As he presented the coin, the cavalier thus continued:

"Everyone ought to be rewarded for his pains; and as this lady was at the trouble of entertaining you with both love and scorn, and may deservedly be ranked with the vilest of her sex, who do not deserve to receive more than one ducat at a time, I beg that you, sir, who hired her, will please to pay her what I have given you."

He compelling his wife to receive it, it was done. Then, perceiving the young man to be quite oppressed with fear and shame, his eyes fixed upon the earth and his voice convulsed with sobs, he continued:

"Take your ill-guarded and ill-spent gold, poor youth, and remember for the future to employ it better than in purchasing your shame, instead of acquiring the reputation and honor which your family has a right to expect. Aim at nobler pursuits, Signor! But I would not will-



ingly distress you; you require rest, and you may sleep under my roof secure. I give you my hand, as a man of honor—leave us; good-night!”

The unhappy youth was then shown into a richly furnished apartment, with every attendance and convenience; but his thoughts were too wild to admit of repose. Often did he start up in terror as if again he had heard the voice of the unhappy Laura. He indeed was safe; but the light of morning never again broke upon that lady's eyes.

The following day, the cavalier, having prepared for their departure, accompanied the youth about ten miles beyond the city, and on taking leave, presented him with various rich presents, saying:

“Although I have granted you your life, no less than the fortune you had lost, I cannot feel easy in parting with you unless you consent to receive from my hands these trifling gifts, together with this horse, as a recompense for the sale of your mule. In token of my pity for you, and in consideration of the sufferings you have incurred, deign to accept them, and henceforward consider me in the light of a father, as I shall continue to feel the same interest in you as if you were really my son.”

And then, tenderly embracing the poor youth, whose continued sobs and tears choked his utterance, he took a sorrowful leave of him, imposing only perpetual silence as to the events which had just taken place. Unable to thank him, the youth pursued his way to Bologna, while the cavalier returned to the city of Avignon.

POEMS

BY

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS



## INTRODUCTION

**M**ATTEO MARIA BOIARDO, who bore the title Count of Scandiano, was born in Scandiano about 1432. He studied at the University of Ferrara, then became an attaché of the Duke of Este, and was appointed Governor of Reggio. In 1481 he became Governor of Modena, and six years later returned to Reggio, where he died in 1494. He is famous chiefly for his long poem of chivalry, *Orlando Innamorato*, which never was finished, because of the French invasion of Italy, and is now seldom read. This was the forerunner of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. It was popular in its day, was several times re-written, and was translated into French. It was not printed entire till a year after Boiardo's death. He wrote a drama entitled *Il Timone*, and a large number of sonnets and other short poems, the finest of which, like many other poets, he wrote for his sweetheart, Antonia Capraca. One biographer says: "There are traces of Boiardo's being attached to at least two ladies, and he married a third." His bride was a daughter of the Count of Novellara. In the administration of his governorship he was criticised for his extreme mildness. A contemporary wrote of him: "He was not severe to the errors of love, but kindly gave to others

what he desired for himself. He sat, indeed, on the seat of justice, and expounded the law with a grave face; but his countenance was not always severe. Day and night he sang the triumphs of love, and while others studied law, he applied himself to tender poetry."



## NARCISSUS

Beyond the bridge there was a little close  
All round the marble of that fountain fair;  
And in the midst a sepulcher arose,  
Not made by mortal art, however rare:  
Above in golden letters ran the gloss,  
Which said, "That soul is vain beyond compare  
That falls a-doting on his own sweet eyes.  
Here in the tomb the boy Narcissus lies."

Erewhile Narcissus was a damozel  
So graceful, and of beauty so complete,  
That no fair painted form adorable  
Might with his perfect loveliness compete;  
Yet not less fair than proud, as poets tell,  
Seeing that arrogance and beauty meet  
Most times, and thus full well with mickle woe  
The laity of love is taught to know.

So that the Empress of the Orient,  
Doting upon Narcissus beyond measure,  
And finding him on love so little bent,  
So cruel and so careless of all pleasure,  
Poor wretch, her dolorous days in weeping spent,  
Craving from morn till eve of Love the treasure,  
Praying vain prayers of power from Heaven to turn  
The very sun, and make him cease to burn.

Yet all these words she cast upon the wind;  
For he, heart-hardened, would not hear her moan,  
More than the asp, both deaf to charms and blind.  
Wherefore by slow degrees more feeble grown,

Toward death she daily dwindling sank and pined;

But ere she died, to Love she cried alone,  
Pouring sad sighs forth with her latest breath,  
For vengeance for her undeservèd death.

And this Love granted: for beside the stream

Of which I spoke, Narcissus happed to stray  
While hunting, and perceived its silvery gleam;

Then having chased the deer a weary way,  
He leaned to drink, and saw, as if in dream,

His face, ne'er seen by him until that day;  
And as he gazed, such madness round him floated  
That with fond love on his fair self he doted.

Whoever heard so strange a story told?

Justice of Love! how true, how strong it is!

Now he stands sighing by the fountain cold

For what he hath, yet never can be his!

He that was erst so hard as stone of old,

Whom ladies like a god on bended knees  
Devoutly wooed, imploring him for grace,  
Now dies of vain desire for his own face.

Poring upon his perfect countenance,

Which on this earth hath ne'er a paragon,

He pined in deep desire's extravagance,

Little by little, like a lily blown.

Or like a cropped rose: till, poor boy, the glance

Of his black eyes, his cheek's vermilion,

His snowy whiteness, and his gleeful mirth

Death froze, who freezes all things upon earth.

Then by sad misadventure through the glade

The fairy Silvanella took her way;

And on the spot where now this tomb is made,

'Mid flowers the dead youth very beauteous lay:

She, marveling at his fair face, wept and stayed  
In sore discomfiture and cold dismay;  
Nor could she quit the place, but slowly came  
To pine and waste for him with amorous flame.

Yea, though the boy was dead, for him she burned:  
Pity and grief her gentle soul o'erspread;  
Beside him on the grass she lay and mourned,  
Kissing his clay-cold lips and mouth and head.  
But at the last her madness she discerned,  
To love a corpse wherefrom the soul had fled:  
Yet knows she not, poor wretch, her doom to shun;  
She fain would love not, yet she must love on.

When all the night and all the following day  
Were wasted in the torrent of her woes,  
A comely tomb of marble fair the Fay  
Built by enchantment in the flowery close;  
Nor ever from that station would she stray,  
But wept and mourned; till, worn by weary throes,  
Beside the font within a little space  
Like snow before the sun she pined apace.

Yet for relief, or that she might not rue  
Alone the luckless doom which made her die,  
E'en 'mid the pangs of love such charms she threw  
Upon the font in her malignity,  
That all who passing toward the water drew  
And gazed thereon, perchance with listless eye,  
Must in the depth see maiden faces fair,  
Graceful and soul-enthraling, mirrored there.

They in their brows have beauty so entire  
That he who gazes cannot turn to fly,  
But in the end must fade of mere desire,  
And in that field lay himself down to die.

## LOVE, AN EXILE

From that Elysium where thou dwell'st enshrined  
'Mid thy own Psyche's odorous bowers,  
Wreathing her brows with amaranth flowers,  
Gathered by streams and fields of fadeless light,  
Come gentle, sacred Love, new-born of mind,  
As thou wert pictured by the old poets bright.

When Grace was young, ere Sion mourned her sons  
By banks where Jordan runs—  
Oh, come to weep with her the graces fled,  
Now sainted glories hovering round her head.

Gone where no sorrow comes, no fond hearts moan,  
For the lost light of sweet undying love,  
That too soon sought its fitter sphere above,  
And left us wandering lone.

Since last, O Love, these eyes on that dear face  
Did rest and linger, not one joyful hour  
Was mine—nor, ah! will e'er return,  
Till reached that quiet bourne,

If bounteous Heaven may deign to grant me grace,  
And mourning hearts, and gentle prayers have power.  
Who love, must grieve—by night, by day,  
And ever 'twas his lot who loves too well;  
Deep in his breast the pangs of sorrow trace  
Love's characters no tears can e'er efface.  
Oh, here so brief, so swiftly gone!  
As spurning earth, she winged her way:  
No time to breathe one short farewell,  
Or say, "Oh, Love, we meet in other realms of day."



Vainly I deemed time, change, at last might bring  
That balm of Sorrow's age,  
Oblivion sweet, o'er Memory's haunting hours;  
But ah, what hope brings healing on its wing,  
Or rest in life's long pilgrimage?  
The grief that journeyed with me bore a sting  
That ceaseless goads the exile on his way,  
The thought of home and friends—youth's happier day,  
That brighter sun—fresh air, glad fields and flowers.  
Where'er he roves, his heart can never stay;  
Still at each step he treads a stranger's clime,  
Joying but in that old and pleasant time.

So lone on earth wanders Love's passion-soul  
For the one lost, adored past death;  
Gathering fresh strength with every heavy toll  
Of lingering hours, as onward to the goal  
He hastes with weary step and painful breath,  
Musing on fadeless features of the past,  
Each air, each look, each gracious accent sweet,  
Till through the vistas of the tomb, at last,  
He sees, all joy, how spirit-loves shall meet,  
By chastening passion that fast drinks the life,  
And gives Love's first home for the pangs of strife.  
So let me pour this last fond, dying breath,  
In one all glorious love-pledge to thy name;  
The thought of thee still live within my soul,  
And reign supreme beyond the reach of death,  
When this worn dust, returning whence it came,  
Strikes the last chain from Love's and Heaven's  
control.





POEMS AND BALLADS

BY

ANGELO POLIZIANO

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS



## INTRODUCTION

**P**OLIZIANO, who was born near Florence in 1454, was a dear friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, to whom he appears to have been indebted for his education, as his father was poor and not likely to be able to send him to the celebrated masters under whom he studied. He wrote: "From boyhood almost I was brought up in that asylum of virtue, the palace of the great Lorenzo de' Medici, Prince of his flourishing Republic of Florence." He had written, at the age of fourteen, a poem of fourteen hundred lines, on the first tournament of Giuliano de' Medici. This, though unfinished, was greatly admired and placed him in high favor at court. He became tutor to Lorenzo's children, but did not agree very well with their mother, who conceived a strong dislike for him, and declared that he was conceited and impertinent. At the age of twenty-nine he received the chair of Greek and Latin eloquence in the University of Florence. His reputation spread rapidly through Italy, and he was sent, on one occasion, as ambassador to the court of Rome, and though he was not a priest he enjoyed several benefices. It is said—apparently on good authority—that his heart was literally broken by the death of Lorenzo and the disasters that followed. While he was singing a monody that he had written on his beloved patron, a spasm seized him, and he died almost instantly. This was in

1494, when he had just completed his fortieth year. Poliziano ranked very high among the scholars that contributed to the revival of learning. It is said that he could think in Greek or Latin as readily and exactly as in his native language. He made many translations from the classics, and published critical notes, plays, and poems. His *Orfeo* was the first secular drama represented in modern times. His complete works were published at Basle a century and a half after his death, and portions of them have appeared in later editions. His biography was written in Latin by Menckenius.



## THE WOODLAND BIRD

I found myself one day all, all alone,  
For pastime in a field with blossoms strewn.

I do not think the world a field could show  
With herbs of perfume so surpassing rare;  
But when I passed beyond the green hedgerow,  
A thousand flowers around me flourished fair,  
White, pied, and crimson, in the summer air;  
Among the which I heard a sweet bird's tone.

I found myself one day all, all alone,  
For pastime in a field with blossoms strewn.

Her song it was so tender and so clear  
That all the world listenèd with love; then I  
With stealthy feet a-tiptoe drawing near,  
Her golden head and golden wings could spy,  
Her plumes that flashed like rubies 'neath the sky,  
Her crystal beak and throat and bosom's zone.

I found myself one day all, all alone,  
For pastime in a field with blossoms strewn.

Fain would I snare her, smit with mighty love;  
But arrow-like she soared, and through the air  
Fled to her nest upon the boughs above;  
Wherefore to follow her is all my care,  
For haply I might lure her with some snare  
Forth from the woodland wild where she is flown.

I found myself one day all, all alone,  
For pastime in a field with blossoms strewn.

Yea, I might spread some net or woven wile;  
But since in singing she doth take such pleasure,  
Without or other art or other guile  
I seek to win her with a tuneful measure;  
Therefore in singing spend I all my leisure,  
To make by singing this sweet bird my own.

I found myself one day all, all alone,  
For pastime in a field with blossoms strewn.

### A MAY-DAY SONG

Welcome in the May  
And the woodland garland gay!  
Welcome in the jocund spring,  
Which bids all men lovers be!  
Maidens, up, with caroling,  
With your sweethearts stout and free,  
With roses and with blossoms ye  
Who deck yourselves this first of May!

Up, and forth into the pure  
Meadows, 'mid the trees and flowers!  
Every beauty is secure  
With so many bachelors:  
Beasts and birds amid the bowers  
Glow with love this first of May.

Maidens that are young and fair,  
Be not harsh, I counsel you;  
For your youth cannot repair  
Her prime of spring, as meadows do;  
None be proud, but all be true  
To men who love, this first of May.

Dance and carol every one  
Of our band so bright and gay!  
See your sweethearts how they run  
Through the jousts for you to-day!  
She who saith her lover nay  
Will deflower the sweets of May.

Lads in love take sword and shield  
To make pretty girls their prize;  
Yield ye, merry maidens, yield  
To your lovers' vows and sighs;  
Give his heart back ere it dies—  
Wage not war this first of May.

He that steals another's heart,  
Let him give his own heart too.  
Who's the robber? 'Tis the smart  
Little cherub Cupid, who  
Homage comes to pay with you,  
Damsels, to the first of May.

Love comes smiling; round his head  
Lilies white and roses meet:  
'Tis for you his flight is sped.  
Fair ones, haste our king to greet!  
Who will fling him blossoms sweet—  
Soonest on this first of May?

Welcome, stranger! Welcome, king!  
Love, what hast thou to command?  
That each maid with wreaths should ring  
Her lover's hair with loving hand;  
That maidens one and all should band  
In Love's own ranks this first of May.

## CHORUS OF MÆNADS

Bacchus, we all must follow thee!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

With ivy coronals, bunch and berry,

Crown we our heads to worship thee!

Thou hast bidden us to make merry

Day and night with jollity.

Drink, then! Bacchus is here! Drink free,

And hand ye the drinking-cup to me!

Bacchus, we all must follow thee!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

See, I have emptied my horn already:

Stretch hither your beaker to me, I pray;

Are the hills and the lawns where we roam unsteady,

Or is it my brain that reels away?

Let every one run to and fro through the hay,

As ye see me run! Ho, after me!

Bacchus, we all must follow thee!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

Methinks I am falling in swoon or slumber;

Am I drunken or sober, yes or no?

What are these weights that my feet encumber?

You too are tipsy, well I know!

Let every one do as you see me do,

Let every one drink and quaff like me!

Bacchus we all must follow thee!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

Cry Bacchus! Cry Bacchus! Be blithe and merry,

Tossing wine down your throats away!

Let sleep then come and our gladness bury:

Drink you, and you, and you, while ye may!

Dancing is over for me to-day.  
Let every one cry aloud Evohé!  
Bacchus, we all must follow thee!  
Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

## PORTRAIT OF LA SIMONETTA

White is the maid, and white the robe around her,  
With buds and roses and thin grasses pied;  
Enwreathèd folds of golden tresses crowned her,  
Shadowing her forehead fair with modest pride.  
The wild wood smiled—where her lover found her,  
To ease his heart—and bloomed on every side;  
Serene she sits, with gesture queenly mild,  
And with her glance tempers the tempests wild.

Reclined he found her on the swarded grass  
In jocund mood; and garlands she had made  
Of every flower that in the meadow was,  
Or on her robe of many hues displayed.  
But when she saw her lover near her pass,  
Raising her timid head awhile she stayed;  
Then with her white hand gathered up her dress,  
And stood, lap full of flowers, in loveliness!





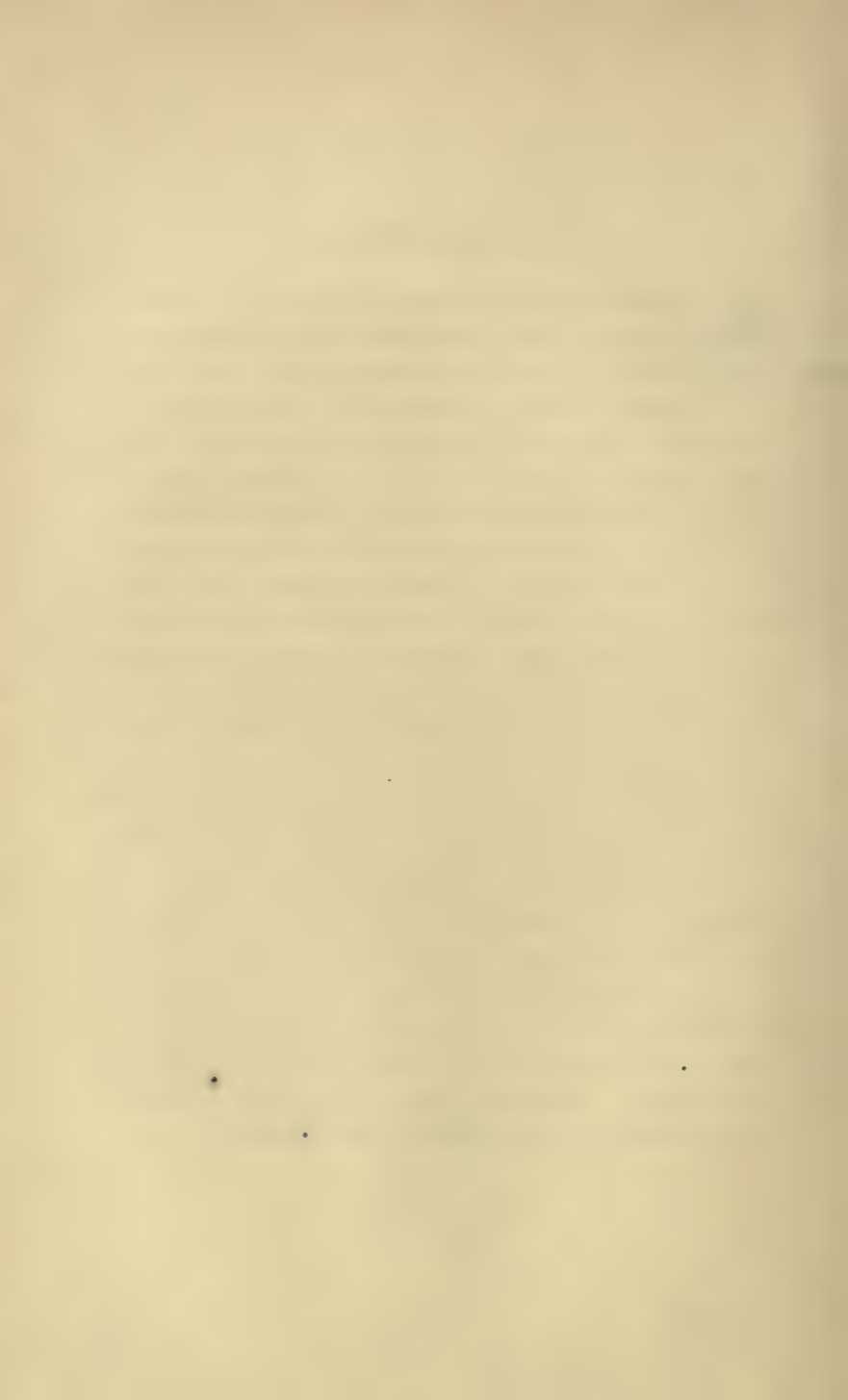
POEMS  
BY  
JACOPO SANNAZARO  
TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE



## INTRODUCTION

**S**ANNAZARO was born in Naples in 1450, received a good education, and traveled extensively. His early poems brought him to the notice of King Frederick III, who became his patron, and whom he followed into exile in 1501. His most important work is *Arcadia*, a pastoral partly in prose and partly in verse, which was published in Venice in 1502 and passed through sixty editions in a century. He wrote also poems and epigrams in Latin, for one of which, in praise of Venice, the Venetian Senate awarded him six hundred ducats, equivalent to about three thousand dollars in our day. He died in Naples in 1530. An edition of his Italian poems was issued in Padua in 1723.

Salfi, an eminent Italian critic of the seventeenth century, wrote: "With a less embarrassed construction than Boccaccio, and less of servile mannerism than Bembo, the style of Sannazaro is simple, flowing, rapid, harmonious. If it should seem now and then too florid and diffuse, this may be pardoned in a romance. It is to him, in short, that we owe the revival of correctness and elegance in the Italian prose of the sixteenth century; and his style in the *Arcadia* would have been far more relished than that of the *Asolani*, if the originality of his poetry had not engrossed our attention."





## TO MY LOVE

Beloved, well thou know'st how many a year  
I dwelt with thee on earth in blissful love;  
Now I am call'd to walk the realms above,  
And vain to me the world's cold shows appear.  
Enthron'd in bliss, I know no mortal fear,  
And in my death with no sharp pangs I strove,  
Save when I thought that thou wert left to prove  
A joyless fate, and shed the bitter tear.  
But round thee plays a ray of heavenly light,  
And, ah! I hope that ray shall lend its aid  
To guide thee through the dark abyss of night:  
Weep then no more, nor be thy heart dismay'd  
When close thy mortal days; in fond delight  
My soul shall meet thee in new love array'd.

## BLESSED AND BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT

O brief as bright, too early blest—  
Pure spirit freed from mortal care,  
Safe in yon far off mansions of the sky;  
There with that angel take thy rest,  
Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there;  
Together quaff th' immortal joys on high,  
Pitying our earth-low destiny!

Display thy sainted beauty bright,  
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,  
Through seasons of unchanging years,  
By living fountains, and by fields of light,

Leading thy blessed flocks above;  
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with  
love.

Thine other hills and other groves,  
And streams and rivers never dry,  
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth  
flowers;

While, following other loves,  
Through sunny glades the fauns glide by,  
Surprising the fond nymphs in happier bowers.  
Pressing the fragrant flowers,  
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,  
By Daphnis' and by Melibæus' side,  
Filling the vaulted heavens wide  
With the sweet music made;  
While the glad choirs that round appear  
Listen to his dear voice, we may no longer hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,  
As their bold monarch to the herded kine;  
As golden ears to the glad, sunny plain,  
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain!

Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume  
The best and loftiest of his race,  
Who may escape his doom?

What shepherd ever more shall grace  
The world like him; and with his magic strain  
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,  
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer  
floods?

THREE SONNETS

BY

PIETRO BEMBO

TRANSLATED BY JAMES GLASSFORD



## INTRODUCTION

**P**IETRO BEMBO was born in Venice in 1470, of a noble family, studied in Florence, where his father was ambassador, and gave his attention largely to learning and literature. His first publication was an essay on Mount Etna. With graceful manners and a plentiful wit, he became a successful courtier and gained many powerful friends. He was secretary to Pope Leo X, and on the death of that pontiff, in 1521, he retired to Padua, where he made large collections of books and medals, and wrote a history of Venice, and many poems, critiques and dialogues. In 1539 he was made a cardinal, and thenceforth he studied the Fathers and wrote on theological and ecclesiastical subjects. His mistress, Morosina, who bore him three children, and whom he dearly loved, was famed for her beauty, and by her good counsel she greatly advanced his interests. His lines on Raphael, in the Pantheon, are one of the most famous of epitaphs:

*Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.*

"Here lies that Raphael by whom, living, the great mother of things (Nature) feared she would be conquered, and with him dying to die."

Bembo died in Rome in 1547. A collected edition of his works was published in Venice in 1729. His biography by Beccadelli had appeared eleven years earlier.





## TO ITALY

FAIR land, once loved of Heaven o'er all beside,  
Which blue waves gird and lofty mountains screen!  
Thou clime of fertile fields and sky serene,  
Whose gay expanse the Apennines divide!  
What boots it now that Rome's old warlike pride  
Left thee of humbled earth and sea the queen?  
Nations that served thee then now fierce convene  
To tear thy locks and strew them o'er the tide.  
And lives there son of thine so base at core,  
Who, luring foreign friends to thine embrace,  
Stabs to the heart thy beauteous, bleeding frame?  
Are these the noble deeds of ancient fame?  
Thus do ye God's almighty name adore?  
O hardened age! O false and recreant race!

## "YE HAUNTS RECLUSE"

YE haunts recluse, where pleased I still retreat  
From crowds, and live alone, what spell denies  
My visit, now that Phœbus in our skies,  
Leaving the Twins, has gathered all his heat?  
Nowhere so calm and fell my heart will beat,  
Or thoughts so far above the earth can rise,  
Nowhere my spirit, fed with such supplies,  
Approaches nearer to its native seat.  
How sweet it is in solitude to range  
I learned from thee; sweet when the world no more  
Distracts us, and our anxious fears are laid.  
O wood and stream beloved, might I exchange  
This restless ocean and its burning shore  
For thy fresh waters and thy verdant shade!

## THE DREAM

SWEET dream, to whom this stolen death I owe,  
That steeped my sense, and bade my sorrow fly,  
Say by what portal didst thou leave the sky  
A messenger of peace, to gladden woe?  
What angel there had breathed of one so low  
That moved thee on the wings of love to fly?  
Since wearied and forsaken where I lie  
None but thyself alone can help bestow.  
Blest thou, who makest thus another blest,  
Save that thou plyest thy wings in too much haste,  
And what thou gavest take back so soon again.  
Ah, since the way thou know'st, return at least,  
And sometimes of that pleasure let me taste,  
Which, but for thee, I should expect in vain!

THE AVARICIOUS WIDOW  
AND  
A GREEK HEROINE  
BY  
MATTEO BANDELLO  
TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE





## INTRODUCTION

**M**ATTEO BANDELLO was born in Castelnovo, Piedmont, in 1480. He studied theology, and entered the Dominican order. He traveled through Italy, and then became the instructor, in Milan, of Lucrezia Gonzaga, a member of the famous family. At the age of forty-five, as he had sided with the French, he was obliged to leave Italy, and he settled in Agen, France, which was thenceforth his home. At the age of seventy he was made Bishop of Agen. He wrote poems, and translated the *Hecuba* of Euripides; but his chief literary work is his tales, the manuscript of a part of which was destroyed when he was driven from Milan. These were first published, in three volumes, at Lucca, in 1554, and a fourth volume in 1573. As a story-teller he ranks next to Boccaccio, and Italian critics have praised him especially for choosing interesting subjects and adhering to probability in his narrative. Shakespeare borrowed from Bandello for *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; Beaumont and Fletcher for *The Maid of The Mill* and *The Triumph of Death*, and Massinger for *The Picture*. The latest Italian edition of his works was published in Turin in 1853. The exact date of Bandello's death is unknown; it took place between 1555 and 1562. John Payne has made an English translation of his entire works, in six volumes.



## THE AVARICIOUS WIDOW

**I**N the castle of Moncaliero, not far from the city of Turin, dwelt a widow named Zilia Duca, whose consort died before she had attained her twenty-fourth year. Though she was extremely beautiful, her manners were somewhat abrupt, resembling rather those of a pretty rustic than of a polished city dame. She devoted herself to the education and welfare of an only son, between three and four years old, and relinquished all idea of again entering into the marriage state. Entertaining somewhat narrow and avaricious views, she kept as small an establishment as she could, and performed many menial offices usually left to the management of domestics. She rarely received or returned visits, stealing out on the appointed fasts early in the morning to attend mass at an adjoining church, and returning home in the same private manner.

It was a general custom with the ladies in that part of the world, whenever strangers happened to arrive at their residence, to grant them a salute by way of welcome to their roof. But the lady of whom we speak proved for once an exception to this general and hospitable rule. For Messer Filiberto da Virle, a gentleman and a soldier of distinguished prowess and esteem, stopping at Moncaliero, on his way to Virle, chanced also to attend mass at the same church where Madonna Zilia

was to be seen. Charmed with her graceful and attractive air, no less than with the beauty of her countenance, he eagerly inquired who she was; and though little pleased with the avaricious character he heard attributed to her, he tried in vain to efface the impression she had made. He pursued his journey to Virle, where, after transacting his affairs, he resolved to retrace his steps to Moncaliero, not very far distant, and take up his residence there for some time. With this view he took a house not far from the castle, availing himself of every opportunity of throwing himself in the lady's way, and resolved at all risks, and whatever might be the labor, to induce her to discontinue the unsociable conduct of which she was accused.

After feasting his eyes long and vainly in her sight, he contrived to obtain an introduction; but she had hardly spoken two words to him, when she excused herself, and retreated, as usual, home. In truth she had been short with him, and he felt it in such a way that he made a strong resolution, which he almost as suddenly broke, of renouncing all thoughts of her forever. He next enlisted some of her own sex among her most intimate acquaintance to employ their influence with her to vanquish her obduracy, in order that, after carrying the outworks, he might take the castle of Moncaliero by storm. But the enemy was on the alert, and all his efforts proved futile. He looked, he sighed, he wrote, he went to mass, he walked before and behind the castle, in the woods, by the river-side, where he threatened to drown himself; but the lady's heart was more impregnable than a rock, harder than everything except his own fate; for she



deigned neither to smile upon nor to write to him. What should the wretched lover do? He had already lost his appetite, his complexion, and his rest, besides his heart, and really felt very unwell. Though physicians were not the persons to prescribe for such a case, they were nevertheless called in, and made him a great deal worse; for he was now rapidly advancing toward that bourne from which neither lovers nor travelers return; and without other help, it became very evident that the poor young gentleman would soon give up the ghost.

While his life hung suspended in this languishing state, one of his friends and fellow-officers, a happy fellow from Spoleto, hearing of his condition, came posting to his succor, determined at least to be in time for his funeral, and see that all due military honors were paid to his loving spirit. When he arrived, Messer Filiberto had just strength enough to tell the story of his love and the cruel disdain of the lady, intending afterward, as he assured his friend, to think no more about it, but quietly to expire. His friend, however, having really a regard for him, and believing he would grow wiser as he grew older, strongly dissuaded him from the latter alternative, observing that he ought to think about it; that it was a point of honor on which he ought to pique himself to bring it, like a good comedy, to a happy conclusion.

"My poor Filiberto," he continued, "leave the affair to me, and be assured you shall speak to her as much as you please."

"That is all I wish," exclaimed the patient with a little more animation, while a slight color suffused his cheek, "persuade her only to listen to me, and trust me;



I can manage the rest myself. But it is all a deception. What can you do, when I have wasted all kinds of love-messages, gifts, oaths, and promises in vain?"

"Do you get well; that is all you have to do," returned our Spoletino, "and leave the rest to me."

He spoke with so much confidence that the patient in a short time grew wonderfully better; and when the physician a few days afterward stepped in, he gave himself infinite credit for the improvement that had taken place.

The reader must know that the wits of Spoleto are renowned all over Italy; they are the most loose-tongued rattlers, the most diligent petitioners for alms in the name of St. Antony; the most audacious and sleight-of-hand gentry in the world. They have a very excellent gift of talking and making something out of nothing; and no less of persuading people to be of their own opinion, almost against their will. Nearly the whole of that amusing generation who are in the habit of getting through the world by easing the rich and the simple of their superfluous cash, who dance upon two poles, dole out the grace of St. Paul, charm the dancing serpents, or sing wicked songs in the public streets, will be found to trace their birth to Spoleto.

Messer Filiberto's friend was well qualified, therefore, as a relative of these itinerant wits, to assist a brother in distress, especially in such a dilemma as that in which our hero found himself. Considering him, at least, sufficiently convalescent, our Spoletino fixed upon a sort of traveling pedler to forward the designs he had formed for the relief of the unhappy lover. Bribing him to ex-

change dresses, he took possession for a period of his collection of wares, consisting of every article most tempting to a woman's eyes, either for ornament or for use. Thus armed, he set out in the direction of Donna Zilia's residence, announcing himself as the old traveling merchant with a fresh supply of the choicest goods. These tidings reaching the ears of the lady, she sent to desire him to call at her house, which he directly entered with the utmost familiarity, as if by no means for the first time, and addressed her in the most courteous language he could command. He then opened his treasures, and she entered upon a review of the whole assortment, displacing and undervaluing everything, while she purchased nothing. But fixing her eyes upon some beautiful veils and ribbons, of which she fancied she was in want, she inquired how much he expected for such very ordinary articles.

"If you will sell them, good man, for what they are really worth, I will take five-and-thirty yards; but if you ask too much, I will not look at them; I will not have a single ell."

"My lady," replied the false merchant, "do my veils indeed please you? They are at your service, and say nothing as to the price; it is already paid. And not only these, but the whole of this excellent assortment is your own, if you will but deign to receive it."

"No, no, not so," cried the lady, "that would not be right. I thank you, good man; though I certainly should like to have them at as low a rate as I can. So ask what you please, and I will give what I please, and then we shall understand each other. You gain your

livelihood in this way, and surely it would be cruel, however much I might wish it, to take them for nothing. So deal fairly with me, and I will give you what I think the goods are really worth."

"But, your ladyship, please you," replied the wary merchant, "I shall consider it no loss, but a favor, if you will condescend to receive them under no conditions at all. And I am sure if you possess as courteous a mind as your face betokens, you will accept these trifles presented to you on the part of one who would gladly lay down not only his whole property, but his life at your feet."

At these words, the lady, "blushing celestial rosy red," eyed the merchant keenly for a moment. "I am astonished to hear you talk thus, and I insist upon knowing who you really are. There is some mystery in all this, and I am rather inclined to think you must have mistaken the person to whom you speak."

The merchant, not in the least abashed, being a native of Spoleto, acquainted her in the mildest and most flattering terms with the long and passionate attachment entertained for her by poor Messer Filiberto, and the delicacy with which he had concealed it until the very last. Handsome, accomplished, rich, and powerful, he was prepared to lay all his extensive seigniories at her feet, and account himself the most fortunate of mankind. In short, he pleaded so eloquently, and played his part so well, that she, after a long resistance, consented to see his friend. He then hastened back to Messer Filiberto, who overwhelmed him with the most rapturous thanks, and lost no time in preparing to pay a visit to



his beloved, who received him at the appointed hour in the drawing-room of her own house. There was a single maid-servant in her company, who sat at work in a recess, so that she could hardly overhear their discourse.

Bending lowly before her, Messer Filiberto expressed his deep sense of the honor she had conferred on him, and proceeded in impassioned terms to relate the origin and progress of his affection, his almost unexampled sufferings, and the sole hope that still rendered his life supportable to him. He further assured her that his gratitude would be eternal, in proportion to the amount of the obligations under which she laid him. The sole reply he received to his repeated and earnest protestations was, that she was resolved to remain faithful to the memory of her departed consort, and devote herself to the education of her only son. She was, moreover, grateful for his good opinion, though she was sure he could not fail to meet with ladies far more beautiful and more worthy of his regard.

Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet with tears in his eyes, declaring that if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave, beseeching her only, in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him in return for his long love and sufferings a single kiss, which she had before denied him, although it was usually yielded to strangers who entered an hospitable roof.

"I wish," replied Donna Zilia, "I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then."

The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and seized the price of the promise he had given.

"Now, Signor Filiberto," exclaimed the lady, "prepare to execute the sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years."

The lover was greatly surprised and shocked on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence, though at the same time he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon afterward making the lady a low bow, he took his departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero on his return to Virle. His friends on finding him in this sad condition expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but as he retained his usual cheerfulness and sense enough to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his



steward, a distant relative in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. As he had an extremely handsome person, and noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labor was doubly regretted wherever our hero made his appearance.

About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions that his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the King's service, from whom he had a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he labored. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter the King's bodyguards; and he being a knight of well-known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his Majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner, he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valor in the presence of the King as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His Majesty afterward inquiring more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was

one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, at once conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had begun, observing at the same time that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favors as well as he could, shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his Majesty's adversaries.

Soon afterward a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the King, in order to encourage his troops, galloped toward the spot. Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His Majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Filiberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. Their commander himself effected his escape with difficulty; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

On this occasion the King returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first

nobility of his kingdom invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men-at-arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favor at court, that the monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honor of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, but vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will.

Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court under the pretense of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his Majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating that whoever undertook to effect the cure should thenceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this regulation was quickly perceived in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation.

When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favor of the French King's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence



must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case.

"I am come, my lords," she observed, "hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to take the risk of the penalty if I perform not my engagement as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be entrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one that requires the utmost art in its application."

Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the subject, the commissioners immediately despatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had imposed so severe a pen-

ance, and inferred at the same time that she had undertaken the journey not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge; he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance.

After some moments' silence, the lady finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired in a gentle tone whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was. He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly well, but that he had not yet recovered his speech, motioning, at the same time, with his fingers toward his mouth. On this, she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow, that she had traveled to Paris for that purpose, and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before; until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and, fearful of the consequences to herself if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she at last had recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately quite as fruitless to restore his eloquence as had every other means.

The tears and prayers of the lady to prevail upon him to speak became now doubly clamorous, while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thou-



sand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced; but the lady, being of an exceedingly avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to furnish the prescribed sum and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When she was reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the King. He entreated as a special favor that his Majesty would remit the fine, and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which, in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the King promised to do.

He then informed his Majesty of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well. Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his Majesty when she heard him speak.

"You may recollect, Madam," he observed, "that some time ago, when at Moncaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you, an attachment which I did not then think that time ever could have diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments toward you. I have acquired wealth and

honors; I stand high in the favor of my monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you by the fears and trouble you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; as in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unrivaled; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will be more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying that the wily are often taken in their own nets."

He then provided her with an honorable escort and money to defray her expenses, while he himself not long afterward received the hand of a young beauty of the court, bestowed upon him by his royal master. By this union he received an accession of several castles and domains, and sent for his witty young friend from Spoleto to share with him a portion of his prosperity. Still retaining his favor at court, upon the death of Charles VII, he continued to enjoy the same appointments and the same influence under Louis XI, his successor.

## A GREEK HEROINE

**D**URING the period of my captivity among the Turks, which continued more than forty years, I was conducted by different masters into various places, more especially throughout Greece, whose most rich and beautiful regions are subjected to the Mahomedan sway. There I met with an instance that may be recounted with advantage amongst the most celebrated stories on record of the courageous conduct of noble ladies at different periods of history. The incident of which I am about to speak arose out of the siege of Coccino, in the island of Lemnos, invaded at that time by the Turkish armament from the Ægean Sea. Having in vain attempted to storm Lepanto, all the efforts of the infidels were now directed against the walls of Coccino, which were battered with such united strength and fury, that one of the chief gates at length fell with a loud crash, and the Turks rushed exultingly forward to secure their entrance. This was as bravely disputed by the Venetian soldiers, assisted by the inhabitants, and even by the women of the place, who vied with each other in risking their lives in order to avoid the outrages of the Mahomedan soldiery. There was a certain warrior named Demetrius, a native of the town, who distinguished himself on this occasion above all his comrades by the fearless valor with which he confronted the fiercest of the enemy. He stood the very foremost man,

and hurled the infidels back from the gate with incredible strength and prowess, till the gateway was half blocked up with the slain, and he still continued to exhort his countrymen to the fight, until, pierced with a thousand wounds, he fell upon the dead bodies of his enemies.

Among the women that displayed the courage of the bravest warriors was a daughter of this hero, who, in the act of encouraging the soldiers to follow to her father's rescue, witnessed his fall. She was of a noble and imposing figure, and though only in her twentieth year, evinced the utmost fortitude under the perils that surrounded her. Her name was Marulla, and she was no less strikingly beautiful than intrepidly courageous. Instead of yielding herself up to lamentations and despair on beholding the heroic fate of her sire, she exhorted his fellow citizens to revenge his death, and, seizing his sword, led them forward with increased energy to the attack. With the rage of a hungry lioness springing upon a herd of cattle, she fell upon the nearest of her foes, dealing death on all sides in the name and with the spirit of her father. In the enthusiasm of the moment numbers of her own sex, following her example, encouraged the soldiers to make fresh exertions; and such was the impression produced by this conduct that the invaders were speedily overpowered and driven to take refuge in their ships. Those who had not the good fortune to escape were indiscriminately put to the sword, and thus, by the heroic example of a single woman, the chief city and the whole island of Lemnos were relieved from the invasion of the infidels.



I was myself told by their commander, Morsbecco, one of their most able and distinguished captains, when I was a prisoner at Constantinople, and he was giving an account of this desperate engagement, that as soon as he beheld the Grecian heroine rushing amidst the thickest of his troops, he felt as if all his former courage and confidence had forsaken him; a circumstance that he never recollected to have happened to him during the numerous battles and campaigns in which he had been engaged.

On the liberation of the island, Antonio Loredano, the Venetian admiral, arriving with a strong force, and hearing of the extraordinary exploits of the maiden Marulla, immediately requested to be introduced to her, when he expressed the greatest admiration both of her conversation and appearance. In presence of the Venetian soldiers and the citizens of Coccino, he next bestowed the highest praises on her unequalled generosity and heroism, her filial affection, and other virtues, for all of which she was so proudly distinguished. He then presented her with several rich gifts on the part of the republic, and his example was immediately followed by the commanders of the galleys and by the people of the island, who vied with each other in laying their contributions at her feet. When more than sufficient for a handsome marriage portion had been collected, the admiral proceeded to address the young heroine in the following words:

“Most excellent and noble lady, in order to convince you of the sincerity with which our Venetian senate is ever inclined to honor real worth, in whichever sex it



may be found, and display its gratitude for the obligations conferred upon it, I have here offered you these slight tokens of its regard. Deign to accept them as an earnest only of higher rewards, when I shall have forwarded to our noble senators a more particular account of the splendid actions you have performed in defense of their territories and of the country to which you owe your birth. In the mean time, bright and beautiful as you are brave, should you deign to cast your eye on the first and proudest of your countrymen who have fought at your side, be assured that he will feel himself honored by such a preference, and that his interests will be nobly promoted by our senate of Venice."

In returning her grateful thanks to the admiral and the Venetian republic for the generous consideration of her poor services, the maiden heroine, in reference to the last article of their proposals, replied that, high as she estimated true bravery, it was by no means superior physical courage and daring deeds in man that constituted his highest claims to her regard. These, without the still nobler attributes of an intellectual and moral character, were nearly worthless in her eyes when destitute of those virtues which embellish an unstained and upright life, and produce great and honorable actions.

Repeated plaudits and commendations from all ranks of people immediately followed this truly noble and beautiful reply; the admiral afterward declaring that the innate worth and wisdom exhibited in her language and demeanor had not merely surpassed his expectations, but deserved to be compared with the happiest instances of

feminine excellence and accomplishments recorded in the annals either of Greece or of Rome.

An accurate and eloquent account of the whole of this interesting scene was shortly afterward despatched to the noble senators of Venice, who, entering upon a consideration of the singular merits of their fair champion, not only decreed that her espousals should be splendidly provided for and celebrated by the republic, but that numerous privileges and exemptions from the public burdens imposed upon her fellow subjects should be likewise secured to her and to her children forevermore.

POEMS  
BY  
VITTORIA COLONNA



## INTRODUCTION

**O**F the women that contributed to early Italian literature, Vittoria Colonna ranks first, certainly in popular estimation, if not in actual poetic gift. She was a member of a powerful family, and was born in the castle of Marino about 1490. Her father, Fabrizio Colonna, was Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples, and her mother was a daughter of the Duke of Urbino. In childhood Vittoria was betrothed to Francesco d' Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, who was also a child, and at the age of seventeen they were married. They were deeply in love, and they spent the next four years at his castle in the island of Ischia. Then he entered the army of Charles V, and was captured at the battle of Ravenna. He was offered the kingdom of Naples if he would leave the service of the Emperor for that of the French, but Vittoria prevented him, saying that she would rather be the wife of a great and faithful soldier than of a king. But he received many wounds in action, and died in Milan. At the age of thirty-four she was a childless widow, and the remaining twenty-three years of her life were devoted to the memory of the only man she ever loved. She resided at various places in Italy, and had many eminent friends, including Cardinals Bembo, Pole and Contarini, and in her last years Michelangelo, who stood by her death-bed. Some of his sonnets to her are contained in this series. She



died in Rome in 1547, leaving the memory of an unblemished character, a sympathetic disposition, high scholarship, and delicate poetic powers. A Portuguese artist, Francesco d'Olanda, who saw her in her last years, thus recorded his impression of her: "Madonna Vittoria Colonna is one of the most excellent and famous women of Europe—that is, of the whole civilized world. Not less chaste than beautiful, learned in Latin literature, and full of genius, she possesses all the qualities and virtues that are praiseworthy in woman. After the death of her hero husband, she now leads a modest and retired life. Tired of the splendor and grandeur of her former state, she gives her whole affections to Christ and to serious studies. To the poor she is beneficent, and she is a model of true Catholic devotion." The "hero husband" whom she loved and adored was undoubtedly a hero in the strict military sense; but for a piece of stupendous treachery he was execrated throughout Italy.

## FAITH

Father of heaven! if by thy mercy's grace  
A living branch I am of that true vine  
Which spreads o'er all—and would we did resign  
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!  
In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,  
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,  
Unless in season due Thou dost refine  
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.  
So cleanse me that, abiding e'er with Thee,  
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,  
And with my falling tears refresh the root.  
Thou saidst, and Thou art truth, thou'dst with me be;  
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,  
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

## QUATRAIN

Now as the light streams gently from above,  
Sin's gloomy mantle bursts its bonds in twain,  
And, robed in white, I seem to feel again  
The first sweet sense of innocence and love.

## ASPIRATION

If I have conquered self, by Heaven's strength,  
'Gainst carnal reason and the senses striven,  
With mind renewed and purged, I rise at length  
Above the world and its false faith to heaven.

My thoughts, no longer now depressed and vain,  
Upon the wings of faith and hope shall rise,  
Nor sink into this vale of tears again,  
But find true peace and courage in the skies.  
I fix my eye still on the better way;  
I see the promise of the Eternal Day.  
Yet still my trembling steps fall erringly.  
To choose the right-hand path I must incline—  
That sacred passage toward the life divine;  
And yet I fear that life may ne'er be mine.

### ON HER WIDOWHOOD

The sun no longer gives its beauteous light  
To the green earth, nor to the moon by night.  
No more for me the dazzling planets burn;  
Nor the eternal stars on their bright axes turn.  
No more shall I on Valor rest mine eye,  
Fled is true honor and high chivalry.  
The world no longer manly glory yields;  
The woods no verdure, and no flowers the fields.  
The turbid waves are dark, and black the air;  
No heat the fire, no scent the zephyrs bear;  
And everything has lost its proper care.  
Since quenched my sun darkly in earth doth lie,  
Nature to me hath lost its charm, or I  
Have lost all sense of it through my calamity.

### A PRAYER

Humility, with ploughshare sharp and strong,  
Its furrows deep within my heart must wake,  
And all the bitter, stagnant waters take,  
Clearing away the earthly and the wrong,

Lest these should drown and those choke up the seed,  
Cumbering the ground with rubbish and with weed.  
Nay, rather spread a better soil around,  
And pray that gentle dew from heaven be found,  
And the heavens' love to fructify the flower,  
Nor idly wait till the last awful hour,  
When all is swallowed in eternal night.  
O Humble One, leave me not in such plight,  
But manifest thyself in this sad heart;  
Banish dark thoughts, and bid my pride depart.





POEMS AND SONNETS

BY

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ROSCOE



## INTRODUCTION

**L**ORENZO the Magnificent, as he was called, was born in Florence January 1, 1448. He was a precocious boy, and wrote good poetry at a very early age. He received a liberal education, and visited the various courts of Italy. In 1469 he married a daughter of the powerful house of Orsini, and in the same year his father, Pietro de' Medici, died. At the request of many eminent citizens, Lorenzo assumed the place that had been filled by his grandfather and his father as virtual ruler of Florence. He had thwarted a conspiracy to assassinate his father, and had shown evidence of a talent for statesmanship, and he accepted the office. He headed an embassy to Rome in 1471, to congratulate Sixtus IV on his accession, and became the Papal treasurer. Yet Sixtus afterward became an enemy to him, because Lorenzo brought about an alliance of Florence, Milan and Venice, to protect the minor Italian states against the aggressions of the Pope. The enmity of Sixtus culminated in an attempt to assassinate Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano in church, during the celebration of mass, April 26, 1478, which succeeded so far as Giuliano was concerned. But Lorenzo, with the help of friends, defended himself, and nearly all the conspirators were put to death. This incident, known as the conspiracy of the Pazzi, forms the subject of a tragedy

by Alfieri, which is included in another volume of this series. At the same time the Archbishop of Pisa attempted to get possession of the Florentine government house, but was prevented, and the magistrates hanged him from one of its windows, together with several of the Pazzi. The only member of that family who escaped summary punishment was one that Lorenzo took into his own house and protected. The Pope then excommunicated Lorenzo and the magistrates, and in alliance with the King of Naples made war upon Florence. Lorenzo boldly went to Naples, won the King over to his side, and signed a treaty of alliance with him. Another unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him in church was made in 1481. The new Pope, Innocent VIII, was friendly to Lorenzo, and the Medici family and Florence profited greatly by his friendship. Lorenzo died in 1492, leaving three sons, one of whom became Pope Leo X.

Lorenzo was a patron of art and literature, and by establishing schools and libraries he so far exceeded his means that he became bankrupt, and Florence paid his debts. His collected works were published in Florence in 1826 (4 volumes). His biography has been written by William Roscoe, who adds some of his poems taken from the original manuscripts in the Laurentian Library in Florence.

THE COURT OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI  
From a Painting by Niccolò de' Landi





by Albert, which is included in another volume of this series. At the same time the Archbishop of Pisa attempted to get possession of the Florentine government house, but was prevented, and the magistrates hanged him from one of his windows, together with several of the *Paizi*. The only member of that family who escaped summary punishment was one that Lorenzo took into his own house and protected. The Pope then excommunicated Lorenzo and the *Medici* states, and in alliance with the King of France made war upon Florence. Lorenzo finally won back the King over to his side, and signed a treaty of alliance with him. Another member of the family was assassinated in 1492, but the Pope, Innocent VIII.

### THE COURT OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI

*From a Painting by Nicaise de Keyser*

Lorenzo was a man of great power and influence, and by establishing himself in the city he had extended his means those to which he was entitled, and therefore paid his debts. His collection of books was published in Florence in 1826 (4 volumes).

The biography has been written by William Butler, who had some of his poems taken from the original manuscript in the Medicean Library in Florence.





## APOSTROPHE TO HIS GENIUS

Rise from thy trance, my slumbering genius, rise,  
That shrouds from truth's pure beam thy torpid eyes!  
Awake, and see, since reason gave the rein  
To low desire, thy every work how vain.  
Ah, think how false that bliss the mind explores,  
In futile honors, or unbounded stores;  
How poor the bait that would thy steps decoy  
To sensual pleasure and unmeaning joy.  
Rouse all thy powers, for better use designed,  
And know thy native dignity of mind;  
Not for low aims and mortal triumphs given,  
Its means exertion, and its object heaven.

Hast thou not yet the difference understood,  
'Twixt empty pleasure and substantial good?  
Not more opposed, by all the wise confessed,  
The rising orient from the farthest west.

Doomed from thy youth the galling chain to prove  
Of potent beauty, and imperious love,  
Their tyrant rule has blighted all thy time,  
And marred the promise of thy early prime.  
Though beauty's garb thy wondering gaze may win,  
Yet know that wolves, that harpies dwell within.

Ah, think, how fair thy better hopes had sped,  
Thy widely erring steps had reason led;  
Think, if thy time a nobler use had known,  
Ere this the glorious prize had been thine own.  
Kind to thyself, thy clear discerning will  
Had wisely learnt to sever good from ill.  
Thy spring-tide hours consumed in vain delight,  
Shall the same follies close thy wintry night?

With vain pretexts of beauty's potent charms,  
And nature's frailty, blunting reason's arms?

At length thy long-lost liberty regain,  
Tear the strong tie, and break the inglorious chain,  
Freed from false hopes, assume thy native powers,  
And give to Reason's rule thy future hours;  
To her dominion yield thy trusting soul,  
And bend thy wishes to her strong control;  
Till Love, the serpent that destroyed thy rest,  
Crushed by her hand, shall mourn his humbled crest.

### TO A LADY WEeping

Ah, pearly drops, that, pouring from those eyes,  
Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire!

What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,  
"Struck the fair urns and bade the waters rise."  
Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies  
With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng;  
As some clear river winds its stream along,  
Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.  
Whilst Love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,  
Stands like some bird, that after sultry heat  
Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings,  
Then grasps his bolt, and, conscious of his power,  
'Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,  
And through the lucid shower his living lightning  
flings.

### A LOVER'S CHAINS

Dear are those bonds my willing heart that bind,  
Form'd of three cords, in mystic union twined;  
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,  
The next by pity, and the third by love.



The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,  
Saw, in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;  
Serene and soft all ether breathed delight,  
The sun diffused a mild and temper'd light;  
New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorned the mead,  
And sparkling rivers gushed along the glade.  
Reposed on Joy's own breast his favorite child,  
The Cyprian queen beheld the scene and smiled;  
Then, with both hands, from her ambrosial head  
And amorous breast a shower of roses shed;  
The heavenly shower descending soft and slow,  
Poured all its fragrance on my fair below;  
Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres  
To sounds celestial opened mortal ears.

## PLATONIC AFFECTION

As from their wintry cells,  
The summer's genial warmth impels  
The busy ants—a countless train  
That with sagacious sense explore,  
Where, provident for winter's store,  
The careful rustic hides his treasured grain,  
Then issues forth the sable band,  
And seizing on the secret prize,  
From mouth to mouth, from hand to hand,  
His busy task each faithful insect plies,  
And often as they meet,  
With scanty interval of toil,  
Their burdens they repose awhile,  
For rest alternate renders labor sweet.  
The traveled path their lengthened tracks betray,  
And if no varied cates they bear,  
Yet ever is the portion dear,  
Without whose aid the powers of life decay:

Thus from my faithful breast,  
The busy messengers of love,  
Incessant toward my fair one's bosom move;  
But in their way some gentle thought  
They meet, with kind compassion fraught,  
Soft breathing from that sacred shrine,  
Where dwells a heart in unison with mine,  
And in sweet interchange delight a while to rest.

### DECADENCE OF THE SEASONS

Into a little close of mine I went  
One morning, when the sun with his fresh light  
Was rising all refulgent and unshent.  
Rose-trees are planted there in order bright,  
Whereto I turned charmed eyes, and long did stay,  
Taking my fill of that new-found delight.  
Red and white roses bloomed upon the spray;  
One opened, leaf by leaf, to greet the morn,  
Shyly at first, then in sweet disarray;  
Another, still a youngling, newly born,  
Scarce struggled from the bud, and there were some  
Whose petals closed them from the air forlorn;  
Another fell, and sowed the grass with bloom.  
Thus I beheld the roses dawn and die,  
And one short hour their loveliness consume.  
But while I watched those languid petals lie  
Colorless on cold earth, I could but think  
How vain a thing is youthful bravery.  
Trees have their time to bloom on winter's brink;  
Then the rath blossoms wither in an hour.  
When the brief days of spring toward summer sink  
The fruit, as yet unformed, is tart and sour;  
Little by little it grows large, and weighs  
The strong boughs down with slow persistent power;

Nor without peril can the branches raise  
Their burden; now they stagger 'neath the weight  
Still growing, and are bent above the ways;  
Soon autumn comes, and the ripe, ruddy freight  
Is gathered: the glad season will not stay;  
Flowers, fruit, and leaves are now all desolate.  
Pluck the rose, therefore, maiden, while 'tis May.

## ORISONS

All nature, hear the sacred song!  
Attend, O Earth, the solemn strain!  
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along;  
Ye darkening storms of beating rain;  
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear:  
And solitary deserts, hear!  
Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise  
The creature of His power aspires his voice to raise.

Oh, may the solemn breathing sound  
Like incense rise before the throne,  
Where He whose glory knows no bound,  
Great cause of all things, dwells alone.  
'Tis He I sing, whose powerful hand  
Balanced the skies, outspread the land;  
Who spoke—from ocean's store sweet waters came,  
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise  
To Him whose goodness ceaseless flows;  
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,  
And life, and breath, on all bestows.  
Great source of intellect, His ear  
Benign receives our vows sincere:  
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,  
And give to Him your praise, responsive to my will.

Partaker of that living stream  
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,  
Oh, let thy strong reflected beam,  
My understanding, speak His praise.  
My soul, in steadfast love secure,  
Praise Him whose word is ever sure;  
To Him, sole just, my sense of right incline,  
Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit join.

Let all of good this bosom fires  
To Him, sole good, give praises due:  
Let all the truth Himself inspires  
Unite to sing Him only true.  
To Him my every thought ascend,  
To Him my hopes, my wishes, bend.  
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,  
And His own words convey the pious sacrifice.

In ardent adoration join'd,  
Obedient to Thy holy will,  
Let all my faculties combined,  
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.  
From Thee derived, eternal King,  
To Thee our noblest powers we bring;  
Oh, may Thy hand direct our wandering way,  
Oh, bid Thy light arise, and drive the clouds away.

Eternal Spirit! whose command  
Light, life, and being, gave to all,  
Oh, hear the creature of Thy hand,  
Man, constant on Thy goodness call!  
By fire, by water, air, and earth,  
That soul to Thee that owes its birth,  
By these, he supplicates Thy blest repose,  
Absent from Thee no rest his wandering spirit knows.

FOUR SONNETS

BY

GASPARA STAMPA

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE FLEMING





## INTRODUCTION

**T**HE Italian Sappho, as she has been called—Gaspara Stampa—was born in Padua in 1523, of Milanese parents. While she was still a child she lost her father, and later her only brother. She was carefully nurtured and finely educated by her mother, with whom she removed to Venice. Her accomplishments included a knowledge of Greek and Latin, singing, and playing the lute. She was famous for her beauty as well as for her intellect, and had many friends and admirers among the artists and authors. At the age of twenty-six she and the Count of Collalto (who was of the same age) fell in love with each other at first sight. This passion took complete possession of her soul and inspired her finest poems. For three years hope was bright, life was a romance, and love seemed eternal. But the Count, ambitious for an active life, went to Paris and spent several months at the court of Henry II. It is said that he there came under the influence of Diana of Poitiers, the King's mistress, who was twenty-four years his senior. However this may be, he certainly forgot his brilliant and beautiful love in Venice, and when he returned thither his indifference and the rumor that he was to marry a lady of rank broke her heart. She expressed her sorrow and her despair in several pathetic poems, and died in her thirtieth year—by poison, it is said, though the shock and the grief were evidently enough for a fatal result.

Collalto was greatly admired and profusely flattered; he was himself a respectable poet, his portrait was painted by Titian, and every door was open to him. But all this was eclipsed by the tributes that were paid to the woman he had deserted. Parabosco, a Venetian poet and musician, who knew her well, wrote: "You would not believe it possible to find so much perfection in one human being—so much beauty united with so much grace and sweetness and good sense. But what shall I say of her angelic voice, whose accents penetrate the coldest hearts and bring tears to the eyes?" He composed a special chant for her funeral. Varchi, the Florentine poet, said he was consoled by the belief that she would live forever. Titian spoke of her as virtuous and noble. Tiraboschi classed her with the most famous poets. Betuzzi wrote an eulogy on her, saying: "O Love, veil thy face and break thy bow, for she whose eyes mirrored thee is dead." And Lucrezia Gonzaga, Gaspara's contemporary, wrote: "I have read more than a thousand times the sonnet composed by the noble lady Gaspara Stampa. It appeared to me so marvelously and beautifully done that I could hardly believe it was composed by a woman."

Petrarch was Gaspara Stampa's master in poetry. She left nearly a hundred sonnets and madrigals, which a short time before her death she arranged and sent with an introductory letter to her recreant lover. Her sister published the poems in 1556, and many of her letters have been preserved as well. But no portrait of her remains. Eugene Benson has written her story in English, and George Fleming has translated her sonnets.

## SHE DESCRIBES HER LOVER

An intellect angelic and divine;  
A princely nature; brave and very true;  
A noble craving for ambition's due;  
Deliberate speech, precious and slow and fine;  
Blood equal to the loftiest kingly line;  
A fortune far above the common view  
A youth in flower, of very perfect hue;  
A bearing honest, simple, and benign;  
A face to far outshine the shining sun;—  
Out of all these behold what Love hath wrought!  
Chains tempered as were never chains before.  
O gracious Love! I pray thee hark to one  
Who 'gainst these sweet, these honored chains has  
fought;  
I pray thee bid them bind me evermore.

## SHE ADMONISHES HER LOVER

Go then, my Lord, and with a happy heart,  
To where desire is calling on your name,  
Bidding you send to heaven your wingèd fame  
Safe from oblivion and from death's own dart.  
Remember, ay, remember as we part,  
You leave me like some solitary dove  
Who by the clearest stream yet mourns her love  
And flies each verdant tree to dwell apart.  
To mine own heart keep trusty company,  
Nor give your pledged life to other hands,  
Since it to me was promised faithfully.  
When then you turn you homeward from far lands  
If so it chanceth that I dead should lie,  
I charge you, think! Who was more true than I?



SHE BEMOANS THE RUIN OF LOVE, BUT  
MAY NOT TELL THE REASON

Who would believe it? I was happy here,  
Where, turn by turn, now grief, now dear delight,  
Or fear, oppressed my heart, or hope was bright,  
And heaven now was clouded, now was clear.  
To see the flowery meads of Love appear  
In all their glory, in my judgment's sight  
Requires th' admixture of contentious might,  
When sad displeasure maketh bliss more dear;  
But now so full of sorry thorns they show,  
And harshest briars, no fair flowers are there,  
Where only poisonous serpents hiss and dwell.  
O faith forsworn! O my dear hopes laid low  
By envious fortune—all their roots laid bare!  
I know why this thing is, but may not tell.

SHE DICTATES HER OWN EPITAPH

Weep, O ye women! Set Love weeping too,  
For that he weeps not, he that wounded me;  
Soon shall my weary soul departed be  
From this tormented body which he knew.  
And if some gentle charity would do  
Aught to fulfil a last request of mine,  
When I am lying dead within the shrine,  
Write this sad history of my grief in view:  
"Because she loved much and was little loved  
She lived and died in pain; she rests in peace,  
Most faithful lover that was ever proved.  
Pray, passer-by, for her repose and ease.  
Learn her life's lesson: how a heart unmoved,  
A fickle heart, to love she could not cease."



# CAUSES AND PRINCIPLES

His Own Analysis of "An Account of the Infinite  
Universe and Innumerable Worlds."

BY

GIORDANO BRUNO

TRANSLATED BY JOHN TOLAND



## CAUSES AND PRINCIPLES

**A** DEDICATION to the Most Illustrious Lord, Michael de Castelnau, Lord of Mauvissier, Concessault, and Joinville, Knight of the Order of his Most Christian Majesty, one of the members of his Privy Council, Captain of fifty Men-at-Arms, and Ambassador to the Most Serene Queen of England.

If I had held the plow, most illustrious Lord, or fed a flock, or cultivated a garden, or mended old clothes, none would distinguish and few would regard me; fewer yet would reprehend me, and I might easily become agreeable to everybody. But now for describing the field of Nature, for being solicitous about the pasture of the soul, for being curious about the improvement of the understanding, and for showing some skill about the faculties of the mind, one man, as if I had an eye to himself, does menace me; another, for being only observed, does assault me; for coming near this man, he bites me; and for laying hold of that other, he devours me. 'Tis not one that treats me in this manner, nor are they a few; they are many, and almost all.

If you would know whence this does proceed, my Lord, the true reason is, that I am displeased with the bulk of mankind; I hate the vulgar rout, I despise the authority of the multitude, and I am enamored of one

particular lady. 'Tis for her that I am free in servitude, content in pain, rich in necessity, and alive in death; and therefore 'tis likewise for her that I envy not those who are slaves in the midst of liberty, who suffer from pain in their enjoyment of pleasure, who are poor though overflowing with riches, and dead when they are reputed to live; for in their body they have the chain that pinches them, in their mind the hell that overwhelms them, in their soul the error that makes them sick, and in their judgment the lethargy that kills them, having neither generosity to undertake nor perseverance to succeed, nor splendor to illustrate their works, nor learning to perpetuate their names. Hence it is, even from my passion for this beauty, that as being weary I draw not back my feet from the difficult road, nor, as being lazy, hang down my hands from the work that is before me. I turn not my shoulders, as grown desperate, to the enemy that contends with me; nor, as dazzled, divert my eyes from the divine object.

In the mean time, I know myself for the most part accounted a sophister, more desirous to appear subtle than to be really solid; an ambitious fellow, that studies rather to set up a new and false sect than to confirm the ancient and true doctrine; a deceiver that aims at purchasing brightness to his own fame by engaging others in the darkness of error; a restless spirit, that overturns the edifice of sound discipline, and makes himself a founder of some hut of perversity. But, my Lord, so may all the holy deities deliver me from those that unjustly hate me, so may my own God be ever propitious to me, so may the governors of this our globe show me

their favor, so may the stars furnish me with such a seed for the field, and such a field for the seed, that the world may reap the useful and glorious fruit of my labor by awakening the genius and opening the understanding of such as are deprived of light; so may all these things happen, I say, as it is most certain that I neither feign nor pretend. If I err, I am far from thinking that I do so; and whether I speak or write, I dispute not for the mere love of victory (for, without Truth, I look upon all reputation and conquest as most vile and dishonorable, and hateful to God); but 'tis for the love of true Wisdom, and by the studious admiration of this mistress, that I fatigue, and disquiet, and torment myself.

This will be made evident by the demonstrative arguments I offer, drawn from lively reasons, as these are derived from regulated sense, which is informed by positive ideas, that like so many ambassadresses are sent abroad from the subjects of Nature, being obvious to those that seek for them, clear to those that conceive them, distinct to those that consider them, and certain to those that comprehend them. But 'tis time that I present you, my Lord, with my Contemplations about the infinite Universe and innumerable Worlds.

#### *The Argument of the First Dialogue*

In this Dialogue, then, you will find, first, that the inconstancy of our senses shows they are not the principle of certitude, which is acquired only by a kind of comparison, or by conferring one sensible object or one sense with another; and so it is concluded that the same truth may be in different subjects, as in the sensible



object and in the understanding, as well as how it is possible that this can be.

Secondly, you come to the beginning of the demonstration for the infinity of the universe, whereof the first argument alleged is, that those who by their imaginations would set walls or bounds to it are not able themselves to assign or fix the extremities of it.

Thirdly, you will perceive the absurdity of saying that the world is finite, and that it is in itself; from which notion of being in itself (which agrees only with what is immense) is taken the second argument for the infinity of the universe.

The third argument is taken from so inconvenient and impossible an imagination as to say that the world is nowhere; whence it would unavoidably follow that it has no existence; for everything whatsoever, be it corporeal or incorporeal, must be corporeally or incorporeally in some place.

The fourth argument is taken from this demonstration, or very urgent objection proposed by the Epicureans:

*Nimirum, si jam finitum constituatur  
Omne quod est spatium, si quis procurrat at oras  
Ultimus extremas, jaciatque volatile telum;  
Invalidis utrum contortum viribus ire  
Quo fuerit missum mavis longeque volare,  
An prohibere aliquid censes obstareque posse?  
Nam sive est aliquid quod prohibet officiatque,  
Quo minus quo missum est veniat, finique locet se,  
Sive foras fertur, non est ea fini' profecto.*

The fifth argument is, that the definition of place given by Aristotle (the superficies of the circumambient body) does not agree with the first, the greatest, and

the most common of all places; and that it cannot take in the next and immediate surface to the body contained, with other such slight observations that make place to be a mathematical and not a physical thing; for between the superficies of the body containing and the superficies of the body contained (which is moved within the same) there is always necessarily an intermediate space, which according to this definition ought rather to be reckoned the place; and if of this space we would only take the superficies, we must then, as you shall see, in an infinite look for a finite place.

The topic of the sixth argument is, that by making the world finite a vacuum cannot be avoided, if that be void where there is nothing; though we shall evince this void to be impossible.

The seventh is, that as the space wherein this world or universe exists would be understood to be void if the world had not been in it, so that space must be void where the world is not. Had it not been for the world, therefore, this space would be indifferent from that, and the one has the same aptitude with the other; whence it will follow that it has also the same actualness; since no aptitude is eternal without an actual occupation, and so it has the act eternally joined to its passiveness, and is itself the very act; because actual and possible existence are not different in eternity.

The eighth argument is, that none of the senses excludes infinity, since we cannot deny it merely because not comprehended by any of our senses; but rather assert it, because by it the senses are comprehended, and reason comes to their help to confirm it. Nay, if

we further consider, our senses do ever suppose infinity, since we always see one thing terminated by another thing; and that we never perceived anything by internal or external sense that was not terminated either by a thing like itself or by some other thing different from itself.

*Ante oculos et enim rem res finire videtur.  
Aer dissepit colles, atque aera montes,  
Terra mare, et contra mare terras terminat omnes  
Omne quidem: vero nihil est quod finiat extra,  
Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,  
Finibus exemptis in cunctas undique partes.*

Even by what we see, then, we ought rather to infer infinity than otherwise; because nothing occurs in nature that it not terminated by another, and no one thing whatsoever is terminated by itself.

The ninth argument is taken from hence, that infinite space can be only denied in words, as those who are pertinacious use to do; considering that such parts of space where the world is not, which are accounted nothing, cannot be conceived without an aptitude to contain, no less than that part which does actually contain.

The tenth from hence, that if the existence of this our world be good or convenient, it is no less good or convenient that there be infinite others like it.

The eleventh, that the goodness of this world is not possibly communicable to any other world, as my being is not communicated to this or that other man. The force of this argument you will see in its place.

The twelfth, that there is no reason or sense that supposes an individual, most simple, and complicating in-



finite, but may admit of a corporeal and explicated infinite.

The thirteenth, that this space, which to us appears so great, is neither a part nor the whole with respect to infinity; nor can it be the subject of an infinite operation, to which what cannot be comprehended by our imbecility is as a nonentity. And here an answer is given to a certain objection; for we say that we do not assert infinity for the dignity of mere space, but for that of nature; since by whatever reason this space or atmosphere of ours exists, by the same reason ought the space of every other globe to be that can exist, and whose power is not actuated by ours, as the power of the being of Elpinus is not actuated by the actual being of Fracastorius.

The fourteenth argument is taken from this, that if infinite active power actuates a corporeal and dimensional being, this being must necessarily be infinite; otherwise, you derogate from the nature and dignity of that which can make and of that which can be made.

The fifteenth, that this universe, conceived in the vulgar sense, cannot be otherwise said to comprehend the perfection of all things than as I comprehend the perfection of all my members and as every globe whatever is contained in itself; just as we say that the man is rich who wants nothing of what he has.

The sixteenth, that the infinite efficient cause would be absolutely defective without an infinite effect; and yet that we cannot conceive this effect to be purely the cause itself: to which we add, that if yet it was or is so, nothing however is taken away of that which ought to

be in the true effect; whence the divines have coined such expressions as God's action *ad extra*, or his transient as well as his emanent acts, for thus the one becomes as infinite as the other.

The seventeenth, that as by conceiving the infinity of the universe the understanding rests fully satisfied, so by asserting the contrary it is unavoidably plunged into innumerable difficulties and inconveniences; besides that in this place is occasionally repeated what was said in the second and third arguments.

The eighteenth, that if the world be spherical, it is likewise figured and bounded; and consequently, that whatever space is beyond it (though you may please to call it nothing) is no less figured, its concavity being necessarily joined to the convexity of the world; for just where your nothing begins there must needs be a concavity different from the convexitudinal superficies of this world.

The nineteenth argument is only some addition to what has been said in the second.

The twentieth is an occasional repetition of what is said in the tenth.

In the Second Part of this Dialogue that which is already demonstrated by the passive power of the Universe is likewise demonstrated by the active power of the efficient cause, and this by several arguments.

The first is taken from hence, that the divine efficacy cannot stand idle; especially granting it any effects distinct from its proper substance (if indeed anything can be distinct from it), and that it must be no less idle and



invidious in producing a finite effect than in producing none at all.

The second argument is taken from human practise, because by the contrary opinion is abolished the reason of the goodness and greatness of God; whereas it is shown that no inconvenience follows upon ours to any system of laws or divinity whatsoever.

The third argument is convertible with the twelfth of the First Part; and the difference is declared between the infinite whole and what is wholly infinite.

The fourth argument is, that Omnipotence, in making the world finite, is no less blamable for not being willing than for not being able to make it otherwise; and also for being an infinite agent upon a finite subject.

The fifth enters into the particulars of this, and shows that if God does not make the world infinite He cannot make it so, and that if He has not power to make it infinite He has not strength to preserve it infinitely; nay, that if He is finite in one respect He must be so in every respect; because in Him every mode is a thing, and every particular mode and thing is the selfsame in Him with every other mode or thing. The diversity consists in our different ways of conceiving Him.

The sixth argument is convertible with the tenth of the First Part; and the cause is shown why divines, not without expedient reason, maintain the contrary; with a word concerning the friendship that ought to be cultivated between them and the truly learned philosophers.

The seventh argument proposes the distinction between the oneness of the active power and the diversity of actions, giving the true solution of the same; be-

sides that infinite power acting intensively and extensively is more profoundly considered than ever has been done hitherto by the body of divines.

The eighth argument shows that the motion of infinite worlds is not from an external mover, but is intrinsically in themselves, and yet that there is an infinite mover too.

The ninth shows that infinite motion is intensively verified in each of these worlds; to which may be added that from the consideration of a movable thing being at one and the same time put in motion, and yet moving of itself, it follows that it may at one and the same time be in every point of the circle it describes about its own center. But another time we shall resolve this difficulty when we have leisure to give a more diffusive plan of our doctrine.

### *The Argument of the Second Dialogue*

The same subject is pursued in the Second Dialogue, where, in the first place, four arguments are produced, whereof the first is, that all the attributes of the Divinity are as any one of them. The second, that our imagination cannot possibly be thought to extend beyond the Divine Activity. The third is taken from the indifference of the Divine Intellect and Action, and that infinite is not less understood than finite. The fourth is built upon this, that if corporeal quality (I mean that which is sensible to us) has an infinite active power, what are we to think of all the qualities that are in all the absolutely active and passive power of the universe?

This dialogue shows, in the second place, that a cor-

poreal thing cannot be terminated by an incorporeal thing, but either by a vacuum or by a plenum; and that there is most certainly beyond our world a space that is no void, but mere matter, which is what is called the passive Power or Expanse, and wherein the neither envious nor idle Divine Power must needs exert itself by action. Here is exposed the vanity of Aristotle's argument, drawn from the incompassibility of dimensions.

In the third place is shown the difference between these expressions *the World* and *the Universe*; for whoever says the Universe is one and infinite, and that there are many Worlds, must necessarily distinguish between these two words.

In the fourth place are alleged the contrary reasons, whereby the Universe has been judged to be finite; where Elpinus repeats all the arguments of Aristotle, and Philotheus particularly examines them. Of these, some are taken from the nature of simple bodies; and the vanity of six of Aristotle's arguments is demonstrated, which are urged by him from the definition of such motions as cannot be in infinity, and from such other propositions as are without all foundation and are but mere begging of the question. This may be clearly seen by our arguments, which more naturally show the reason of the differences and determinations of motion, and (as far as the place and occasion permit) explain the more real knowledge of the impulse of Gravity and Levity; for there we show that infinite body can be neither heavy nor light, and how it is that infinite body receives such differences, and also in what cases it does not.



Then again the vanity of Aristotle's reasonings is made apparent, who, when he argues against them who hold the Universe to be infinite, supposes a center and a circumference (the very thing denied him), and, whether the world be finite or infinite, will needs have the Earth to be in the midst of it. In fine, there's no reason great or small produced by this philosopher to destroy the infinity of the World, either in his first book, *de Cœlo et Mundo*, or in his third book, *de Physica auscultatione*, but is discussed much more than sufficiently.

*The Argument of the Third Dialogue*

In the Third Dialogue first is denied that pitiful fancy of the figure of the Spheres, and the number or diversity of the Heavens; as it is on the contrary affirmed that the Heaven is but one, being the general space that contains infinite Worlds. Yet we deny not but there may be an infinite number of Heavens, taking this word in another signification; for as this Earth has its heaven, which is that region of space wherein it moves and performs its course, so has every one of the other innumerable Worlds. Then is shown what occasioned the imagination of so many and so great movable orbs, figured so as to have two external surfaces and one internal concavity; with such other receipts and pills as cause nauseousness and stupor, as well in those that prescribe as in those that swallow them.

Secondly, is shown that the general motion and that of the eccentrical orbs, and as many other motions as are or can be ascribed to the said firmament, are all chimerical; and that they are nothing else but the mo-

tion of the Earth upon its own center through the ecliptic, together with four particular differences or determinations of this same motion. Whence it follows that the proper motion of every star is taken from the difference which can be subjectively verified in the same as it moves of itself in the spacious field of Ether. This consideration will convince us that all the arguments for an infinite movable and an infinite motion are vain and are founded purely on their ignorance of the motion of our globe.

Thirdly, it is made plain that every star has its motion like this of our earth, and like those others whose vicinity makes us sensibly distinguish the particular differences of their local motions; but yet that the Suns, which are bodies wherein fire is predominant, move otherwise (that is, upon their own centers) than the Earths, wherein water is predominant; and thence also is manifested whence the Light proceeds that is diffused by the stars, of which some have this light in themselves, and some have it only by reflection from others.

Fourthly, is shown how bodies the most distant from the Sun can participate of heat equally with those that are nearest it. Then is confuted the opinion attributed to Epicurus, that one Sun was sufficient for the whole universe; and the true difference is stated between those stars that twinkle and those that do not.

Fifthly, is examined the opinion of Cusanus about the matter and habitableness of the Worlds, and about the reason of light.

Sixthly, how that, though some of those bodies have light and heat of themselves, yet for all this the sun does



not shine to the sun, as neither the earth nor the sea to themselves; but light always proceeds from the opposite star, as we sensibly see the brightness of the whole sea from some eminence or mountain, but being in this same sea or in a field, we see no more of it bright than as far as the light of the opposite sun or moon reflects upon it within some very small dimension.

Seventhly is exposed the foolery of the Peripatetic *quinta essentia*, or the fifth element, not changeable as the other four; and then it is demonstrated that all sensible bodies whatsoever are of no other nature than those of this earth, nor consisting of any other principles or elements, and that they move no otherwise either in a straight line or in a circle. All the arguments throughout are accommodated to the meanest capacity, as Fracastorius, a learned man, accommodates himself to the understanding of Burchius, next to an idiot. And it is made evident beyond contradiction that no change or accident happens here but the same may be supposed to happen there, as nothing is seen from hence there but (if we consider aright) the same may be seen from thence here; and consequently that the vulgarly admired order and scale of nature is only a pleasing dream, or rather the jargon of old doting women.

Eighthly, that however true may be the distinction of elements, yet the vulgar order of elements is neither sensible nor intelligible. And, even according to Aristotle himself, the four elements are equally parts or members of this Globe, if we do not rather make water predominant; whence the stars are properly called sometimes water and sometimes fire, as well by the true na-

tural philosophers as by prophets, divines and poets, who in this point did neither vend fables nor metaphors, but left those other clumsy sophisters to fabulize and grow children at their pleasure. Thus the Worlds are understood to be those heterogeneous bodies, those animals, those huge globes, wherein the earth is no more heavy than the other elements, and whereof all the parts and particles are moved and change place and disposition no otherwise than as the blood, humors, spirits and insensible particles which perpetually flow in and out in us and in the other lesser animals. On this occasion a comparison is made of the elements, whereby it is found that the Earth, by its impulse toward the center of its own bulk, is not heavier than any other simple body that is an ingredient in the composition of the same; and that the Earth of itself is neither heavy nor light, neither ascends nor descends, but that it is water that causes the cohesion, density, spissitude and gravity thereof.

Ninthly, the famous order of the elements being thus exploded, next comes the true account of those sensible compounded bodies which are, as so many animals or worlds, in this spacious field called air, or sky, or commonly vacuum; wherein, I say, are all those worlds which contain certain animals and inhabitants no less than ours, since they are not inferior in aptitude or capacity or in many other requisite qualities.

Tenthly, after showing the manner of disputation used by those who are pertinaciously addicted to their opinions, and by those other ignorant sots of a depraved disposition, it is further declared how passionately they

are for the most part wont to conclude their disputes; though there be others so circumspect that, without being in the least put out of countenance, they strive to make the auditors believe, by a leer, a smile, shrug, or a certain modest malignity, what they are never able to prove by reasons. With these petty artifices of courteous contempt, they would not only cover their own ignorance, though it is open to all the world besides, but further load their adversaries with it; for they come not to dispute in order to find or indeed to seek the truth, but for obtaining the victory, and to appear more learned or to be counted more strenuous champions of the contrary side. Whence these and the like ought to be avoided by every man that has not put on a good cuirass of patience.

*The Argument of the Fourth Dialogue*

In the following Dialogue, first, a short repetition is made of what has been said elsewhere, viz.: how the worlds are in number infinite, and how each of them is moved and is formed. Secondly, the like transient repetition is made of the answers that in the Second Dialogue were given to the arguments against the infinite extension or greatness of the universe. Now, since the immense effect of immense activity and power has been proved by many reasons in the First Dialogue, and that the infinite multitude of worlds is proved in the Third Dialogue, we do, in this Fourth, resolve the numerous difficulties of Aristotle against the same; though this expression *World* is taken in a different sense by Aristotle from what it is by Democritus, Epicurus and



others. He therefore, from natural and forced motion, and from the reasons he has invented for both these, would infer that one earth must necessarily move toward another, supposing there be more than one. In the resolution hereof—

First, are laid foundations of no small importance, to discover the true principles of natural philosophy.

Secondly, it is shown that though the surface of one earth had been contiguous to that of another, yet the parts of the one would never the more for that move toward the other; understanding this of the heterogeneous or compounded parts, but not of the atoms and simple corpuscles; and on this occasion a larger explication is given of the nature of gravity and levity.

Thirdly, is examined for what reason these great bodies are disposed by nature at such a distance, and not rather nearer one to the other, that a passage might be had from the one to the other. And here a reason is given unto him who has a deep insight into things, that worlds should not be placed as it were in the circumference of the ether, or near to such a void space as is destitute of all power, virtue, or operation; since thus on one side they would be wholly and absolutely deprived of the means to have either life or light.

Fourthly, how local distance changes the nature of a body, or when it does not change it; and how it is that placing a stone equidistant from two earths, it would remain still there; or from what cause it should have a determination to move rather toward one of these globes than toward the other.

Fifthly, it is proved how much Aristotle is deceived

when in bodies, though ever so distant from another, he places an impulse or gravity or levity from the one toward the other; and the cause is assigned whence proceeds what is called the desire of preserving their present being, how ignoble soever, in all things; this desire being the cause of what is likewise called appetite and aversion.

Sixthly, it is demonstrated that direct motion, or motion in a straight line, is neither agreeable nor natural to the Earth or to the other principal bodies, but only to the inconstituent parts or particles, which, if not too widely separated, tend to such bodies from all places the nearest way.

Seventhly, an argument is drawn from comets to prove that it is not true that a heavy body, however remote, has an impulse or motion toward its principal or whole; this fancy not being built on true physical principles, but on the gratuitous suppositions of the philosophy of Aristotle, who forms and compounds the comets of those parts that we call the vapors and exhalations of the Earth.

Eighthly, on occasion of another argument—showing the comets to be real planets that have nothing to do with this Earth—it is proved that simple bodies, which are of the same species in the other innumerable worlds, are likewise moved everywhere after the same manner; and how a numeral makes a local diversity, how every part has its own center and has a relation to the common center of its whole, which sort of center is not, however, to be looked for in the universe.

Ninthly, it is proved that neither bodies nor their parts



are determined to above or below, otherwise than as the place of their preservation is here or there.

Tenthly, how motion is infinite, and what movable it is that has an infinite tendency, and to innumerable compositions; yet it is proved that for all this there follows not a gravity or levity with infinite velocity; that the motion of the proximate parts, so far as they keep their being, cannot be infinite; and that an impulse of the parts toward their continent or whole can never exist but within the region of the same, or, as we say, in the sphere of its activity.

*The Argument of the Fifth Dialogue*

In the beginning of the Fifth Dialogue is introduced a person endowed with a more happy genius, who, though bred up the contrary way, yet for being able to judge of what he heard and saw, can perceive the difference between the one and the other philosophy, and consequently is easily convinced and as easily corrects himself. Mention is made of them to whom Aristotle appears to be a miracle of nature; whereas they that have the poorest understanding and comprehend him the least are they that magnify him most. Next are given reasons why we ought to have pity upon such, and to avoid losing time by disputing with them.

Here Albertinus, the new interlocutor, brings eleven objections, in which consists all the force of the doctrine contrary to the plurality and multitude of worlds.

The first objection is taken from hence, that without the world there is neither place, nor time, nor vacuum, nor body simple, nor compound.

The second objection is from the oneness of the mover.

The third, from the places of movable bodies.

The fourth, from the difference of the horizons from the center.

The fifth, from the contiguity of more orbicular worlds.

The sixth, from the triangular spaces they must cause by their contact.

The seventh, from an actual infinite that is not in being, and from a determinate number not more reasonable than the other; from which objections we can equally, if not with more advantage, infer that number therefore is not determinate, but infinite.

The eighth objection is taken from the terminateness or finitude of natural things, and from their passive power, which corresponds not to the divine efficacy and active power. But here it is to be considered how mighty inconveniently the first and most high Being is compared to a fiddler that has skill to play, but cannot, for want of a fiddle; so that he is one that can do but does not, because that thing which he can make cannot be made by him. This implies a more than manifest contradiction, which cannot but be seen, except only by those who see nothing.

The ninth objection is taken from moral goodness, which consists in society.

The tenth is, that the contiguity of one world to another would mutually hinder their motions.

The eleventh and last objection is, that if this world be complete and perfect, there is no reason it should

join itself or be joined to any one or more such worlds.

These are the doubts, difficulties and motives about the solution whereof I have said enough in the following dialogues to expose the intimate and radicated errors of the common philosophy, and to show the weight and worth of our own. Here you will meet with the reasons why we should not fear that any part of the universe should fall or fly off, that the least particle should be lost in empty space or be truly annihilated. Here you will perceive the reason of that vicissitude which may be observed in the constant change of all things, whereby it happens that there is nothing so ill but may befall us or be prevented, nor anything so good but may be lost or obtained by us; since in this infinite field the parts and modes do perpetually vary, though the substance and the whole do eternally persevere the same.

From this contemplation (if we do but rightly consider) it will follow that we ought never to be dispirited by any strange accidents through excess of fear or pain, nor ever be elated by any prosperous event through excess of hope or pleasure; whence we have the way to true morality, and, following it, we would become the magnanimous despisers of what men of childish thoughts do fondly esteem, and the wise judges of the history of nature that is written in our minds, and the strict executors of those divine laws that are engraven in the center of our hearts. We would know that it is no harder thing to fly hence up to heaven than to fly from heaven back again to the Earth, that ascending thither and descending hither are all one; that we are no more circumferential to the other globes than they are to us,



nor they more central to us than we are to them, and that none of them is more above the stars than we, as they no less than we are covered over or comprehended by the sky. Behold us, therefore, free from envying them! Behold us delivered from the vain anxiety and foolish care of desiring to enjoy that good afar off which in as great a degree we may possess so near at hand, and even at home! Behold us freed from the terror that they should fall upon us, any more than we should hope that we might fall upon them; since every one of those globes is sustained by infinite ether, in which this our animal freely runs and keeps to his prescribed course, as the rest of the planets do to theirs.

Did we but consider and comprehend all this, oh! to what much further considerations and comprehensions should we be carried, as we might be sure to obtain by virtue of this science that happiness which in other sciences is sought after in vain. This is that philosophy which opens the senses, which satisfies the mind, which enlarges the understanding, and which leads man to the only true beatitude whereof he is capable according to his natural state and constitution; for it frees him from the solicitous pursuit of pleasure and from the anxious apprehensions of pain, making him enjoy the good things of the present hour, and not to fear more than he hopes from the future; since that same Providence, or fate, or fortune, which causes the vicissitudes of our particular being will not let us know more of the one than we are ignorant of the other. At first sight, indeed, we are apt to be dubious and perplexed; but when we more profoundly consider the essence and accidents of

that matter into which we are mutable, we shall find that there is no death attending ours or the substance of any other thing; since nothing is substantially diminished, but only everything changing form by its perpetual motion in this infinite space. And seeing that everything is subject to a good and most perfect efficient cause, we ought neither to believe nor hope otherwise than that, as everything proceeds from what is good, so the whole must needs be good, in a good state, and to a good purpose; the contrary of which appears only to them who consider no more than is just before them, as the beauty of an edifice is not manifest to one that has seen only some small portion of it—as a stone, the plastering, or part of a wall—but is most charming to him that saw the whole and had leisure to observe the symmetry of the parts.

We fear not, therefore, that what is accumulated in this world should, by the malice of some wandering spirit, or by the wrath of some evil genius, be shaken and scattered as it were into smoke and dust out of this cupola of the sky and beyond the starry mantle of the firmament; nor that the nature of things can otherwise come to be annihilated in substance, any more than as it seems to our eyes that the air contained in the concavity of a bubble is become nothing when that bubble is burst; because we know that in the world one thing ever succeeds another, there being no utmost bottom, whence, as by the hand of an artificer, things are irreparably struck into nothing. There are no ends, limits, margins or walls that keep back or subtract any parcel of the infinite abundance of things. Thence it is that



the earth and the sea are ever equally fertile, and thence the perpetual brightness of the sun; eternal fuel circulating to those devouring fires; and a supply of waters being eternally furnished to the evaporated seas from the infinite and ever renewing magazine of matter; so that Democritus and Epicurus, who asserted the infinity of things with their perpetual variableness and restoration, were so far more in the right than he who attempted to account for the eternally same appearance of the universe by making homogeneous particles of matter ever and numerically to succeed one another.

Look at it now, gentlemen astrologers, with your humble servants the natural philosophers, and see to what use you can put your circles that are described by the imaginary nine movable spheres in which you so imprison your brains that you seem to me like so many parrots in their cages, hopping and dancing from one perch to another, yet always turning and winding within the same wires. But be it known unto you that so great an Emperor has not so narrow a palace, so miserable a throne, so low a tribunal, so scanty a court, so little and weak a representative, as that a fancy can bring it forth, a dream overlay it, madness repair it, a chimera shatter it, a disaster lessen it, another accident increase it, and a thought make it perfect again, being brought together by a blast and made solid by a shake; it is, on the contrary, an immense portraiture, an admirable image, an exalted figure, a most high vestige, an infinite representation of an infinite original, and a spectacle befitting the eminence of Him that can neither be imagined nor conceived nor comprehended.

Thus the excellence of God is magnified, and the grandeur of His empire made manifest; He is not glorious in one Sun, but in numberless suns, not in one Earth or in one world, but in ten hundred thousand, in infinite globes; so that this faculty of the intellect is not vain or arbitrary, that ever will or can add space to space, quantity to quantity, unity to unity, number to number. By this science we are loosed from the chains of a most narrow dungeon, and set at liberty to rove in a most august empire; we are removed from conceited boundaries and poverty to the innumerable riches of an infinite space, of so worthy a field, and of such beautiful worlds. This science, in a word, does not make a horizontal circle feigned by the eye on earth and imagined by fancy in the spacious sky.

There are other worthy and honorable fruits that may be gathered from these trees, other precious and desirable crops that may be reaped from those seeds I have sown, which we shall not at this time specify, lest we unfortunately solicit the blind envy of our adversaries; but we leave them to be collected by the discretion of those who can judge and comprehend, and who of themselves will be easily capable to raise on the foundations we have laid the entire structure of our philosophy. The particular members of it (if so it pleases those powers that govern us and move us, and if the work we have begun comes not to be interrupted) we shall bring to the desired perfection; that what is sown in the Dialogues of the Cause, Principle, and One, and sprung up in these of the infinite universe and numberless worlds, may branch out, increase, mature, be

happily reaped, and as much as possible give content in other dialogues; while with the best corn that the soil we cultivate can produce (after winnowing it from chaff) we fill the granaries of studious wits.

In the mean time (though I be certain he needs no recommendation to you), I shall not be wanting to do my part by effectually recommending to your Lordship one whom you are not to entertain among your domestics as having need of him, but as a person having need of you for so many and so great purposes as you here see. Consider that for having such numbers at hand bound to serve you, you are thereby nothing different from farmers, bankers, or merchants; but that for having a man deserving to be by you encouraged, protected, and assisted, you are in reality (what you have always shown yourself to be) like unto magnanimous princes, heroes, and gods, who have ordained such as you for the defense of their friends. I put you in mind of what I know is superfluous to do, which is, that you can neither be so much esteemed by the world, nor so acceptable to God, for being beloved and favored by the greatest monarch on earth, as for loving, cherishing, and maintaining such as these; for there is nothing that your superiors in fortune can do for you, but you may do more for them by superior virtue, which will last longer than the remembrance of their favors in your pictures and tapestries. But you can do that for others which may be written in the Book of Eternity, whether it be the volume that is seen on Earth, or that other which is believed to be in heaven. Farewell!

POEMS  
BY  
FRANCESCO REDI





## INTRODUCTION

**P**HYSICIAN, naturalist, scholar, poet—so versatile was Francesco Redi that in all these he had a high reputation among the men of the seventeenth century. He was born in Arezzo in 1626, studied medicine, and became physician to the Grand Dukes of Florence. He was ahead of his times in scientific inquiry, and was the first to promulgate the theory that every living organism must have sprung from a living germ, thus repudiating the doctrine of abiogenesis, and fortifying his position with careful observation and conclusive experiments. Some of his scientific works were translated into Latin (as that was the one language known to scholars in all countries), and passed through many editions. He wrote also biographies of Dante and Petrarch, and many poems. His muse was devoted to love and wine, and his Bacchanalian lyrics first brought him into notice as a poet. These were greatly admired for their light touch and rapid movement. He represents Bacchus as singing the praises of the wines of Tuscany with a discriminating enthusiasm. Again he tunes his harp to love, and produces admirable sonnets that treat the universal passion in various aspects. The keynote of this side of his character may be found in his lines:

If I am aught, it is Love's miracle.

He to rough mass gave shape with forming file;

He, as youth bloomed in April's sunny smile,

Came through the eyes within the heart to dwell,

My lord and master he, who bade expel

All sordid thought and apprehension vile,

Sweetness bestowed on rude, unmellowed style,

And melody that shall be memorable.

Redi died in Pisa in 1698. His complete works were published in Milan, in nine volumes, in 1809.

## THE GENTLE SOUL

Ye gentle souls! ye love-devoted fair!  
Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,  
O stay awhile and hear me! then declare  
If there was ever grief that equals mine.

There was a woman to whose sacred breast  
Faith had retired, where Honor fixed his throne;  
Pride, though upheld by Virtue, she repressed—  
Ye gentle souls, that woman was my own!

Beauty was more than beauty in her face;  
Grace was in all she did, in all she said—  
In sorrow and in pleasure there was grace:  
Ye gentle souls, that gentle soul is fled!  
—*Translated by Walter Savage Landor.*

## THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY LOVE

O ye that follow Virtue, go not there!  
Those meadows are the flowery ways of Love,  
And he who there as Lord and King doth move  
Is ever on the watch to trap and snare  
Th' incautious hearts of all the young and fair;  
And if those sunny, perilous ways ye prove,  
Your soul will flutter like a caged dove.  
Oh, pause, and taste not that perfumèd air!  
Those shy, white-breasted girls who smile and stand  
With flower-bound hair, and singing, hand in hand,

Among the roses will lay wait for you,  
And clip your wings, and never let you through,  
But shut your soul up in a thirsty land,  
And Love will come with them and mock you too!

—*Translated by Edmund Gosse.*

### LOVE, THE MINSTREL

Love is the minstrel, for in God's own sight,  
The master of all melody, he stands,  
And holds a golden rebeck in his hands,  
And leads the chorus of the saints in light;  
But ever and anon those chambers bright  
Detain him not, for down to these low lands  
He flies, and spreads his musical commands,  
And teaches men some fresh divine delight.  
For with his bow he strikes a single chord  
Across a soul, and wakes in it desire  
To grow more pure and lovely and aspire  
To that ethereal country where, outpoured  
From myriad stars that stand before the Lord,  
Love's harmonies are like a flame of fire.

—*Translated by Edmund Gosse.*

THREE SONNETS

BY

VINCENZO FILICAJA





## INTRODUCTION

**V**INCENZO FILICAJA was born in Florence in 1642. He was the son of a Senator, and was educated with a view to a political career; but instead he followed his natural bent and became a poet. He had studied Greek and Latin, philosophy, theology and jurisprudence, and he gave special attention to antiquities. Like many other poets—perhaps most—he began his literary career with amatory verses. But the lady he loved died early, and he then resolved to confine his work to historical and religious subjects. He wrote both in Italian and in Latin. When he married, as his means were limited, he retired to the country and devoted himself to his books and his family. He wrote odes to the Emperor Leopold, the Duke of Lorraine, John Sobieski, and Queen Christina of Sweden, which gave him a wide reputation, though he had little thought of publishing. The Queen bore the expense of educating his sons, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany made him a Senator and Governor of Volterra, and subsequently of Pisa. When he died, in 1707, he had begun the collection of his works, and the task was completed by his son, who published them in a single quarto volume at Florence in 1707. A two-volume edition was issued in Venice in 1762. The sonnet on Italy, given here, has the reputation of being one of the finest in the language.

Byron threw an almost literal translation of this sonnet into "Childe Harold," in the lines beginning:

Italia, O Italia, thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty.—IV, 42.

Maucaulay expressed the opinion that Filicaja was the greatest lyric poet of modern times. But that was before Tennyson's star shone in the firmament.

## TO ITALY

Italia, O Italia, doomed to wear  
The fatal wreath of loveliness, and so  
The record of illimitable woe  
Branded forever on thy brow to bear!  
Would that less beauty or more vigor were  
Thy heritage! that they who madly glow  
For that which their own fury layeth low,  
More terrible might find thee, or less fair!  
Not from thine Alpine rampart should the horde  
Of spoilers then descend, or crimson stain  
Of rolling Po quench thirst of Gallic steed;  
Nor shouldst thou, girded with another's sword,  
Smite with a foreign arm, enslavement's chain,  
Victor or vanquished, equally thy meed.  
—*Translated by Leigh Hunt.*

## OF PROVIDENCE

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,  
Yearns toward her little children from her seat,  
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,  
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;  
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,  
She learns their feelings and their various will,  
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,  
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still:—  
So Providence for us, high, infinite,  
Makes our necessities its watchful task,

Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,  
And e'en if it denies what seems our right,  
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,  
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

—*Translated by Leigh Hunt.*

### SELF-REPROACH

No, not to thee nor to thy hate I owe,  
Nor ever did, nor ever shall, my shame,  
O Fortune! I acquit thee of the blow,  
Not thy injustice or thy spite I blame.  
I am both mark and shaft, and drew the bow;  
I forged the bolt, and lighted up the flame,  
And the black cloud whose peal has rattled so  
From the dark smoke of my offenses came:  
Foul vapor from an impure heart that flows  
And, issuing thence in exhalations thin,  
Recoils in thunder there from whence it rose.  
Thus my reproach and grief turn all within,  
My guilt against myself the javelin throws,  
My sin the lash with which I lash my sin.

—*Translated by James Glassford.*



ACHILLES IN SCYROS

BY

PIETRO METASTASIO

TRANSLATED BY JOHN HOOLE



## INTRODUCTION

**M**IETRO TRAPASSI—later called Metastasio—was born in Rome, January 28, 1698. His parents were poor, but had ambition for their son, and gave him as much education as their means allowed. As a young lad, he was overheard by Vittorio Gravina, a distinguished tragic actor, while he was reciting some dramatic poem. Gravina offered to enlarge the boy's education, and finally adopted him as his son, changing his name to Metastasio. The youth amply rewarded his patron's benevolence. He had a pleasing manner, a brilliant mind, a fine voice, and an extraordinary talent for both literary and musical composition. Gravina died while his protégé was still a youth, and left him a comfortable fortune, and Metastasio thenceforth devoted himself to literature and music. His first composition (in 1722) was a little masque entitled *Gli Orti Esperidi* ("Gardens of the Hesperides"), which drew to him the attention of La Romanina (Maria Bulgarini), a popular prima donna, who sought out the young author-composer, and induced him to join her household and place himself under her professional tutelage. Here he learned the technic of music and singing, at the same time writing numerous plays and operatic librettos, which had such success as soon as produced that he soon became the undisputed sov-

ereign of the lyric stage. Among these compositions were *La Didone Abbandonata* ("Forsaken Dido"), the *Olimpiade*, *Zenobia*, *Semiramide*, and *Achilles in Scyros*, all of which show marvelous deftness of plot and richness of poetic imagery, and besides this they lent themselves to the requirements of melody as have no works of any other Italian writer. The *Achilles in Scyros* was written in 1736, on the occasion of the marriage of Maria Theresa with Francis, Duke of Lorraine, in which opera, by representing the hero as torn between the passion of love and the desire for military glory, he seized the opportunity of paying a graceful compliment to the bridegroom, who fully appreciated it, and offered the poet any official post he might choose. But Metastasio declined all such distinctions, and continued his devotion to his two arts, obtaining great fame and wealth, and dying in Vienna on April 12, 1782, full of years and honors. Mrs. Piozzi gives an interesting account of Metastasio's peculiar habits. "He never changed the fashion of his wig or the cut or color of his coat. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined, at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying health and good spirits, which were never ruffled excepting when the word *death* was mentioned before him. No one was ever permitted to mention that; and even if any one named the smallpox before him, he would see that person no more. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home." A good edition of his works, in sixteen volumes, was published in Florence in 1819.

## ACHILLES IN SCYROS

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LYCOMEDES—King of Scyros.

ACHILLES—in a female dress, under the name of  
PYRRHA, in love with DEIDAMIA.

DEIDAMIA—the daughter of LYCOMEDES, in love  
with ACHILLES.

ULYSSES—Ambassador from Greece.

THEAGENES—Prince of Chalcis, the designed hus-  
band of DEIDAMIA.

NEARCHUS—Guardian of Achilles.

ARCAS—confidential friend of ULYSSES.

CHORUS of Bacchanals and Singers.

SCENE—The Island of Scyros.





## ACT I

### Scene First

*Exterior view of a magnificent temple dedicated to Bacchus. Between the pillars of the temple on one side is discovered the wood sacred to the deity, and on the other side of the seacoast of Scyros. The open space is filled with Bacchanals celebrating the festival of the god, to the sound of various instruments. A numerous company of the noble dames of Scyros descends the steps from the temple; with these are seen DEIDAMIA and ACHILLES, the latter in woman's attire.*

### CHORUS OF BACCHANALS

While each, O Father Bacchus! pays  
To thee this hymn of grateful praise,  
Descend our raptured souls to raise  
With thy celestial fire.

### PART CHORUS

O source from whom our blessings flow!  
Oblivion sweet of human woe!  
By thee we scorn this life below,  
And to the skies aspire.

### CHORUS

Descend, our raptured souls to raise  
With thy celestial fire!

## PART CHORUS

By thee the blood that scarce maintains  
A sluggish course through freezing veins,  
With warmth renewed fresh vigor gains,  
And glows with young desire.

## CHORUS

Descend, our raptured souls to raise  
With thy celestial fire!

## PART CHORUS

Henceforth deceit shall fly the breast  
That owns thee for its chosen guest;  
And lips before with falsehood dressed  
The words of truth acquire.

## CHORUS

Descend, our raptured souls to raise  
With thy celestial fire!

## PART CHORUS

Thou mak'st the coward Fame revere;  
Thou dry'st from weeping eyes the tear;  
Thou bidd'st the blush of modest fear  
From lovers' cheeks retire.

## CHORUS

O source from whom our blessings flow!  
Oblivion sweet of human woe!  
By thee we scorn this life below,  
And to the skies aspire.

*(The Chorus is interrupted by the sound of trumpets from the sea.)*

DEIDAMIA (*to* ACHILLES)

Didst thou not hear?

ACHILLES

Princess, I did.

DEIDAMIA

Who dares

With sounds profane thus rashly to disturb  
The sacred rites of our mysterious orgies?

ACHILLES

'Tis so; I'm not deceived; from yonder seas  
The sounding clangor comes; and yet I know not  
Nor can divine the cause; but now methinks  
I see two vessels, with extended sails,  
Swift making to the shore.

*(Two ships appear in the distance.)*

DEIDAMIA (*alarmed*)

Ah, me!

ACHILLES

What fear'st thou?

As yet they're distant far.

DEIDAMIA

Oh, let us fly!

[*Exeunt all but* ACHILLES *and* DEIDAMIA ]

ACHILLES

And wherefore fly?

## DEIDAMIA

Hast thou not heard these seas  
Are filled with impious pirates? Thus were borne  
The wretched daughters from their mourning sires,  
The kings of Tyre and Argos. Know'st thou not  
The recent loss that Sparta has sustained?  
That Greece indignant claims, but claims in vain,  
The faithless consort from her Trojan spoiler?  
Who knows but these deceitful vessels now  
Again may bring—O Heaven! I sink with terror!

## ACHILLES

Fear not, my love, is not Achilles here?

## DEIDAMIA

Oh, hold!—

## ACHILLES

And if Achilles—

## DEIDAMIA

Oh, forbear!

Some one may hear thee; shouldst thou be discovered,  
I am lost myself, and thou to me art lost.  
What will my father say, deluded thus?  
Thou know'st he thinks in thee he views a maid,  
And oft, with smiles, has witnessed to our loves.  
But what must chance (I tremble at the thought)  
Should he e'er learn that, veiled in Pyrrha's name,  
I love Achilles?

## ACHILLES

Pardon, Deidamia,  
I own your caution just.



## Scene Second

ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA, NEARCHUS

NEARCHUS

Behold the lovers!

And must I ever tremble for your sake?  
Imprudent pair! a thousand times I've warned you,  
But warned in vain. All eyes observe how still  
You shun society and court the shades;  
Your conduct is the theme of every tongue.  
Go—seek the king; the palace now is thronged,  
And only you are absent.

ACHILLES (*not attending*)

Sure that sound  
From yonder ships bespeaks them freighted deep  
With arms and warriors.

DEIDAMIA (*aside to NEARCHUS*)

Heavens! what martial spirit  
Flames in his looks! Each art must be employed  
To draw him hence.

NEARCHUS (*to both*)

And still you linger here!

ACHILLES

This instant I'll depart; but let me, Princess,  
Behold those vessels enter first the port.

## DEIDAMIA

What, shall I leave you thus beset with perils?  
But this thou heed'st not. Oh, I see too well  
Thou lov'st not Deidamia; from thy heart  
I know thou judgest mine, too cruel man!

## ACHILLES

Then let us go; appease thy gentle spirit;  
A look of thine subdues me.

## DEIDAMIA

No, ingrate!  
Thou but deceiv'st me, thou art falsehood all.

Ah, no, ingrate! thou know'st not love,  
Or if thou feel'st his dart,  
Thou ne'er for me the cares wilt prove  
That rend a gentle heart.

Love at thy choice—thy wayward will  
Can raise or quench the flame;  
Nor heed that truth which lovers still  
From faithful lovers claim.

[Exit. ACHILLES follows her, then stops at the entrance, and turns again to observe the ships, which are now so near that on the deck of one of them is distinguished a warrior completely armed.]

Scene Third

NEARCHUS, ACHILLES

NEARCHUS

The olive branch that decks those gliding prows  
Proclaims them friendly vessels.

ACHILLES

See, Nearchus,  
Observe that warrior clad in shining arms,  
Of port majestic.

NEARCHUS

Hence! it ill befits  
That thou, a seeming virgin, wrapped in weeds  
Of female softness, still shouldst linger here  
Alone, without defense.

ACHILLES

But say, Nearchus,  
Am I not deemed thine own? Does not the voice  
Of general fame declare thee for my father?  
What wonder, then, a daughter should converse  
With him who gave her birth?

NEARCHUS

But well thou know'st  
Thy stay offends the Princess.

## ACHILLES

True, Nearchus. (*Looks toward ships.*)

NEARCHUS (*aside*)

How hard to keep Achilles long concealed!

## ACHILLES

Oh, did yon splendid helmet deck my brows,  
Yon falchion grace my side—no more, Nearchus,  
I'm weary of disguise!—this sex's weeds  
Of sloth inglorious—time demands—

## NEARCHUS

What time?

Oh, Heaven! remember that this sex's weeds  
Have won and still preserved the fair one thine.

## ACHILLES

'Tis true, but yet—

## NEARCHUS

Depart!

## ACHILLES

Oh, let me now  
But for a moment view those dazzling arms,  
And kindle at the sight.

NEARCHUS (*aside*)

What course remains? (*To ACHILLES.*)  
Yes, stay; indulge thy wish, but know meantime  
Thy rival dwells on Deidamia's charms.

## ACHILLES

What say'st thou, ha?

## NEARCHUS

The Prince of Chalcis comes  
To Scyros' court, and Lycomedes wills  
With him to join his daughter's hand.

## ACHILLES

Oh, heavens!

## NEARCHUS

'Tis true, her heart is thine; but should thy rival  
Assail her youth with all the arts of flattery,  
Alone and unobserved—who knows, Achilles?—  
He may, perchance, prevail and win her from thee.

## ACHILLES

What mortal dares my wrath excite,  
Or hope to win my soul's delight,  
While still to guard a lover's right,  
I breathe this vital air?

What though the power of beauty's eyes  
Has clothed these limbs in soft disguise,  
My breast a hero's warmth supplies,  
I feel Achilles there!

[Exit.



## Scene Fourth

## NEARCHUS

Great is the talk that Thetis has enjoined:  
I fear each moment may reveal Achilles.  
'Tis true the force of potent love restrains  
His native warmth; but when perchance he hears  
The trumpet's sound, or sees a warrior clad  
In plate and mail, his genius takes alarm:  
He raves aloud, and scorns his feeble dress  
Of powerless woman. Should he learn that Troy  
Can never fall without his fateful arm;  
That now all Greece combined requires his aid,  
What were his feelings then? Forbid it, Heaven,  
That any Greek should seek him on this shore—  
(*Looks out.*) Oh, gods! Am I deceived? Is that  
Ulysses?

What cause has brought him hither? Not by chance,  
He seeks the port of Scyros. What were best?  
He knew me once, and knew me at the court  
Of aged Peleus, young Achilles' sire.  
'Tis true, since then a length of years has passed.  
At all events, I would remain concealed,  
Nor own myself the same he saw in Greece.  
Ho! stranger! pass no further; first declare  
Thy name and lineage: such is here the law,  
And such my sovereign's will.

## Scene Fifth

## ULYSSES, ARCAS, NEARCHUS

## ULYSSES

The law be revered!  
Behold Ulysses here.

## NEARCHUS

Ulysses, heavens!  
Forgive, O generous chief, my hasty speech!  
I fly to tell the King these welcome tidings. (*Going.*)

## · ULYSSES

Yet one word more: art thou not here a servant  
Of royal Lycomedes?

## NEARCHUS

Rightly spoken;  
I am his servant.

## ULYSSES

And thy name?

## NEARCHUS

Nearchus.

## ULYSSES

What country claims thy birth?

## NEARCHUS

The town of Corinth.

## ULYSSES

Why didst thou quit, for this, thy native land?

## NEARCHUS

I came—Oh, heavens!—I tarry here too long;  
Forgive me, sir, the King, meantime impatient,  
Knows not as yet what ships have reached the port.

## ULYSSES

Go then, my friend, despatch.

NEARCHUS (*aside*)

How well I feigned!

Yet scarcely could escape his wise detection.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Sixth

## ULYSSES

Heaven favors, Arcas, now our great design.

## ARCAS

Whence springs this hope?

## ULYSSES

Didst thou not hear our converse?

Thou saw'st who parted from me: know I met him

At Peleus' court, now many years elapsed.

With me he feigned his country and his name:

But when I questioned him he seemed confused.

In female garb, Achilles lives concealed.

Fly, Arcas, and pursue his steps who late

Amused my ear with falsehood; seek to know

His real state; why settled here, and where

He now resides—by whom accompanied;

The slightest hint may guide us.

## ARCAS

I am gone. (*Going.*)

## ULYSSES

Yet hear! Take heed that not the least surmise  
Be given to make it thought we seek Achilles.

## ARCAS

Such caution to a follower of Ulysses  
Were surely needless.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Seventh

## ULYSSES

With a prosperous wind  
Thus far our vessel sails. To some, perchance,  
This well-timed meeting, this confused discourse,  
Those troubled looks were little; but to those  
Who like Ulysses judge, they promise much.

A slender gleam in dreary night  
Can guide the skilful pilot right,  
Till soon he finds the polar light,  
And safely plows the wat'ry way.

Full oft a single track has sped  
The pilgrim lost, and surely led  
No more fallacious paths to tread,  
That lure the heedless feet astray.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Eighth

*The apartment of DEIDAMIA.*

LYCOMEDES, DEIDAMIA

LYCOMEDES

But if thou see'st him not, then wherefore think  
The Prince must prove ungracious in thine eyes?

DEIDAMIA

Already have I heard, and much, my lord,  
Of Prince Theagenes.

LYCOMEDES

And wilt thou judge  
By others' eyes? O rash and unadvised!  
Go to the royal garden, there expect me;  
I'll join thee soon, and with me thither bring  
Thy plighted spouse.

DEIDAMIA

My plighted spouse?

LYCOMEDES

He comes  
Relying on my faith. All is prepared.

DEIDAMIA

At least, my lord, my father, hear—



LYCOMEDES

No more!

Th' ambassador from Greece expects an audience.  
No more oppose my will; embrace my counsel  
As king and father.

DEIDAMIA

Then, my dearest lord,  
You counsel, not command me.

LYCOMEDES

When a father  
Gives to a daughter counsel, he commands.

To inexperiencel minds that know  
Few fickle turns of human woe,  
The advice that faithful lips bestow  
Will oft like harsh decrees offend,  
Confounding rashly praise and blame,  
Who mildly rules, they tyrant name,  
And cruel him who proves a friend.

[Exit.

Scene Ninth

DEIDAMIA

And shall I break my faith to him I love?  
No; ere another spouse—

ACHILLES (*enters*)

And may I then  
Presume to intrude on Deidamia's presence?  
I would not come unwished-for—ha! alone?

Where is thy plighted lord? I hoped to find  
The Prince of Chalcis breathing ardent vows  
At Deidamia's feet.

## DEIDAMIA

And hast thou heard—

## ACHILLES

All, all is known, but not from thee! O proof,  
O wondrous proof of thy unsullied faith!  
From me, inhuman, hast thou well concealed  
This treason to my hopes—from me who loved thee  
Far more than life; from me, who thus inglorious,  
In these vile weeds dishonored for thy sake—  
False Deidamia!

## DEIDAMIA

O Eternal Powers!

Reproach me not; believe me, till this day  
I never heard of these detested nuptials.  
But now my father urged the fatal union;  
Trembling I stood, and, senseless at the shock,  
Felt all my blood congealed within my veins.

## ACHILLES

What canst thou now resolve?

## DEIDAMIA

To hazard all,  
But never to forsake thee! Prayers and tears  
Shall be employed to melt Lycomedes.  
Sure he will yield, if nature's voice can bend  
A father's heart to save a darling child.

And, should he still pursue his cruel purpose,  
Oh, never, never must he hope to shake  
My constant faith. Achilles was the first,  
The first dear object of my virgin heart,  
And my last dying breath shall sigh *Achilles!*  
Yes, thou may'st see me dead, but never see  
Thy love betrayed by Deidamia's change.

## ACHILLES

Transporting sounds! How, how shall I repay  
Such unexampled goodness?

## DEIDAMIA

Grant but this:  
Preserve, if possible, with greater heed  
Our secret from discovery.

## ACHILLES

What are else  
These woman's vestures?

## DEIDAMIA

But can these avail  
If every action, every look belies them?  
Thy free and manly step but ill beseems  
The timorous maid; thine eyes too boldly dart  
Their wandering glances; every little cause  
Excites thy temper's wrath, nor seems thy anger  
Such anger as a woman's bosom breeds.  
If but a helm or javelin meet thy sight,  
Or let them be but named, thy look is changed,  
Thy glaring eyeballs flash with living fire,  
Pyrrha is lost, and all proclaims Achilles.

## ACHILLES

Hard is the task for nature to reverse  
Her first designs.

## DEIDAMIA

And sure as hard the task  
To oppose a father's will. With such a plea  
May Deidamia wed the Prince of Chalcis?

## ACHILLES

Oh, never, never! I submit—O pardon!—  
Whate'er thou bidd'st Achilles shall obey.

## DEIDAMIA

But now you promised, yet—

## ACHILLES

Oh, no! This once  
I yield to thee. I'll rein my struggling passions,  
Nor speak again of war; if I forget  
Thy bidding more, to punish my neglect  
Fly to my rival's arms, and I forgive thee.

## DEIDAMIA

Be silent! Hark! Some stranger is at hand  
To catch th' unguarded sound.

## Scene Tenth

## ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA, ULYSSES

## ACHILLES

And who art thou  
That rashly hast presumed t' invade these seats  
Of sacred privacy? What wouldst thou? Speak!  
Speak, or this insolence—

DEIDAMIA

Pyrrha! Forbear!

ULYSSES (*aside*)

What stern demeanor in a female form!

DEIDAMIA (*aside to ACHILLES*)

Didst thou not promise?

ACHILLES (*aside*)

True, my Deidamia!

I stand reproved.

ULYSSES

Say, are not these the rooms  
Of royal Lycomedes?

DEIDAMIA

Lycomedes

Resides not here.

ULYSSES

If I, a stranger, erred,  
Forgive th' intrusion. (*About to go.*)

DEIDAMIA

Yet vouchsafe a word:  
What seek'st thou with the King?

ULYSSES

From him the Greeks  
Request a warlike aid of ships and men,  
All Greece assembling with confederate arms  
To avenge the general wrong.



ACHILLES (*aside*)

How happy those  
Who quit the dwellings of enfeebling sloth  
To join this host of heroes!

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

See! Already  
His placid features change.

ULYSSES

Behold, a path  
Is opened now to every daring mind  
That pants for valiant deeds; the vilest breast  
Must catch the kindling sparks.

ACHILLES (*aside*)

And yet Achilles  
Still loiters here!

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

Such converse must not be!  
I tremble at the danger. (*To ULYSSES.*) Yonder way  
Will lead thy steps to Lycomedes' presence.  
Stranger, farewell. Come, Pyrrha, let us hence.  
(*About to go.*)

ACHILLES (*returns*)

Say, friend, what port receives the Grecian fleet  
United for this glorious enterprise?

DEIDAMIA (*to ACHILLES*)

Why, Pyrrha, this delay?

## ACHILLES

Behold I follow.

O tyrant, tyrant Love! *[Exit with DEIDAMIA.]*

## Scene Eleventh

## ULYSSES

Or keen desire

To find this youth presents in every place  
His imaged form, or Pyrrha is Achilles!  
I well remember such were Peleus' features  
In manhood's ripening years—that speech, those looks—  
It must be so; but yet Ulysses' caution  
Will not too soon confide. Who knows? Appearance  
May still deceive me. Should this prove Achilles  
I will be wary ere I speak; the time,  
The place, each circumstance, must all be weighed.  
That pilot rarely plows the waves with safety  
Who sounds not first the depth. We yet must pause  
Till all is ripe before we strike the blow,  
Then make it sure.

## Scene Twelfth

## ULYSSES, ARCAS

## ARCAS

Ulysses!

## ULYSSES

Arcas here?

How hast thou found admittance in these walls?

## ARCAS

I saw you enter and pursued your steps.

## ULYSSES

What hast thou learned meantime that may import  
Our great design?

## ARCAS

But little, good my Lord.  
That to this land since first Nearchus came  
A year is now complete. With him he brings  
His only daughter, graced above her sex  
With more than female gifts. For her the Princess,  
The royal Deidamia, bears a love  
A wondrous love, beyond a woman's friendship.

## ULYSSES

How dost thou name this virgin?

## ARCAS

Pyrrha.

## ULYSSES

Pyrrha?

## ARCAS

And for her sake Nearchus holds a place  
Among the royal train of Scyros' court.

## ULYSSES

And think'st thou this is little thou hast learned?

## ARCAS

Why, what imports it?

ULYSSES

O my trusty friend!  
In one short moment we have traveled far.  
Hear me, and then confess.

Scene Thirteenth

ULYSSES, ARCAS, NEARCHUS

NEARCHUS

My Lord, delay not;  
E'en now the King expects you.

ULYSSES

Say, which way  
Leads to the royal presence?

NEARCHUS

Yonder passage  
Conducts us to him.

ULYSSES

Lead, I follow thee.  
(*Aside to ARCAS.*) Some other time I'll tell thee.  
[*Exit with NEARCHUS.*]

Scene Fourteenth

ARCAS

Like Ulysses  
What man can pierce the veil of human life?  
What seems to others dark, to him is light,

As Sol's meridian beam. Nor art nor nature  
E'er formed his equal. Where is he who knows  
Like him to mold his looks to every passion,  
Yet keep his heart a stranger to them all?  
Who can, like him, with soft, persuasive speech,  
Enchain the yielding soul? With every moment  
Can change his genius, language, form, and likeness.  
Such have I never known; still, day by day,  
I watch Ulysses, ever at his side,  
And every day I find Ulysses new.

When summer showers refresh the plain,  
And skies a changing aspect show,  
When Sol, returning, shines again,  
Thus Iris dyes her varied bow.

The glossy dove, in open light,  
Thus shows her many-colored plumes,  
And when she spreads her wings for flight,  
A thousand different hues assumes.

[*Exit.*

### Scene Fifteenth

*The gardens belonging to the palace*

ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA

DEIDAMIA

Achilles, no—I can no longer trust  
Thy oft-forgotten promise. Shouldst thou stay,  
I know, in presence of Theagenes,  
Thy rage would know no bounds; thy look, thy speech  
Might soon discover all. If yet thou lov'st me,  
Leave me—in pity leave me!



## ACHILLES

Yet permit me,  
Retired apart, in silence to behold  
The rival of my love.

## DEIDAMIA

Oh, heavens! I tremble  
To think what danger waits thee—but he comes.

ACHILLES (*looks off*)

Is that the man whose rashness has presumed?  
And shall I tamely bear—

## DEIDAMIA

Is this thy faith?  
Already thou forget'st—

## ACHILLES

A hasty impulse—  
No more, my love; 'tis past, and I am calm.

## DEIDAMIA

Again thy warmth will speak.

## ACHILLES

Oh, no, by Heaven!  
Forgive me, Deidamia! (*Retires up stage.*)

## Scene Sixteenth

ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA, LYCOMEDES,  
THEAGENES

LYCOMEDES

Dearest daughter,  
Behold thy husband! Thou, Theagenes,  
Illustrious Prince, behold thy destined spouse.

ACHILLES (*up stage, aside*)

Still, still, my soul, repress thy swelling rage!

THEAGENES

Whoe'er, O Princess, hears what Fame relates  
Of Deidamia's charms, may deem she flatters;  
But when he sees thee thus, will think her tongue  
Has paid but scanty praise. Lo! I, subdued,  
Your happy prisoner, yield my freedom here,  
And give my life in dowry with my love.

ACHILLES (*aside*)

Unheard-of insolence! (*Looks disdainfully at THEA-  
GENES, and draws near the group.*)

DEIDAMIA

My merits, Prince,  
Have ne'er aspired so high; nor should you now  
So far extol them. (*Sees ACHILLES.*) Pyrrha, hence!  
What mean'st thou?

ACHILLES

I speak not, Princess. (*Retires.*)

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

Oh, what terror shakes  
My every sense!

THEAGENES (*to LYCOMEDES*)

What virgin fair is that  
Of lofty mien?

LYCOMEDES

That virgin is your rival.

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

I sink with apprehension!

ACHILLES (*aside*)

Ah, too surely  
He pierces my disguise!

LYCOMEDES (*to THEAGENES*)

Her name is Pyrrha,  
Sole partner now of Deidamia's love;  
Nor yet the world, from east to western Ind,  
E'er saw so constant or so fond a pair.

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

He speaks in sportive vein, but little thinks  
How well he paints two faithful lovers' vows.

## LYCOMEDES

What thinks my daughter of the noble consort  
Her father's care provides?

## DEIDAMIA

Alas! my Lord,  
My inexperience knows not yet to prize—  
But if I dared—

## LYCOMEDES

Thou blushest, Deidamia!  
I read thy heart, and seek to know no further.

The blushes kindling on thy cheek  
Thy virgin wishes prove  
Before thy sire thou canst not speak  
The tender words of love.

'Twere cruel, then, my presence here  
Should but increase thy pain;  
Farewell, and, freed from every fear,  
No more thy thoughts restrain.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Seventeenth

## DEIDAMIA, THEAGENES, ACHILLES

ACHILLES (*aside, up stage*)

Oh, that I now could free these coward limbs  
From hated female weeds, the weeds of shame!

THEAGENES

Permit me, fairest Princess, thus before thee  
To paint the warmth that glows within my breast;  
To tell thee all—

DEIDAMIA

Oh, speak no more of love!  
I must not hear. In me behold his foe.

I hate the boast of lovesick fires,  
And every plaint of fond desires;  
The train of lovers I despise,  
And liberty alone I prize.  
If all, like me, were thus sincere,  
The truth would less offend our ear;  
And falsehood then would rarely prove  
The bane of those that trust in love.

*[Exit DEIDAMIA, followed by ACHILLES,  
who stops as he is about to go.]*

Scene Eighteenth

THEAGENES, ACHILLES

THEAGENES

Almighty powers! Does Deidamia thus  
Receive my vows? In what have I offended?  
And wherefore then—let me pursue her steps.  
*(About to go.)*

ACHILLES *(meets THEAGENES)*

Forbear! Say, whither wouldst thou go?



## THEAGENES

I go  
To Deidamia Let me once again  
Renew my suit.

ACHILLES (*resolutely*)

It is not now permitted.

## THEAGENES

Who shall forbid me?

## ACHILLES

I!

## THEAGENES

Dost *thou* forbid?

## ACHILLES

Yes, I forbid thee, Prince; and know yet more,  
That when I speak, I never speak in vain.

(*About to go.*)

THEAGENES (*aside*)

The nymphs of Scyros sure are wondrous strange!  
Strange in their speech, in their demeanor strange.  
And yet there's something in this haughty maid  
That pleases while she threatens. (*To ACHILLES.*)  
Hear me, fair one,  
Declare what cause—

ACHILLES (*going*)

No more—let this suffice.

## THEAGENES

And can you think your words alone will strike  
A terror here—that you alone have power  
To shake the purpose of Theagenes?

ACHILLES (*sternly*)

Such power is mine—believe and tremble.

THEAGENES (*aside*)

Heavens!

That fierceness kindles here a new commotion!

(*ACHILLES meets DEIDAMIA at the exit.*)

## DEIDAMIA

False to my hopes! And art thou yet content  
To fail in every claim of love and honor?

## ACHILLES

Alas! 'tis true! I own my warmth betrayed me  
[*Exit DEIDAMIA.*]

## THEAGENES

Hear, beauteous nymph! I will obey thy mandate;  
But, in return, indulge my sole request:  
Give me to know what this resentment means,  
And why on me are bent thine angry eyes,  
And, ah, that sigh—that look—thou art confused;  
Whence comes this change? Oh, speak! Why art thou  
silent?

## ACHILLES

I strive to speak, but strive in vain,  
My frozen lips each word deny;  
'Tis Love can issuing words restrain,  
'Tis Love can words at will supply.

That Love who, at his choice, can raise  
The vile to deeds of high desert;  
That Love who in a moment lays  
Beneath his yoke the firmest heart.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Nineteenth

## THEAGENES

Where am I? Sure I dream! In such a face  
Anger itself can please—perchance she loves me,  
And hence forbids me to pursue a rival.  
And can it be? So soon to yield to love!  
So soon to feel the pangs of jealous passion!  
Such words of menace from a virgin lip;  
Such bold deportment from the sex that ever  
Is bred in timid softness! Wondrous all!  
I know not how—she pains, and yet she charms me.

What eye before has ever seen  
Such winning fierceness, pleasing pride,  
That love inspires with haughty mien,  
And gains the heart by threats defied?

To her the sword, the lance resign,  
And o'er her brow the helmet place;  
Her form with Pallas' self may shine,  
For maiden charm and martial grace.

[*Exit.*

ACT II

Scene First

*An apartment adorned with statues representing the labors of Hercules.*

ULYSSES, ARCAS

ARCAS

All, all, as you have willed, is now prepared.  
The gifts are ready to present the King:  
With these I've placed a coat of shining mail,  
And military weapons. To your followers  
'Tis given in charge to feign a sudden tumult,  
With warlike clangors. Tell me now what mean  
These mysteries unexplained? Or what can these  
Avail our great design?

ULYSSES

To find Achilles  
Amidst a thousand virgins.

ARCAS

How distinguish  
The youth disguised in vestments of the fair?

ULYSSES

Mark well and thou shalt soon behold him, Arcas,  
With eager eyes devour the dazzling helm  
And corselet's plates; but when he hears the din  
Of clashing arms, and trumpets' brazen sounds,  
That rouse, with generous notes, the warrior's soul,  
Then, Arcas, shalt thou see the smothered flame  
Burst forth resistless and proclaim Achilles.

## ARCAS

Too flattering are your hopes.

## ULYSSES

I know Achilles,  
His warlike genius; from his infant years  
Arms were his sole delight; and well I know  
'Tis vain to oppose the powerful bent of nature,  
Confirmed by early habit. 'Midst the sweets  
Of downy rest, scarce saved from stormy seas,  
The pilot vows to quit the land no more;  
But when the storm is hushed he leaves again  
His downy rest, and plows secure the waves.

## ARCAS

You sure have other signs that might direct  
Your present search.

## ULYSSES

All other signs are doubtful,  
But these are certainty. Remember, Arcas,  
No proof can rank with this, when nature speaks  
With impulse undisguised.

## ARCAS

But if Achilles  
(As thus you deem) for Deidamia feel  
Such strong affection, grant him now discovered,  
What art shall win him from the fair he loves?

## ULYSSES

With every caution first secure discovery:  
Discovered once, Ulysses undisguised



Will prove all means to assail his fiery temper;  
Rouse in his breast the latent flame of honor,  
And kindle on his cheek the glow of shame.

## ARCAS

But how to gain the means of converse with him,  
Defended thus from all access?

## ULYSSES

The occasion

May yet be found, and heedful let us watch  
The wished-for time, which, should we fail to find,  
It must be hastened. Yes, the trial—

## ARCAS

See

Where Pyrrha comes! now seize the moment—

## ULYSSES

Peace!

And look, she comes alone. Myself will seem  
Intent on other thoughts; meanwhile do thou  
Observe her every gesture. (*They retire behind as*  
*ACHILLES enters.*)

## Scene Second

## ACHILLES

See the chief

Whom Greece has sent? But that my fair forbids it,  
How gladly would I join in converse with him.  
Yet, sure, without offense to Deidamia,  
In silence I may here indulge my eyes  
To gaze with rapture on his godlike form.

ULYSSES (*aside to ARCAS*)

What now, my Arcas, say?

ARCAS

His looks on thee  
Are bent with fixed attention.

ULYSSES (*examines the statues*)

In this palace  
All speaks a kingly soul. This sculptured marble  
Seems warm with life; behold Alcides there  
Subdues the hydra; see in every feature  
His martial spirit, while the artist's hand  
Informs the stone with all a hero's fire.  
(*To ARCAS.*) Mark if he hears!

ARCAS (*to ULYSSES*)

He dwells upon your words.

ULYSSES (*turns to the statues*)

Lo! where he lifts Antæus from the ground  
To hurl him headlong down. The artist here  
Excels himself. Oh, how the great example  
Of godlike virtue, nobly thus expressed,  
Should warm the generous breast! Oh, would to heaven  
That I could boast Alcides' mighty deeds!  
Transcendent hero! yes, thy name shall last,  
From age to age, to far-succeeding times!

ACHILLES (*aside*)

O mighty gods! what tongue shall thus foretell  
Of lost, despised Achilles!

ULYSSES (*to ARCAS*)

Arcas, speak:

How seems he now?

ARCAS

He communes with himself

As strongly agitated.

ULYSSES

Mark him still. (*Turns again to the statues.*)

What do I see? Behold the same Alcides,  
The terror late of Erymanthus' woods,  
Disguised in female weeds, and placed beside  
His favorite Iole. How much he erred,  
(Ill-judging sculptor!) to debase his art  
With sad memorials of a hero's fall!  
Alcides here, alas! excites our pity,  
No more Alcides son of thundering Jove.

ACHILLES

'Tis true, 'tis true—Oh, my eternal shame!

ULYSSES (*to ARCAS*)

What thinkest thou, Arcas, now?

ARCAS

He seems to rave

With conscious feelings.

ULYSSES

Let us then accost him. (*Advances to ACHILLES.*)

ARCAS (*to ULYSSES*)

The King's at hand; take heed, lest aught too soon  
Reveal our chief design.

ULYSSES (*to ARCAS*)

O ill-timed meeting!  
The work was near complete.

Scene Third

LYCOMEDES (*enters*)

I sought you, Pyrrha.  
Attend my will! Ulysses, look, the sun  
Declines already to the western waves;  
Vouchsafe, illustrious guest, with Lycomedes  
To share the pleasures of the festive board.

ULYSSES

Your will, O mighty King, to me is law.

LYCOMEDES

At dawning day, Ulysses, shalt thou see  
The ships and arms the Greeks request from Scyros:  
Then mark how these exceed thy utmost hopes,  
And learn from these how Lycomedes honors  
His brave allies, and how esteems in thee  
The generous messenger of Greece combined.

ULYSSES

The soul of Lycomedes, ever great,  
Still holds her wonted tenor; yes, from me  
The Achaian princes, whose confederate powers

Now threaten faithless Troy, shall learn the friendship  
Of royal Lycomedes. Generous proofs  
I bring: these arms and vessels which your care  
Has nobly furnished for the common cause. (*Aside.*)  
But deeper aims are mine; a mightier aid  
I mean that Greece shall win from Scyros' shore.

When Troy shall learn the glorious aid  
I bring from Scyros' shore,  
E'en Hector's self will stand dismayed,  
And dread the Grecian power.

This single aid he more shall fear,  
Than all that ranged in arms appear  
To swell the Grecian host:  
Than all the fleet's unnumbered sail  
That spread their canvas to the gale  
For Phrygia's distant coast.

[*Exit.*

#### Scene Fourth

#### LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES

#### LYCOMEDES

Wouldst thou believe it, Pyrrha? Yes, on thee  
Depends the future peace of Lycomedes.

#### ACHILLES

What mean these words?

#### LYCOMEDES

Yes, dearest maid, 'tis thou  
Canst make at will a grateful monarch happy.



## ACHILLES

What power is mine?

## LYCOMEDES

My daughter Deidamia,  
Repugnant to a father's will, rejects  
The proffered union with the Prince of Chalcis.

## ACHILLES

And wherefore this to me?

## LYCOMEDES

Thou rulest at pleasure  
Her every thought, and all her heart is thine.

## ACHILLES

And would you, Lycomedes, ask from me—

## LYCOMEDES

Yes, teach her to respect a father's choice;  
Teach her the virtues of a noble husband,  
And kindle in her breast a flame for him  
Who merits all her love: so may she meet  
His fond address with equal fair return,  
And all a wife's endearments.

ACHILLES (*aside*)

Yes, to you,  
To you, ye weeds of shame, I owe this insult!

## LYCOMEDES

What says my Pyrrha?

## ACHILLES

Thinkest thou then with me  
Such ministry may suit? Ah, Lycomedes,  
Thou little knowest me! I? Eternal powers!  
Shall I—Oh, seek some better advocate  
To enforce a father's will.

## LYCOMEDES

What fears my Pyrrha?  
Perchance she deems Theagenes a lover  
That merits not the hand of Deidamia?

ACHILLES (*aside*)

What shall I say? No longer can I bear  
Such cruel sufferings.

## LYCOMEDES

Tell me, can my child  
E'er find a nobler union?

ACHILLES (*aside*)

'Tis too much!  
(TO LYCOMEDES.) Hear me, my Lord—

## Scene Fifth

NEARCHUS (*enters*)

The banquet is prepared,  
And all, O Lycomedes, wait your presence.

## LYCOMEDES

Then let us hence. (*To ACHILLES.*) Remember, thou  
hast heard

My dearest wish; to thee I trust, my Pyrrha.  
Then to thy friendship let me owe my peace.

Thy words the stubborn maid may move  
Her last resolves to own:  
To embrace a father's tender love,  
Or meet a father's frown.

Tell her within this breast I bear  
The heart of king and sire:  
Then let her ease a parent's care,  
Or dread a monarch's ire.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Sixth

## ACHILLES, NEARCHUS

## ACHILLES

No more, Nearchus, no, I'll hear no more  
Of temper or disguise; my soul is fixed.  
No longer hope t' abuse my yielding nature.  
Let us depart.

## NEARCHUS

And whither?

## ACHILLES

From these limbs  
To strip these woman's weeds. Shall I, Nearchus,

Thus basely pass my life, my prime of years?  
And must I bear it tamely, while I see  
My threats despised, and, to complete my shame,  
Charged with a haughty lord's imperious mandate?  
I see, I see by others' great example  
My own reproach, nor will I feel each moment  
The conscious blush—

NEARCHUS

The conscious blush!

ACHILLES

Be silent!

I've borne too long thy counsels; different those  
The sage Thessalian taught; these feet could then  
Outstrip the winds; this arm, in savage wilds,  
Would dare the fiercest beast, and stem the tide  
Of roaring torrents. Now, did Chiron now  
Behold his pupil in these slothful ventures,  
Where should I hide? How answer, when with looks  
Of stern reproach he cries: "Where, where, Achilles,  
Is now thy sword, with all the warrior's arms?  
No mark of Chiron's school, save yonder lyre,  
Debased from heroes' praise to strains inglorious."

NEARCHUS

Enough, Achilles, I contend no longer,  
But yield to reason's force.

ACHILLES

Think'st thou, Nearchus,  
This life is worthy of me?

## NEARCHUS

No, I own

The generous truth; 'tis time to rouse thy soul  
From drowsy sleep; shake off that base attire,  
And haste to scenes where honor calls to prove  
Thy dauntless heart. 'Tis true that Deidamia,  
Deprived of thee, must taste of peace no more.  
Nay, grief perchance may waste her gentle frame  
Till friendly death; but pause not thou, Achilles,  
In glory's course; the triumphs thou shalt gain  
May well outweigh the life of Deidamia.

## ACHILLES

The life of Deidamia! Think'st thou, then,  
Her constancy will not support our parting?

## NEARCHUS

Her constancy? Ah, what can that avail  
A tender maid who mourns her lover lost,  
The sole dear object of her fondest wishes,  
Her comfort and her hope?

ACHILLES (*aside*)

O Heaven!

## NEARCHUS

And know'st thou

That if thou steal'st a moment from her sight  
A thousand fears distract her? All repose  
Is banished from her breast; with eager warmth  
Of each she meets she seeks her bosom's lord.  
How thinks Achilles now she brooks his absence?  
She knows no peace, but trembling—



## ACHILLES

Let us seek  
The lovely mourner.

## NEARCHUS

Art thou, then, prepared  
To quit the port of Scyros?

## ACHILLES

No, Nearchus,  
No, let us now return to Deidamia.

What lover, though his hardened breast  
A tiger's heart contains,  
Can leave his dearest maid oppressed  
With love's afflicting pains?

The pity now that rends my soul,  
And all the pangs I prove,  
Must sure a tiger's rage control,  
When tigers yield to love.

[*Exit.*

## Scene Seventh

## NEARCHUS

Oh, miracle of all-commanding love,  
Surpassing our belief! When anger hres  
His daring soul, Achilles, terrible,  
Nor art nor force restrains; his fury then  
Would naked rush through circling fires, and meet  
Alone a thousand foes; but let him think  
On Deidamia once, the fierce Achilles  
Forgets his rage and softens to a woman.

The lion stern, whose proud disdain  
 With lordly roar rejects the chain,  
 Whene'er his keeper's voice he hears,  
 At once subdued his rage appears.  
 He yields submission to command,  
 And mildly licks the chastening hand.

[Exit.

### Scene Eighth

*A great hall, with table in the middle; up stage are ranged rows of spectators and numerous musicians. LYCOMEDES, THEAGENES, DEIDAMIA, and ULYSSES are seated at the table. ARCAS stands by ULYSSES, and ACHILLES by DEIDAMIA. Courtiers, damsels, and pages.*

### CHORUS

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here,  
 Intruding thought and jealous fear;  
 Nor let a moment's gloom appear  
 To cloud this happy, festive day.

While Love inspires and Peace invites  
 Affection's mild and calm delights,  
 Let Joy, which rules o'er social rites,  
 In every breast exert full sway.

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here,  
 Intruding thought and jealous fear;  
 Nor let a moment's gloom appear  
 To cloud this happy, festive day .

### LYCOMEDES

Let every goblet now be circled round  
 With Cretan wine.

DEIDAMIA (*to ACHILLES*)

Thou know'st, my dearest Pyrrha,  
Unless thy hand should minister the cup,  
That heavenly nectar to my lips would prove  
A tasteless beverage.

ACHILLES

I obey. Ah, judge  
From that obedience if your Pyrrha's heart  
Is true to Deidamia!

THEAGENES (*aside, observes them*)

Strange effect  
Of unexampled passion!

ACHILLES (*aside, lifts the cup*)

Tyrant love!

LYCOMEDES

Say, great Ulysses, when thy country's fleet  
Will loose their anchors from the Grecian shores.

ULYSSES

At my return.

THEAGENES

Are all the ships assembled?

ULYSSES

We only lack the friendly aids from Scyros.

## LYCOMEDES

Oh, wretched, feeble state of hoary age,  
That keeps me now from such a glorious sight!

ULYSSES (*aside*)

This is the time for trial. (*To LYCOMEDES.*) Mighty  
King,

The thought is worthy thee. What eyes again  
Shall view such arms, such leaders, such a host  
Of gallant warriors, countless steeds and vessels,  
Spears bristled, banners streaming in the wind;  
All Europe there assembled. Woods and cities  
Are deserts now; encouraged by their sires,  
Their reverend sires, who mourn their useless age,  
Th' impatient youth rush forth and fly to arms.  
(*Aside to ARCAS.*) Observe him, Arcas, now.

(*During the foregoing speech, a page brings the cup to  
ACHILLES, who, instead of taking it to DEIDAMIA,  
stands listening to ULYSSES.*)

## DEIDAMIA

Pyrrha!

## ACHILLES

Forgive me!

My mind estranged awhile—(*Takes the cup, then stops  
again to listen.*)

## ULYSSES

None, none remain  
Whose bosoms ever felt the stings of honor,  
Or knew a wish for glory; hardly virgins

Or tender brides escape the general flame;  
And those whom hard necessity detains  
Rave at their fate, and call the gods unjust.

## DEIDAMIA

What dost thou, Pyrrha?

## ACHILLES

I attend thy will. (*Presents the cup.*)

DEIDAMIA (*aside, taking cup*)

Ingrate! Are these thy boasted signs of love?

ACHILLES (*aside*)

Be not displeased; forgive me, Deidamia!

## LYCOMEDES

Go, place the wonted lyre in Pyrrha's hand.  
Now, daughter, urge her with accustomed skill  
To raise her voice and join the sounding chords;  
She nothing can deny thee.

DEIDAMIA (*to ACHILLES*)

If thou lov'st me,  
Attend my father's wish.

## ACHILLES

If such thy will,  
I shall obey. Oh, tyranny of love!



THEAGENES (*aside*)

I am bewildered when I see two maids  
Thus knit in strange affection.

ULYSSES (*aside to ARCAS*)

Arcas, hear!

Now is the time—thou know'st—

ARCAS

I know it well.

[*Exit.*

(*ACHILLES takes the lyre from a page, sits near the table, and sings and plays.*)

When Love has firmly bound the soul,  
And bid the heart obey,  
He rules the will without control,  
And rules with tyrant sway.

His cruel snares on every hand  
He spreads alike for all;  
No valor can his power withstand,  
And wisdom's self must fall.

If Jove, of gods and men the sire,  
In snowy plumage dressed,  
Essayed with tuneful notes to fire  
The tender Leda's breast;

If once among the herds he paced  
For fair Europa's sake,  
'Twas Love that thus the god debased,  
Such borrowed forms to take.

Whoe'er, betrayed by woman's smiles,  
Would join the train of Love,  
Too late shall find his cruel wiles,  
And lasting sorrow prove.

The tyrant wills that every slave  
Should kiss the galling chains,  
Should boast the sufferings Beauty gave,  
And glory in his pains.

*(Here the song is interrupted by the followers of ULYSSES bringing in the presents for the King.)*

LYCOMEDES

Say, who are these?

ULYSSES

My followers, mighty King,  
Who humbly lay before thy royal feet  
These modest presents brought from Ithaca.  
Forgive the freedom, if in these I offer  
Th' accustomed thanks of no ungrateful guest.  
If I presume too much, my country's usage  
Must plead forgiveness for me.

LYCOMEDES

Gifts like these  
Speak well the generous donor.

ACHILLES *(looks at the armor)*

Heavenly powers!  
What do I see?

LYCOMEDES *(looks at the mantles)*

Not even in princely Tyre  
Did purple ever glow with brighter hue.

THEAGENES *(looks at the vases)*

I ne'er till now beheld the sculptured vase  
So framed and fashioned by a master hand.

DEIDAMIA (*looks at the jewels*)

And never, sure, on India's wealthy shore,  
Were seen such dazzling gems.

ACHILLES (*approaches the gifts*)

What eyes till now  
Have e'er beheld such glorious, splendid arms?

DEIDAMIA (*aside to ACHILLES*)

What wouldst thou, Pyrrha? Go, resume the lyre,  
And tune again thy song.

ACHILLES (*returns to his seat*)

Oh, pain to suffer!

(*Cry without: "To arms! To arms!" A noise is heard of arms and warlike instruments. All the guests rise with looks of astonishment and fear, except ACHILLES, who remains seated, with an intrepid air. Reënter ARCAS in seeming terror.*)

LYCOMEDES

What sudden tumult's this?

ARCAS

Ulysses, haste, and curb thy followers' fury.

ULYSSES

What has chanced?

## ARCAS

I know not why, but with the royal guards  
They mix in cruel fight; expect this moment  
To see a thousand threat'ning falchions drawn.

## DEIDAMIA

Assist me, gods! Oh, whither shall I fly  
To save me from their fury? [*Runs out.*]

## THEAGENES

Princess, stay!

(*Cry without: "To arms! To arms!" LYCOMEDES draws his sword and goes out. Noise of arms continues. All fly but ULYSSES, ARCAS and ACHILLES. ULYSSES and ARCAS stand apart to observe ACHILLES, who rises from his chair with great emotion.*)

## Scene Ninth

## ACHILLES, ULYSSES, ARCAS

## ACHILLES

Almighty powers! where am I?  
What did I hear? Methinks I feel my hair  
Upstart with frenzy. Ah, what cloud is this  
Obscures my sight? What sudden fire now glows  
Within my bosom? I can hold no longer—  
To arms! To arms! (*Paces to and fro with a furious air, then suddenly stops and observes the lyre still in his hand.*)

## ULYSSES

Observe him, Arcas, well.

## ACHILLES

And is this lyre a weapon for Achilles?  
No, fortune now provides me nobler arms  
More worthy of me. Hence! to earth, to earth,  
Vile instrument of shame! (*Dashes the lyre on the  
ground, and goes to the table to seize the arms from the  
gifts brought by ULYSSES.*)

This hand debased  
Shall wield the ponderous buckler's honored weight,  
And this the gleaming sword. (*Takes the  
shield and the sword.*)

Ah, now I feel,  
I know myself Achilles! Lead me, gods,  
To meet the glorious labors of the field,  
And dare with single force a thousand foes!

ULYSSES (*comes forward*)

If this be not Achilles, tell me, Arcas,  
What hero shall we name him?

## ACHILLES

Heavens! Ulysses,  
What wouldst thou say?

## ULYSSES

Exalted youth! Achilles!  
Offspring of gods! At last permit Ulysses  
To clasp thee to his breast. 'Tis now no time  
For vain dissimulation; thou art he,  
The hope, the glory of exulting Greece,  
And Asia's terror. Wherefore, then, suppress  
The great emotions of thy generous heart?  
Are they not worthy of thee? Oh, indulge,



Indulge them, noble youth—I see, I see  
Thou canst no more disguise them.—Come, I'll guide  
    thee  
To victory and triumph. Greece, in arms,  
Awaits but thee, and Asia's hostile sons  
Shall tremble at thy single name—away!

## ACHILLES

Then lead me hence, conduct me where thou wilt,  
But yet, Ulysses—

## ULYSSES

Whence this sudden pause?

## ACHILLES

And what of Deidamia?

## ULYSSES

Deidamia

Will see thee on some future day return,  
With laurels crowned, more worthy of her love.

## ACHILLES

But while, alas!—

## ULYSSES

Yes, while the earth is filled  
With war's destructive flames, wouldst thou, concealed  
From every eye, here linger out thy life  
In vile repose? Remotest times shall tell  
How fierce Tydides sapped the Dardan walls;  
How Hector from Idomeneus obtained  
His arms and spoils; how Sthenelus and Ajax

Laid Priam's throne in ashes; while Achilles—  
 What did Achilles?—he, in female garb  
 Among the maids of Scyros dragged his days,  
 Lulled by the distant sound of valiant deeds!  
 Forbid it, gods! Oh, rouse at length! Efface  
 This blot from honor! Oh, permit no more  
 That any eye should see that vile disguise.  
 Oh, couldst thou in thyself behold a prince,  
 A warrior thus disgraced with all the mockery  
 Of woman's trappings? In that shield reflected  
 Thou may'st contemplate—know'st thou that Achilles?  
*(Points to the shield.)*

### ACHILLES

O treble shame! Off, off, ye vile disguises,  
 Reproach to manhood! *(Tears his robes.)* How have  
 I endured them?  
 Ulysses, hence, to sheathe these limbs in arms,  
 Nor let me longer pine in shameful bonds.

### ULYSSES

Follow me, then. *(Aside.)* The day at last is ours!

### Scene Tenth

NEARCHUS *(enters suddenly)*

### NEARCHUS

Where goest thou, Pyrrha? Pyrrha!

ACHILLES *(about to go, turns)*

O base one!

Let not that name again escape thy lips,  
 Nor dare henceforth remind me of my shame.

## NEARCHUS

Hear me! Wilt thou thus depart? Thy Princess—

## ACHILLES

Tell her from me—

## ULYSSES

Achilles, let us go.

## NEARCHUS

What can I say from thee to Deidamia?

## ACHILLES

Oh, tell her, midst her cruel woes,  
To love me still, nor vainly mourn;  
To her Achilles constant goes,  
And constant will to her return.

Tell her those lovely eyes alone  
Shall ever rule my faithful heart;  
She ever there maintained her throne,  
And thence she never shall depart.

*[Exit with ULYSSES.]*

## Scene Eleventh

## NEARCHUS

Eternal powers! what sudden storm has wrecked  
My dearest hopes? And, should Achilles go,  
Where shall I fly? Ah, who will save me then  
From angry Thetis? After years of care,  
Such toils, such watchings, every art employed!  
Oh, heavens!

## Scene Twelfth

NEARCHUS, DEIDAMIA

DEIDAMIA

Where is he? lead me, lead me to him!  
Where is my life, my love?

NEARCHUS

Ah, Deidamia  
Achilles is no longer thine!

DEIDAMIA

Nearchus,  
What mean thy fatal words?

NEARCHUS

Alas! my Princess,  
He leaves you, he forsakes you.

DEIDAMIA

Oft before  
Thy vain suspicions have alarmed my fears.

NEARCHUS

Would I were still deceived! Alas! Ulysses  
Has now discovered all; has found Achilles,  
And forced him hence.

DEIDAMIA

And could'st thou thus, Nearchus,  
Permit him to depart? Oh, haste! pursue him!

Ah, wretched Deidamia! Hear me yet.  
This stroke indeed is death! Why dost thou tarry?  
Did I not send thee hence?

NEARCHUS

I go, my Princess,  
But all, I fear, in vain. [Exit.

Scene Thirteenth

DEIDAMIA

Achilles leaves me!

Achilles then forsakes me! Ah, ingrate!  
And could he harbor such a thought and live?  
Is this his promised faith? Are these the fruits  
Of long-protesting love? But while I rave  
In fond complaints, the traitor spreads his sails.  
Oh, let me haste to stop his treacherous flight.  
My sorrow knows no bounds. Away! Should all  
Avail me nothing, let the perjured man  
See Deidamia on the shore expire,  
Then sail in triumph from the port of Scyros.

Scene Fourteenth

DEIDAMIA, THEAGENES

THEAGENES

O Princess most beloved—

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

Ill-timed intrusion,  
To break on my distraction!



## THEAGENES

Ah, permit me  
To learn the soft emotions of thy heart;  
If yet thy love—

## DEIDAMIA

It is not now a time  
To talk of love.

## THEAGENES

Yet hear me.

## DEIDAMIA

Oh, forbear!

## THEAGENES

But for a moment!

DEIDAMIA (*impatient*)

O immortal powers!

## THEAGENES

At last, my plighted bride, at early day—

## DEIDAMIA

For pity's sake, distract me now no more!

See'st thou not, cruel, how, distressed,  
A thousand torments rend my breast,  
That all I ask is lasting rest,  
Which only death can give?

And see'st thou not my tortured mind  
 Detests itself, detests mankind,  
 And longer loathes to live?

[Exit.

Scene Fifteenth

THEAGENES

Mysterious all! What wisdom can explain  
 The wonders of this day? What means the Princess?  
 What can her words import? She surely raves,  
 Or seeks to shake my reason. Do I dream?  
 Wake, wake. Theagenes! How art thou lost,  
 Without a clue to tread this various maze!

Did she in truth or sportive strain  
 Address my wondering ear?  
 I seek to read her sense in vain,  
 And doubt of all I hear.

By sympathy, in sorrow joined,  
 We others' sighs partake,  
 Then sure another's frantic mind  
 In ours may frenzy wake.

ACT III

Scene First

*Porticoes of the palace looking out upon the sea. Ships near the shore.*

ULYSSES, ACHILLES (*in a military dress*)

ULYSSES

Achilles, I confess the hero now;  
 I see thee all thyself. Oh, how the dress

Of woman's weeds obscured thy godlike mien!  
Behold the warrior now! The serpent thus  
Forth issues to the sun, with youth renewed,  
And as he rides on golden spires, or trails  
His lengthened curls, rejoices in his strength.

## ACHILLES

To thee, O mighty chief, Achilles owes  
A life restored: but like a captive scarce  
Released from bonds, I doubt my freedom still;  
Still seem to view the dungeon's dreary gloom,  
And hear the clanking of inglorious chains.

ULYSSES (*looks out*)

Why comes not Arcas yet? (*Aside.*)

## ACHILLES

Are these, Ulysses,  
Thy ships that sailed from Greece?

## ULYSSES

They are; nor less  
Will these with pride exult, than Argo once,  
To bear their glorious burden, while Achilles  
Can singly weigh against that band of heroes,  
And all the treasures brought from Phryxus' shore.

## ACHILLES

Then wherefore this delay?

## ULYSSES

Ho! mariners,  
Approach the land! (*Aside.*) And yet I see not Arcas.

## ACHILLES

Why are not these Scamander's hostile shores?  
There, there it shall be known how soon Achilles  
Will cancel every fault, when glorious toils  
Of fighting fields shall wash my stains away.  
This sword shall plead forgiveness for the hours,  
The slothful hours of Scyros; then, perhaps,  
My trophies gained may swell the trump of fame,  
And leave no time to blaze my follies past.

## ULYSSES

Oh, glorious warmth! Oh, godlike sense of shame!  
That well befits Achilles. Never, never  
Such virtue could be hid from human kind,  
And buried in the narrow bounds of Scyros.  
Too far, O Thetis! thy maternal fears  
Betrayed thy better sense; thou might'st have known  
That here to keep concealed so fierce a flame,  
All arts were vain and every labor fruitless.

Enclosed in earth's capacious caves,  
A smothered fire indignant raves,  
And bursts at length its narrow bound;  
Proud cities, woods, destroys and burns,  
And forests shakes, and hills o'erturns,  
And spreads a ghastly ruin round.

## ACHILLES

Behold the vessels now approach the shore!  
Ulysses, follow me! (*Approaches the sea.*)

## Scene Second

ULYSSES (*aside to ARCAS, who enters hastily*)

Arcas, what means  
Thy long delay?

ARCAS

Let us with speed embark  
Lest aught obstruct our purpose.

ULYSSES

Say what mean'st thou?

ARCAS

Depart, depart, and thou shalt learn it all.

ULYSSES

Give me at least some token.

ARCAS

Deidamia,  
Wild with her love, and blinded with her rage,  
Pursues our steps: I could no longer stay her,  
And flew before to bear the unwelcome tidings.

ULYSSES

This dangerous meeting must not be, my Arcas.

ACHILLES (*returning, impatient*)

Why do we linger thus?



ULYSSES

Behold me ready!

ACHILLES (*to ARCAS*)

What cause disturbs thee thus? Speak, Arcas.

ARCAS

Nothing!

ULYSSES

Let us depart.

ACHILLES (*to ARCAS*)

What mean those frequent looks  
Cast back with anxious search? What fear'st thou?  
Speak!

ULYSSES (*aside*)

O, mighty gods!

ARCAS (*to ACHILLES*)

My Lord, I fear, perhaps—  
The King perhaps may hear of our departure,  
And seek by force to stay us.

ACHILLES

Seek by force?  
Am I his prisoner then, and would he thus—

ULYSSES

No, but 'tis prudent we should fly from all  
That might detain us.

## ACHILLES

Shall Achilles fly?

## ULYSSES

Let us not waste the time in vain delays.

Haste to the sea; the winds and waves invite us.

*(Takes ACHILLES by the hand, and goes with him toward the seashore.)*

## Scene Third

DEIDAMIA *(enters)*

Ah! whither, whither goest thou, O Achilles?

Yet stay and hear me!

*(ACHILLES turns and sees DEIDAMIA; both remain some time silent.)*

ULYSSES *(aside)*

Now indeed I fear.

ARCAS *(aside)*

Behold where love and glory both contend.

## DEIDAMIA

Inhuman man! and is it possible?

Could'st thou then leave me?

ULYSSES *(aside to ACHILLES)*

If thou mak'st reply

Thou art vanquished.

ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

Fear me not; whate'er my feelings,  
I'll struggle to suppress them.

DEIDAMIA

Such reward,  
O cruel! dost thou yield for love like mine?  
Could such a form conceal a treacherous heart?  
Learn hence, too easy maidens, learn from him,  
To trust a lover's faith! Even now he swore  
Eternal constancy, and in a moment  
Forgets it all—departs, forsakes me thus,  
Without one tender sigh, one last adieu.

ACHILLES (*aside*)

My breaking heart!

ARCAS (*aside*)

He melts!

DEIDAMIA

What cause could make thee  
At once my foe? Alas! what have I done?  
What crime of mine can merit thus thy hatred?

ACHILLES

No, Princess, no!

ULYSSES

Achilles—

ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

But one word!

I ask no more.

ULYSSES (*aside*)

Then all is lost.

ACHILLES (*to DEIDAMIA*)

No, Princess,

Believe me not a traitor or thy foe;  
Eternal truth I've sworn and I will keep it.  
The rigid laws of honor tear me from thee;  
But I'll return more worthy of thy love.  
If silent I depart, think not my silence  
Was scorn or hatred: Oh, 'twas fear and pity.  
Pity for thee, a prey to tender sorrow,  
And fear that constancy in me would prove  
Unequal to the task. The first, alas!  
I well foresaw, the last I dared not trust.  
I know thou lov'st me dearer than thy life,  
And well I know—

ULYSSES .

Achilles!

ACHILLES

See me here

Prepared to quit the port.

ARCAS (*aside*)

And yet he comes not!

ACHILLES (*to DEIDAMIA*)

Still in my breast—

## DEIDAMIA

No more! 'tis now too late.  
Forgive my transports to excess of love.  
'Tis true, Achilles owes himself to Greece,  
To all the world, and to his own renown.  
Then go! No longer I oppose thy purpose;  
My heart's affection shall attend thee still;  
But since I here without thee must remain,  
Oh, be the stroke less dreadful—leave me not  
Thus unprepared: allow my feeble virtue  
Some time for recollection—but one day—  
I ask no more; go, then, depart in peace.  
Such grace is not denied a wretch condemned  
To meet his death; and can I doubt Achilles  
Will now refuse this grant to Deidamia?

ARCAS (*aside*)

If she obtain a day she conquers all.

## DEIDAMIA

Ah, think! Ah, speak! thy downcast eyes are fixed  
In pensive silence still.

ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

What says Ulysses?

## ULYSSES

'Tis at thy choice, Achilles, to depart,  
Or here abide; to me is not permitted  
A longer tarriance here. Resolve to quit  
The port, or leave me to embark alone.



## ACHILLES

Oh, cruel state!

## DEIDAMIA

Yet answer me, Achilles.

## ACHILLES

Fain would I stay in pity to thy grief,  
But heard'st thou not Ulysses? (*Points to ULYSSES.*)

## ULYSSES

Come, decide!

ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

I would pursue thy steps, but see'st thou not  
Who pleads against thee? (*Points to DEIDAMIA.*)

## DEIDAMIA

'Tis enough! I see  
Thy choice is made and thou preparest to leave me.  
Go then, ungrateful man! Farewell forever. (*Going.*)

ACHILLES (*follows her*)

Stay, Deidamia!

## ULYSSES

I perceive, Achilles,  
Thy purpose to remain. Irresolute,  
Degenerate youth! I leave thee and depart. (*Going.*)

## ACHILLES

Ulysses, stay!

DEIDAMIA (*to ACHILLES*)

What would'st thou?

ULYSSES

Whither tends

Thy purpose now?

ACHILLES

I would, my Deidamia,  
Indulge thy wish. (*Aside.*) O Heaven! what means this  
weakness?

To thee, Ulysses, would I yield my guidance.  
(*Aside.*) But this were surely cruel. If my glory  
Exact obedience here, there love denies it.

ARCAS (*aside*)

'Tis doubtful which will conquer.

DEIDAMIA

Since to grant me  
So light a boon excites such painful struggles,  
I press no further, yet one grace I ask  
More worthy thee: depart, but ere thou goest,  
Deep in my bosom plunge thy glorious sword,  
This will avail us both, for thou, Achilles,  
Wilt thus begin to inure thy soul to slaughter,  
And Deidamia shun a lingering death.  
So may'st thou gladly go, and go unquestioned.  
I die content, if he, whom still my heart  
Must ever love, dear master of my fate,  
If he, alas! who has refused me life,  
At least in pity thus concludes my woes. (*Weeps.*)

ARCAS (*aside* )

Were I Achilles I could hold no longer.

DEIDAMIA

Thy last, best gift—

ACHILLES

Ah, cease! lament no more!

Ulysses, longer to reject her suit  
Were useless cruelty.

ULYSSES

So thinks Achilles.

ACHILLES

She asks but for a day; a single day  
May surely be indulged me.

ULYSSES

Not a day.

I go to tell the assembled Argive chiefs  
The glories of Achilles; yes, from me  
Each ear may learn what generous toils have cleansed  
His fame; what great amends his sword has made  
For all his sloth at Scyros, and by him  
What numerous trophies fill the mouth of fame.

ACHILLES

But valor loves not—

ULYSSES

Talk not of valor.

Strip off those arms, a useless load for Pyrrha.  
What ho! bring forth the hero's silken robes,  
And let him rest awhile; his fainting brows  
Enough have felt the helmet's massy weight.

ARCAS (*aside* )

How well Ulysses proves his every art  
To rouse the latent hero!

ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

Am I Pyrrha?

To me the silken robes?

ULYSSES

Oh, no! Thou givest  
Great proofs of manly mind: thou canst not conquer  
One weak, one poor affection.

ACHILLES (*firmly* )

Better learn  
To know Achilles. Let us go.

DEIDAMIA

Achilles!  
And wilt thou leave me?

ACHILLES

Strong necessity  
Compels me.

## DEIDAMIA

Sayest thou?

## ACHILLES

Longer to remain

Were fatal to my honor—Deidamia,

Farewell! (*Goes resolutely to the ship; is about to ascend the deck, then stops. ULYSSES and ARCAS follow. DEIDAMIA stands some time immovable.*)

ARCAS (*aside*)

Ulysses' taunts at length have roused  
His sleeping honor.

ULYSSES (*aside*)

Yet we are not secure.

## DEIDAMIA

Barbarian! Traitor! wilt thou then be gone?

Is this a lover's parting? Tyranny

Beyond example! Hence thou flyest from me,

But thou shall not fly from Heaven. If gods are just,

And pity human sufferings, all will join

To punish thy misdeeds; my injured ghost

Shall haunt thy sight and witness my revenge.

Already now my soul enjoys the thought!

I see the lightnings flash. Oh, no, forbear,

Vindictive powers! If one must pay the forfeit,

Oh, spare that breast beloved and strike at mine!

If cruel he has changed his former self,

Yet Deidamia's heart is still the same:

For him I lived, for him I now will die!

(*Faints.*)



ACHILLES (*to ULYSSES*)

Ah, let me fly!

ULYSSES

And whither would Achilles?

ACHILLES

To save my Deidamia.

ULYSSES

Then no longer—

ACHILLES

And canst thou hope that I will leave her thus?

ULYSSES

Are these thy proofs of valor?

ACHILLES (*in anger*)

Thou wouldst ask

For proofs of valor, proofs of cruelty.

Ulysses, give me way! (*Breaks from him and runs to  
DEIDAMIA.*)

ARCAS (*aside*)

Then love has conquered.

ACHILLES

My life! my Princess! Hear me, mighty gods!  
She answers not!—lift up those lovely eyes,  
Behold, behold thy own Achilles here.

## ULYSSES

I fear, my Arcas, 'tis not now a time  
To hope for victory; we must resign  
The palm, and seek the field with other arms.

[*Exit with ARCAS, unseen by ACHILLES.*]

## Scene Fourth

DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES

DEIDAMIA (*recovering*)

ACHILLES

The gods be praised! she breathes again.  
Oh, no, my hope! Achilles will not leave thee.

DEIDAMIA

Art thou indeed Achilles? Sure I dream!  
What wouldst thou now?

ACHILLES

All peace to thee, my love.

DEIDAMIA

Couldst thou, unkind, refuse a single day?  
And now thou comest—

ACHILLES

It was not I opposed  
Thy gentle wish—behold thy foe! But, ha!  
What can this mean? Ulysses is not here!  
He leaves me then.

## Scene Fifth

NEARCHUS (*enters*)

If you would find Ulysses,  
He seeks the King, and with his sanction means  
To bear you, thus discovered, to his ships.

DEIDAMIA

This only wanted to complete my sufferings.  
All must be then revealed to Lycomedes.

NEARCHUS

Believe not now your secret first disclosed.  
Theagenes, alarmed at your distraction,  
Soon found the cause, and hasted to the King,  
Who holds him now in converse.

DEIDAMIA

O ye Powers!

Unhappy Deidamia! what has fate  
In store? If you, Achilles, should forsake me,  
Where shall I fly for pity?

ACHILLES

I forsake thee

In such a trial! No, my first exploit  
Would then be impious treason. Calm thy fears,  
And trust to me thy fortune and my own.

May heavenly powers thy peace redeem,  
And give thy tears relief;  
And hope, like summer meteors, stream  
Through transient clouds of grief.

Those eyes shall point their guiding ray  
In love and honor's course;  
'Tis they that give and take away  
My courage and my force.

[*Exit.*

Scene Sixth

DEIDAMIA, NEARCHUS

DEIDAMIA

Support me, oh, Nearchus, give me comfort!

NEARCHUS

Alas! what comfort can I give, oppressed  
With doubts and terrors that exceed thy own?

DEIDAMIA

Ye pitying gods! if my affections ever  
Were innocent and pure, do thou protect me!  
Dispel the cloud that wraps me thus in darkness.  
If love's a crime, I must confess I erred;  
If love like mine be guilt—I loved Achilles.

Let all, who now my passion blame,  
Those manly beauties trace;  
And learn, what best defends my fame,  
From that enchanting face.

That face, which seems by Heaven designed  
To kindle Love's alarms,  
Bespeaks no less a hero's mind  
To dare the field in arms.

[*Exit.*

Scene Seventh

NEARCHUS

Go, go, Nearchus, now, and proudly triumph  
In all thy prosperous cares; to Thetis tell  
How arts like thine could tame the fierce Achilles.  
Boast every studied speech of fawning flattery,  
And all thy soothing phrase of timid counsels.  
Lo! how thy hopes are crushed. Ulysses singly  
Has baffled every plan. What stars averse  
Could send this crafty Greek to Scyros' shore?

I yield to fate, my hopes are crossed;  
My strength is gone, my courage lost:  
Against me winds and waves prevail;  
My oars are broke and rent my sail,  
And nought remains my bark to guide,  
That floats at random down the tide.

[*Exit.*

Scene Eighth

*The Palace*

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES, THEAGENES, AT-  
TENDANTS

ACHILLES

And does not Lycomedes deign to answer  
When thus Achilles sues?

THEAGENES

Great King, what means  
This doubtful silence? Yield, oh, yield at length  
To my request, and to Achilles' wishes.  
Why do you pause? Perhaps your mind revolves



The promise given to me; but think not, sir,  
 Theagenes so weighs his little merits  
 Against such nuptials. Well I know from these  
 What earth and heaven expect. The gods themselves  
 Have framed this union: Fate could never weave  
 Such strange events but for mysterious ends.  
 Does love offend you? In a virtuous bosom  
 Can love be guilt? Perhaps your mind revolts  
 From such a fraud; but Thetis here is guilty,  
 And Thetis now is punished. Thus attired,  
 She hoped from every eye to hide her son,  
 And made him known to all. These spousal rites  
 Will glad the exulting earth, that ne'er till now  
 Beheld such valor, worth and beauty joined.  
 On these what favoring grace will Heaven bestow,  
 Both sprung from heavenly seed! What sons from these  
 Our hopes may form, when Lycomedes, you,  
 And you, Achilles, boast for ancestry  
 A countless line of heroes?

### Scene Ninth

*Enter ULYSSES*

ACHILLES

Oh, come, Ulysses, thou perhaps hast heard  
 Achilles' happiness.

ULYSSES

Far other cares

Have brought me hither. (*To LYCOMEDES.*) Mighty  
 King, it now  
 Imports that all disguise be cast aside.  
 I must at length declare the will of Greece.  
 Know, then—

LYCOMEDES

Already it is known, Ulysses,  
And every part shall meet a fair reply.

Scene Tenth

DEIDAIMIA (*enters, attended*)

ACHILLES (*meets DEIDAMIA*)

Oh, dearest, best beloved! and art thou come  
To bless these eyes? Did I not tell thee, sweet,  
That still for us propitious fate would smile?

DEIDAMIA (*kneels to LYCOMEDES*)

My King, my father, prostrate at your feet—

LYCOMEDES

Rise, Deidamia, 'twere superfluous now  
To hear thee further. I already know  
The high decrees of Heaven. With me it rests  
To end a mighty contest Hear, my daughter;  
Glory and Love with rival power contend  
To usurp their empire o'er Achilles' heart.  
This seeks to make it but the gentle seat  
Of soft affections. That would banish all  
But martial ardors, both alike unjust  
In either claim. Declare, even thou, Ulysses,  
What were our hero's praise, to breathe alone  
Fury and wrath? And say, my Deidamia,  
What were Achilles should he languish ever  
In love's enfeebling cares? No, let him go  
To where the trumpet's noble call invites him,  
But let him go thy husband; to thy arms

Again returning, graced with glorious wreaths,  
Repose shall thus relieve the toils of honor,  
The toils of honor dignify repose.

## ACHILLES

What says my Deidamia? Speak! What says  
The sage Ulysses?

## DEIDAMIA

When a father wills,  
No voice has Deidamia.

## ULYSSES

Greece, O King,  
Shall hear and shall applaud your wise decree

## ACHILLES

Then nothing more remains to crown our bliss.

## THEAGENES

Let now these bands, by either long desired,  
Unite the illustrious pair, while Love and Glory  
Henceforth are one, and join in lasting peace.

## CHORUS

Behold, behold the happy pair!  
Descending soft through yielding air,  
Where Hymen shows his torch from far,  
His purple veil expands.

Behold the god with smiles sustain  
The links that frame the marriage chain,  
For you, on heaven's ethereal plain,  
Prepared by heavenly hands.

DEIDAMIA (*aside*)

Could I ever  
Have hoped Theagenes to plead my cause?

## LYCOMEDES

Achilles, yes, a name so great as thine  
Engrosses all my thoughts. What can I answer  
To nuptials so desired? Theagenes  
With generous zeal approves, and Heaven commands  
them.

Thou askest her hand, Achilles, and a father  
Confirms the grant. With wonder I contemplate  
Such strange adventures, and, in these, respectful  
Adore the wisdom of the immortal powers.

## ACHILLES

Ah, Lycomedes, ah, Theagenes!  
Oh, fly and hasten hither to my sight,  
My love, my plighted bride! Ah, Prince, to thee  
What does Achilles owe? My Lord, my father,  
How shall my soul with gratitude repay  
This precious gift?

## LYCOMEDES

Enough for Lycomedes  
To be the father of a son like thee.

Since thou art mine, let Fortune deal  
The worst a mortal fears;  
I scorn each foe, and less I feel  
The weight of drooping years.

Thus he that on some ancient tree  
Engrafts a tender shoot,  
Shall springing green and blossoms see  
Adorn the wasting root.





THE GUILTY BRACELET  
AND  
STOLEN FRUIT  
BY  
CARLO GOZZI  
TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE



## INTRODUCTION

COUNT CARLO GOZZI was born in Venice about 1720. Poverty drove him into the army, and after three years of military service he returned to his native city and became noted among the wits of the Granalleschi Society, which was what we should now call a semi-Bohemian organization. He wrote poems, farces, and burlesques, and fiercely satirized Goldoni in *La tartana degli influssi per l'anno bissestile* 1757, which brought him into general notice. His lighter dramas were very popular, especially the fairy plays, and Schiller adapted one of them, *Turandote*, to the German stage. Later he produced tragedies and stories and published an autobiography. To the latter he gave the playful title of *Memorie inutili della vita di Carlo Gozzi* ("Useless Memoirs of the Life of Carlo Gozzi.") His plays appeared in a complete edition, in twelve volumes, in 1791, which Werthes translated into German four years later, and ten years later still Streckfuss published a German version of his fairy tales. He died in 1806.

Gozzi had a brother, Gaspare, who wrote much in prose and poetry, and whose most successful work was a periodical entitled *L'Osservatore veneto*.



## THE GUILTY BRACELET

**M**ESSER GHERARDO BENVENGA was a Venetian silk-mercator, a very pleasant and good kind of man, and as creditable as you would wish to find any tradesman. Rising early, as usual, one Sunday morning, that being the day he had fixed upon, to save time, for the payment of the half year's rent of his shop, he was no sooner washed and dressed then he counted out the money.

"First of all," he said, "I will go to mass, after putting these ten sequins in my purse, and when I have heard mass, I will just step over and despatch this other little affair."

He had no sooner said it than he snatched up his mantle, crossed himself devoutly, and sallied forth. Passing along near the church, he heard, by the tinkling of a little bell, that the mass was going on.

"Oh," he cried, "it is going, full of unction."

So he hastened into the church, touched the holy water, and approached the altar where the priest pronounced the *introito*. He knelt upon a form, where was no other person except a very pleasing and good-natured looking lady, adorned in the Venetian fashion, with a Florentine petticoat and a black silk vest, apparently just from the mercer's, trimmed with sleeves of the finest lace, along with gold rings, bracelets of the richest chain gold, and a



necklace set with beautiful diamonds, while, full of devotion and modesty, she held a very prettily bound book, from which she was singing hymns like an angel. Messer Gherardo turned his eyes toward her a few moments, anxious to profit by so lovely and edifying an example, without the least alloy of any more terrestrial feeling, and accordingly drew a little psalter from his pocket, and began, quite absorbed within himself, and shaking his head with emotion, to join in the anthem.

The mass being over, Messer Gherardo bethought himself, according to courteous custom, of making a chaste obeisance to the lady; but while he was preparing, she passed, and he followed, marveling in what manner she would have returned his intended civility. On getting out, he instinctively took the road to pay his ten pieces to the landlord, an agent for one of the noble Morosini family, and knocking at the door, he said:

"I am come here to pay money as usual, but you have never yet returned my calls to pay me anything; come and look at my shop some day"; and in this jocular strain he thrust his hand into his purse, feeling on all sides without finding a single sequin.

"Am I out of my wits?" he cried. "What is this?" and he rolled his eyes like a demoniac, as if under the operation of the bitterest torments.

At last, feeling something hard sticking in a corner of his purse, and hastily seizing it, he drew forth a beautiful bracelet of fine gold with diamond clasps, to the value of about two hundred ducats. The poor tradesman was half petrified at the sight. At first he believed it to be the effect of witchcraft, then a trick; and he was alto-

gether so much at a loss, that, turning briskly round, while the agent grinned in his face, he ran down the steps without saying a word.

"Messer Gherardo, good Messer Gherardo," he cried, as he held pen and paper in hand to give him a receipt, "what is the matter?" Then, looking out of the window, he beheld him running along at a furious pace, everyone making way for him.

The agent, shaking his head (for he now thought him a little beside himself), returned to his accounts, regretting only that he had not received the money; while Messer Gherardo, who had all his wits about him as far as his interest was concerned, hastened to the house of his friend the goldsmith, anxious to ascertain the value of the toy, in lieu of the sum he had lost. When he heard it amounted to at least two hundred ducats, he suddenly bethought him of the richly dressed lady who stood near him at mass, imagining he had seen it upon her arm, but of this he was not certain. He next conjectured she had played him a trick, but neither the time nor the place seemed to warrant such a supposition. Besides, he did not know her, nor she him, though he wished to learn where she lived.

"I think I have guessed it though, now," he exclaimed, as if a sudden bright thought had struck him. "My purse lay beside me; I was buried in profound devotion, and she, wanting money, thrust her hand into my moneybag, and by accident left the bracelet behind her."

Yet how to reconcile this, he thought, with so much fashion, beauty, and devotion as she displayed? He felt ashamed of such an accusation, and tried to banish it

from his mind. He resolved, however, to keep the bracelet and quietly await the result; then returning in better spirits to settle his account with the agent, not without some jeers, he pretended to have forgotten the money, which, having now paid, he felt much happier and easier, and, with a smile on both sides, they took leave.

The next day Messer Gherardo, walking along the streets, observed, upon turning a corner, affixed to a pillar the following advertisement in large letters.

*"Lost or stolen, a rich gold bracelet, with handsome diamond clasps; whoever will restore it to the owner, by leaving it at the sacristy of Santo Marcuola, shall receive a handsome reward."*

Messer Gherardo, thunderstruck at these words, read them again and again, as he would otherwise have had no scruples in retaining the bracelet. As it was, however, such was the singularity of the case, that he could not help laughing as he directed his steps toward the said sacristy, where, upon his arrival, he inquired for the curate. Taking him to one side, he said:

"My reverend father, my business with you is no other than a confession, and if you will give me permission, I will inform you. But you must grant me one condition, without which I must take my leave as I came."

"Speak out," replied the curate; "what is it? If proper, it is granted."

"Then," returned Messer Gherardo, "I am the man that found the bracelet; but I will never restore it unless it be to the lady herself. Now I beg you will not attribute this to any suspicion, or any improper motive; only, it will be far preferable, on the lady's account, that I should return it to her without other witnesses. If



you will be so good as to point out her abode to me, you may rely upon it that I will go forthwith, like a good subject of the Catholic Church, and return it to the owner; otherwise you must excuse me. I shall keep the bracelet, and without the slightest scruples."

The curate replied, "To any person who should restore such an ornament I have received orders to give three sequins, that he might treat himself to a good dram; but as to you, Signor, you are perhaps not in want of one."

"Signor," retorted Messer Gherardo, "I would not return it for a hundred sequins; but if I may restore it into the lady's own hands, I will require nothing."

"My son," replied the curate, "I would recommend to you to entertain a little more reverence and holy fear of Heaven. Surely you would not keep what is not yours; but as you seem resolved to restore it only to the lady, so be it. I will call my clerk, since you are so very obstinate, and he shall point out to you her dwelling."

So, after accompanying him a little way, the little fat clerk said, "That is it, Signor," pointing to a very handsome and spacious house; and upon gaining admission he was shown up a magnificent staircase into a large salon, the walls covered with silk linings, the sight of which made the mercer's heart glow; and such was his confusion at the idea of his temerity in entering, that he could hardly ascertain the quality of the silk. At first he thought of making his escape, imagining that he had committed some gross blunder, and might be running his head into a scrape. While he was doubtful in what

way to act, but was gradually edging out, a maid-servant advanced from the staircase, crying:

"Who is it? Pray, who are you and what do you want?"

Half struck dumb, with his hat held politely in his hand, Messer Gherardo replied, "I wish to see the lady of the house, and, if perfectly convenient to her ladyship, to be permitted to speak with her"; and this he said in his usual style when waiting on the great to receive commissions.

"Madam," cried the girl, calling to her mistress in an adjacent apartment, "it is a gentleman who wishes to speak to you about some business."

"Then let him come. Why do not you show him in?" answered a voice that startled our poor tradesman, as he hastened to obey her commands.

On entering, he discovered, sitting in an easy-chair, the same beautiful lady whom he had seen at mass, a surprise that had almost cost him his life, for a few degrees more would infallibly have amounted to a fit of apoplexy. The lady looked full at Messer Gherardo, and grew pale as the wife of Lot when she was turned into a pillar of salt; in fact, she had nearly swooned away; for it never had entered into her head, when she missed her bracelet, that she could have left it behind on withdrawing her hand out of the old gentleman's purse. But such was her hurry to secure the ten pieces, which she effectually did, as she observed him absorbed in his devotions, that it is hardly surprising she was not aware of the loss of it when it came unclaspd. On the other hand, she concluded she must have lost it on the road from church,



or she never would have had the folly to advertise it. Little did she think, then, such shame and exposure were reserved for her.

Messer Gherardo, in his turn, fixed his eyes upon the lady, whose looks were still directed toward him, neither of them uttering a word. At length, our tradesman, being naturally possessed of much presence of mind and discrimination, further disciplined by his habit of attending to all ranks and descriptions of purchasers, pulled the fatal bracelet from his pocket, and holding it by one end, proceeded to say:

"I am at a loss, Madam, to say in what manner the accident occurred; it is plain that you lost this bracelet, but the wretch has stolen ten sequins out of my purse. Yet you see I have caught him, and hold him fast by the hair," showing the bracelet in his hand; "and if he refuses to make restitution of my money, which is my heart's blood, I will put him into such durance that you will never have the pleasure of beholding the offender again. I know that he is a familiar friend, very dear to you, and that you love him as well as woman ever loved such pretty things. For the sake of your reputation and of your family, then, I would advise you to pay his fine, or I will take such revenge upon him as will prove very disagreeable to you. If, on the other hand, you consent to pay what he owes me, the scandal of this affair shall go no further than ourselves, and I will set the thief free; not, however, without desiring you to give him a word of advice for the future, and a little correction at your hands, such as he will remember to the latest day of his life."

In spite of her confusion, the lady could not avoid bursting into a fit of laughter as he concluded; and upon recovering her presence of mind, she adopted the most prudent course, by walking to her desk and taking out ten sequins, perhaps the identical pieces she had pilfered, which had arrested the guilty bracelet in the very act. Turning toward Messer Gherardo, she said:

"I vow, my dear Signor, that the moment the rogue had committed the deed, he ran away from me, dreading my displeasure. Here is the money he stole; and since you are pleased to set him at liberty and to keep the affair secret, which I entreat you to do, I shall consider myself eternally bound to you. As you say, I will keep him in order for the future, and prevent the possibility of his becoming guilty of such an offense again."

She then counted the pieces into his hand, and received the bracelet in return; and after a few more ceremonies, the good man took his leave. It is certain that this lady was a woman of fashion, of respectable family and connections, the wife of a wealthy citizen, too fond of gayety and extravagance. As her husband did not supply her fast enough with money for dresses and play, she was in the habit of drawing from other resources, in the manner we have here detailed.

## STOLEN FRUIT

**I**T happened to be a year of great scarcity, and especially in the province of O——, insomuch that the villagers died of hunger, while the grain and vines of every kind looked as if they had been ridden over by troops of horse, affording such a prospect as nearly drove the farmers and their landlords distracted. A fine time indeed for those who had nothing to do but eat the fruits of others! So that the owners were compelled to keep watch day and night, though the harvest was hardly worth the pains.

More for whim than want, Carl Foschino agreed with his companions to make an attack on one of the vineyards, celebrated for the sweetness of its grapes, at Santo Martino di——, which is a short distance from the city, intending not only to eat as much as they liked, but to fill a good basket or two for future use. With this view each of them took his pannier under his arm, and sallying forth about midnight, they arrived at the land of promise, into which they cautiously entered. When once fairly in possession, they proceeded to clear the ground before them in great style, whispering one another at intervals, "How good they are!" "Yes, so sweet! what a flavor! exquisite! It is a real paradise for us hapless mortals"; and thus feasting and applauding they did great execution, sweeping everything before them in order to get at fresh bunches, until they were fairly weary and in danger of suffocation. Then, drawing their well-sharpened knives, they began



afresh the work of destruction, filling their panniers with all the expedition in their power.

They were proceeding merrily through a fine plantation, having finished the better half of their task, but they could not avoid making a rustling noise with the branches and scattering a few leaves; and, the night being so still that a nest of ants at work would have been heard, this was enough to rouse the jealousy of three armed myrmidons on watch, who, like men of war, were scouring those coasts, to give all freebooters a warm reception with their great rusty blunderbusses and enormous slugs, in any shape but round. Hearing a noise of the crashing of branches, one of the watchmen discharged his piece in that direction, while a sudden rush was made, and a cry was set up enough to shake the soul of a hero. "Thieves! thieves! that way! leap the ditch! shoot, kill them! oh, that is good, by San Bellino!" Yet Heaven willed that the shot should miss its aim; and the wily robbers, not forgetting their panniers, set off at the sounds of vengeance they heard, using their utmost efforts to escape along a narrow path. The night was dark, and they often stumbled over the stalks of the vine or of the Indian corn growing in the field, though without paying attention to the circumstance, the entangling and tearing and trampling of leaves giving them little chance of escape from their fierce pursuers, whose threatening cries sounded nearer and nearer, till they imagined they felt themselves run through the body. In this extremity Petrani whispered in a soft voice as he continued running:

"My friends, let us throw away our panniers and have a chance for our lives!"

To this Cedola replied, hardly able to draw his breath, "You say well, let them go."

"No, no," cried Foschino; "take heart, brothers, and leave the matter to me!"

Forthwith he began to bellow as loud as he could, "Mercy upon me! that last shot has pierced me through; I am dying, though I did not feel it before; my blood is spouting out like new wine from the barrel!—Confirm what I say, you blockheads, and make your escape."

Then Cedola began to cry, "Mercy, mercy upon us! try to get a little farther; the wound is perhaps not mortal, and we will fetch you a surgeon."

"No," replied the wily Foschino, in a dying voice, the better to keep up the cheat, "it is all over with me. Those cruel rascals have murdered a poor Christian for eating a bunch of grapes; yet, by the Holy Virgin, they will have to swing for it, that is some consolation!"

And thus saying, they proceeded with flying colors, their panniers heaped up with grapes. For the stupid watchmen, imagining all they heard to be true, began to consider the matter and take more time.

"Do you hear what he says?" cried one.

"That I do," cried the second.

"And you, do you hear?" they added to the third, one of the oldest cut-throats in all Italy.

"Let them take it, by all the saints, it is very well; they will obey the eighth commandment in future. I will go nearer, for I daresay they must have left loads of grapes



behind them, the wretches!" and they proceeded more cautiously in pursuit.

Foschino hearing footsteps stealing along, afraid of discovery, and at the same time of losing the grapes and receiving a good bastinado from the watchmen, resolved, as he felt himself quite wearied out, to go no further.

"Leave me here to die, dear friends. I am only grieved that there is no priest at hand to confess me, but Heaven's will be done! Fly, save yourselves! Remember me to my poor wife and children, and perform my last wish!" During this time the foolish watchmen were listening, as he continued, "Be witness that I leave my wife all I have, in trust for the benefit of our children after her, in equal portions; be kind to her and to them, and assist them to bring my body away to-morrow, that I may receive Christian burial, and persuade my friends to offer up a few alms and masses for my poor soul. I feel that I am going now, and do you go too!"

The rustics hearing these sad words, stopped, and now began to hold a colloquy upon this unlucky case; while Cedola and Petrani set up the most horrid lamentations, wringing their hands and sobbing as if their hearts would break.

"Nay, do not give way to despair. A plague upon the watchmen! they will hang for it; and upon the grapes! we may indeed call them sour. Well, we have the comfort to think that the watchmen will be hanged if you die; they were only to take us into custody, not to take our lives. There never was such a piece of barbarity, such a wilful murder, since the world began. See how he bleeds, poor fellow! he will not live long. Come, let

them even kill us all, since they have killed our best friend, a gentleman who only joined us for a frolic. Let the wretches dip their hands in the blood of us all; but we are men of quality, and they shall smart for it."

On hearing these words and cries so boldly uttered, the guards thought it to be a serious affair, and being really afraid that they had killed the gentleman, began to think of running in their turn. But when they next heard him say, in a feeble and lamentable voice, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*" they could no longer control their fright, but took to their heels, just as they heard the others utter, "He is dead, he is gone forever; cold, cold, my friend!" and a fresh ululation was set up, which added wings to the flight of the watchmen. This done, they departed at their leisure, the dead man leading the way with the panniers.

When the watch ventured to stop, one of them said, "Who shot him, think you? It was not I, I am sure." "Nor I." "Nor I." "Well, but," said another, "you agreed that I should fire." "True, but you should have shot over his head, and not through his body." "Well," replied the man, "I thought I did shoot high into the air. I wonder how it could have killed him"; and thus, each speaking in his own defense, full of fear and trembling, they returned home, but were unable to sleep a wink that night; while the three knaves, having recovered from their terror, were enjoying themselves comfortably over their panniers of grapes. In the morning the thieves gave an account of their adventure, which threw their auditors into such fits of laughter that some have not ceased even to this day. As for the poor rustics, although

they never found the corpse, nor was any charge brought against them, they yet continued uneasy and suspicious, having the fear of the gallows perpetually before their eyes, and not having courage to make any inquiries into the affair, lest they should betray themselves, and raise suspicions that they had been guilty of so wicked a homicide.

THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

BY

GIACOMO LEOPARDI

TRANSLATED BY JAMES THOMSON ("B. V.")





## INTRODUCTION

**G**IACOMO LEOPARDI was born, June 29, 1798, in Recanati, near Ancona, and he lived there till he was twenty-four years old. His father was the Count Monaldo Leopardi, his mother the Marchioness Adelaide Antici. His education was obtained from private tutors and his father's fine library, of which he had free use from his earliest years. He learned Greek, French, Spanish and Hebrew, without a master, and studied philology and philosophy with enthusiasm. But his too close application to books impaired his eyesight, and for a year he was obliged to refrain from reading. At the age of twenty-four he visited Rome, where he refused a prelacy, and afterward he went to Bologna, and thence to Milan. Before this he had published translations, poems, and articles in periodicals. He had also maintained an extensive correspondence with Pietro Giordani, whom Flamini characterizes as "a writer truly unique and accomplished, the dictator of Italian prose in the first half of the nineteenth century," adding that he "loved and protected Leopardi and praised him unstintedly." In one of his letters Leopardi wrote: "I have a very great—perhaps immoderate and insolent—desire of glory, but cannot endure that anything of mine which does not satisfy myself should be praised. Do not speak to me of Recanati. It is so dear to me that it furnishes me with excellent ideas for a treatise on hatred of one's country. But my country

is Italy, for which I burn with love, thanking Heaven for having made me an Italian."

Next to his love of country and his passion for literature and literary fame, his mind dwelt on his great misfortune—his physical weakness and lack of health. This he bewailed chiefly because it denied him the love of woman. In 1818 he wrote: "I have ruined myself with seven years of mad and most desperate study during that age when my constitution was forming and should have grown strong. And I have ruined myself unhappily and beyond remedy for my whole life, and rendered my aspect miserable, and contemptible all that great portion of man which is alone regarded by the many; and with the many one must needs have to do in this world; and not only the many, but all, are constrained to desire that virtue be not without some exterior ornament, and finding it wholly destitute they are grieved; and by force of nature, which no wisdom can vanquish, they hardly dare to love him in whom nothing is beautiful save the soul."

He earned something by taking two noble pupils in Greek and Latin, and made a contract with a publisher who advanced him money regularly on books that were to be written. This gave him a feeling of independence; but all the time he continued his hard study and his voluminous writing, for he had made a high reputation as critic, essayist and poet. His best known poem is an ode to Italy. He died near Naples, June 14, 1837. Much of his literary work was only in manuscript during his lifetime. A complete edition of his works appeared in Florence in 1845, and a part of his correspondence in 1849.

## THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

**I**T is said that all men who in the beginning peopled the earth were created everywhere at the same time, and all were infants, and they were nourished by bees, goats, and doves, in the manner that the poets fabled of the rearing of Jove; that the earth was much smaller than it is now, nearly all the regions were level, the sky was without stars, the sea was not yet formed; and that much less variety and magnificence appeared in the world than it now possesses. Nevertheless, mankind, taking inexhaustible delight in considering heaven and earth, wondering at them beyond measure, and accounting the one and the other most beautiful, and not merely vast, but infinite in extent as in majesty and loveliness; nourishing themselves, moreover, with the most joyous hopes, and drawing from every sensation of their life incredible pleasures, grew up with much content, and believed themselves to be almost completely happy. Having thus very sweetly fulfilled childhood and early adolescence, and reached maturer age, they began to experience a change. For the hopes whose fruition until then they had put off from day to day, not being realized, they began to lose faith in them.

To content themselves with whatever they actually enjoyed, without the prospect of any increase of good, seemed to be against their nature, particularly as the



aspect of natural things and every part of their daily life, whether by long usage or because the first vivacity of their minds was diminished, became much less delightful and grateful than in the beginning. They wandered about the earth, visiting the most remote regions, since they could easily do so, the districts being level and not divided by seas nor obstructed by other difficulties; and after several years most of them perceived that the earth, although great, was not so vast as to be without well-defined limits; and that all parts of it, and all its inhabitants, with but slight differences, were similar one to another. Wherefore their discontent so increased that they had not yet outgrown their youth when a distaste for their own being became universal. And step by step in their maturity, and still more in their declining years, satiety being converted into hatred, some of them arrived at such desperation that, not enduring the light and the life which at first they had loved so much, they spontaneously, some in one mode and some in another, ended their existence.

It seemed dreadful to the gods that living creatures should prefer death to life, and destroy themselves without being compelled by any unavoidable circumstance or extreme necessity. It cannot be told how much they marveled that their gifts should be accounted so vile and abominable that men should with all their force renounce and reject them; since they believed they had put into the world so much good and beauty, and such regulations and conditions, that this dwelling-place ought to be not only endured, but loved by all animals whatsoever, and most of all by men whose race they had formed

with care and wonderful excellence. But at the same time, besides being touched with no little pity for the human misery that was so sadly manifested, they even doubted whether, those grievous examples being renewed and multiplied, the human species in a short time would not wholly perish, and the world be deprived of that perfection which accrued to it from our race, and themselves of those honors they received from mankind.

Jove therefore resolved to improve, as improvement seemed needful, the conditions of human life, and to provide it with additional means for attaining felicity. Men chiefly complained, he found, that things were not immense in size, nor infinite in beauty, perfection, and variety, as they had deemed at first; but were indeed very limited, all imperfect, and nearly uniform; and that complaining not only of their age, but of their maturity, and even of their youth, and desiring the delights of their earliest years, men ardently prayed to be re-converted to childhood, and in that condition to remain all their lives. In this Jove could not gratify them, it being contrary to the universal laws of nature, and to those functions and uses which mankind ought, according to the divine intention and decrees, to exercise and fulfil. Nor could he communicate his own infinity to mortal creatures, nor make matter infinite, nor infinite the perfection and felicity of things and men. However, he thought it expedient to extend the limits of the creation, and further to adorn and vary it. Having thus resolved, he enlarged the earth on every side, and poured into it the sea, with the object of diversifying the world's appearance by its interposition between the various inhab-



ited regions, and of preventing men, by the difficulties of navigation, from too easily discovering its limits, while giving to the eye at the same time a vivid impression of immensity.

At this period of mundane life, the new waters occupied the land of Atlantis, and not only that, but also other innumerable and very extensive tracts, although of that only the memory remains, preserved through countless ages in story and legend. Many districts Jove depressed, many filled up by raising mountains and hills; he sprinkled the night with stars, refined and purified the air, increased the clearness of the light of day, heightened and proportioned more diversely the colors of the heavens and the landscapes; and he mixed the generations of mankind, so that the old age of some fell in the same time as the youth and childhood of others. And having determined to multiply the appearances of that infinitude which men so ardently desired (since he could not gratify them with reality), and wishing to cherish and nourish their imaginations, from which, he well knew, chiefly arose the great happiness of their childhood, he adopted many other expedients similar to that of the seas; such as the creation of Echo, which he concealed in valleys and caverns. He filled the forests with the deep and hollow voices of the winds, whose motions at the same time caused a continual undulation of the tree-tops. He created likewise the brood of dreams, and charged them that, illuding under many forms the minds of men, they should figure to them that plenitude of unintelligible felicity which even he could not create, and those confused and indeterminate imagin-

ings which, being without substantial prototypes, could not be realized, however much men might yearn for them, and however willing Jove might otherwise be to gratify their longings.

By these provisions the spirit of man was refreshed and renovated, and the charm and sweetness of life were in everyone restored, so that they once more felt, loved, and admired the beauty and immensity of earthly things. And this good state lasted longer than the first, chiefly because of the intervals between the times of birth which Jove had introduced, so that those whom experience of life had chilled and wearied were refreshed by the sight of the warmth and hopefulness of the young. But in process of time, the novelty being quite gone, the tedium and disesteem of life returned stronger than before, and men sank into such dejection that it is believed the custom then began which is recorded in histories as practised by certain ancient peoples,\* namely, that when a child was born the parents and friends of the family assembled to bewail the event; but when a death occurred the day was consecrated to rejoicings and congratulatory discourses. At last all mortals became infected with impiety, either because they believed themselves to be abandoned by Jove, or because it is the very nature of misery to harden and corrupt even the dispositions most inclined to goodness. For they are altogether wrong who think that human infelicity was first born of the iniquities of men and their offenses against the gods. On the contrary, the ill-conduct of men first arose from nothing else than their calamities.

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\*See Herodotus, lib. 5, cap. 4; Strabo, lib. 11.

After the gods had punished the insolence of mortals with the deluge of Deucalion, and taken vengeance for their outrages, the two survivors of the universal destruction of our species, Deucalion and Pyrrha, convinced that nothing more fortunate for the human race could happen than that it should be wholly extinguished, seated themselves upon the summit of a cliff, and vehemently called upon death to release them from the burden of existence—so far were they from fearing or deploring the common lot. Nevertheless, admonished by Jove once more to people the earth, and not welcoming, in consequence of their wretchedness and their disdain of life, the work of generation, they took stones from the mountain, as the gods instructed them, and casting these over their shoulders restored the human species. But Jove had become aware of the true nature of men; that it does not suffice them, like other animals, merely to live exempt from pain and physical suffering, but that, always and in whatever condition desiring the impossible, they torment themselves the more with imaginary evils the less they are afflicted with real ones. He therefore resolved to avail himself of other arts to conserve this miserable race, the chief of which were two. One was to inflict upon them real evils; the other to involve their lives in a thousand businesses and labors, so as to occupy them and divert them as much as possible from communion with their own minds, or at least from desiring that unknown and impossible felicity. Wherefore he began by diffusing among them a multitude of diseases and an infinite number of other misfortunes, in which his intention was, by varying the conditions and



fortunes of human life, to prevent satiety by leading men to appreciate more highly their real blessings, owing to the contrast between them and the evils from which they were now to suffer; and moreover so to accustom their minds to wretchedness that the lack of positive pleasure in life, which they had hitherto found so hard to support, might now become much more tolerable to them. It was also his intention to tame the ferocity of mankind by compelling them to bow the neck and yield to necessity, thus inducing them to be more content with their lot, and curbing the vehemence of their desires no less by physical infirmities than by mental sufferings. And, moreover, he knew that it must come to pass that men oppressed by disease and calamities would be less ready than heretofore to turn their hands against themselves, because they would be cowed and prostrated in spirit, as results from the habitude of suffering. For those who suffer are usually sanguine of an improvement in their condition, and therefore desire to live, believing they would be altogether happy could they overcome the evils that afflict them; and this they hope to do, since their nature so persuades them.

Then Jove created the tempests of wind and rain, armed himself with thunder and lightning, gave to Neptune the trident, put the comets in revolution, and ordained the eclipses. With these things and with other terrible signs and effects he meant to terrify mortals from time to time, knowing that fear and present dangers would reconcile to life, at least for short periods, not only the unhappy, but those even who most detested it and were most inclined to flee from it.

Then, in order to cure the indolence of men, he induced in them the need and the appetite for new kinds of food and drink, which could not be procured without much and heavy toil; whereas before the deluge men quenched their thirst with water only, and fed on the herbs and fruits that the earth and the trees ministered to them spontaneously, and on other simple aliments, such as even now some uncivilized peoples live upon, and particularly the inhabitants of California.\* He assigned to the different regions of the earth different climatic conditions, and divided the year into the four seasons. And whereas, up to that period, the earth's temperature had at all times been so uniformly benign and pleasant that men had not felt the need of clothing, they were now compelled to provide themselves with it, in order that they might thus, at the cost of much labor, counteract the mutations and the inclemency of the weather.

He entrusted to Mercury the task of founding the first cities, and of introducing rivalries and discords among men by dividing them into peoples and nations, and by giving them different languages. Jove instructed him also to teach men song and those other arts, which both on account of their nature and origin were and still are called divine. He himself gave laws, conditions, and civil ordinances to the new peoples; and finally, wishing to bless them with an incomparable gift, he sent among them certain phantasms of most excellent and super-human aspect, to whom he delegated to a great extent

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\*Leopardi wrote this more than twenty years before the discovery of gold in California.



the government and guidance of our race. These were called Justice, Virtue, Glory, Patriotism, and the like. Among them was one named Love, who, like the rest, then first came upon earth; for before clothing came into use the sexes had been drawn toward each other, not by the sentiment of love, but by that impetus of desire which has at all times governed the brutes; and which, like the desire for food, depends upon appetite alone, and not upon any higher feeling.

It was wonderful how much fruit these divine decrees bore for human life, and how much the new condition of men, notwithstanding the toils, the terrors, and the sufferings—things before then unknown to our race—surpassed in comfort and sweetness that which had existed before the deluge. And this result proceeded in great part from those wonderful phantasms which men accounted now genii, now gods, and followed and worshiped with incredible fervor, and with vast and astonishing labors, for a very long period; being chiefly excited thereto by their most celebrated poets and artists, at whose instigation many mortals did not hesitate to sacrifice their blood or their lives to these imaginary beings, now to one of them and now to another. And this, far from offending Jove, pleased him beyond measure, because, among other reasons, he judged that men must be so much the less willing to throw away life voluntarily as they were the more ready to spend it for noble and glorious causes. These good ordinances greatly exceeded in effect and duration the precedent ones; since, although their efficacy gradually declined and at last altogether disappeared, their influence lasted

so long that down to a period not far distant from the present age, human life, almost entirely happy at first, remained for many ages easy, or at least endurable.

The decline of this comparatively happy condition of mankind was due to various causes; among which may be mentioned the many inventions which men discovered to provide easily and quickly for their needs; the great increase in the disparity of conditions and functions instituted among them by Jove when he founded the first republics; the indolence and vanity that through these causes, after a long exile, again became prevalent; the fact that, partly owing to the nature of things, and partly because of the indifference induced by familiarity, men were no longer sensible of the variety in life which Jove had established, a result which always happens after long habitude; and lastly to other grave causes, which, as they have been described and expounded by other writers, I will not now dwell upon. Certain it is that men again felt that disgust with their lot which had afflicted them before the deluge, and that they longed once more for that impossible felicity which is alike unknown and alien to the nature of the universe.

But the total revolution of their fortune, and the end of that state which we are now wont to call antique, arose chiefly from a cause different from those already mentioned: and it was this: Among those phantasms so much esteemed by the ancients was one called in their tongues Wisdom; which, being honored universally like all its companions, and being followed in particular by many, had no less than the others contributed its share to the prosperity of the past ages. This phan-

tasm many and many times, indeed daily, had promised and vowed to its followers that it would show them Truth, which it said was a very great genius and its own master, never yet seen upon the earth, but dwelling with the gods in heaven; whence Wisdom promised that by its own authority and favor it should be brought down to earth, and induced for some time to reside among men. By commerce and familiarity with this Truth the human race would gain such profundity of knowledge, so excellent a system of government, such good manners, and such a degree of happiness that its condition would almost compare with that of the gods. But how could a mere shadow and empty semblance realize its promises, much more bring Truth to earth? So that men after very long believing and trusting grew aware of the vanity of these promises; yet being always avid for new things, especially through the indolence in which they lived; and stimulated partly by the ambition to rival the gods, and partly by the desire of that beatitude which the phantasm had promised them would be obtained by conversation with Truth, they demanded from Jove, with as much importunity as presumption, that he should, for some time at least, allow this most noble of spirits to take up its residence on earth; at the same time upbraiding the deity for envying them the benefits which they would derive from its presence, and renewing their ancient and odious lamentations of the littleness and poverty of their condition. And because these specious phantasms, the source of so much benefit to the preceding ages, were now held by the majority in small esteem—not that men had yet discovered their



illusory character, but because the general baseness of thought and looseness of manners were such that hardly anyone was now influenced by them—they, blaspheming the greatest boon which the Immortals had made or could make to them, cried out that the earth was only thought worthy of the presence of the inferior genii; while the greater, to whose authority men would willingly bow, were not permitted to visit this despised portion of the universe.

Many things had already for a long time alienated the good-will of Jove from men; and among others the unparalleled vices and misdeeds, which for number and enormity had left far behind the wickedness which had been punished by the deluge. He was thoroughly disgusted, after so many trials, with the restless, insatiable, immoderate human nature, which he now saw that nothing could render tranquil, not to say happy; since no provisions for its welfare contented it, no condition pleased it, and no country satisfied it. Even though he had been willing to augment a thousand-fold the dimensions and pleasure of the world and the universe, mankind, always desirous of infinity, though incapable of it, would quickly find these new conditions narrow, unlovely, and of little value. But at last these foolish and haughty demands so stirred the wrath of Jove that he determined, putting aside all pity, to punish forever the human race, condemning it for all time to miseries much graver than those of the past. To which end he not only resolved to send Truth to stay among men for some time as they had asked, but to give it eternal domicil among them, making it their perpetual director

and lord, and at the same time withdrawing from earth those gracious phantasms which he had placed there.

The other gods were astonished at this decision, which, it seemed to them, was likely to lead to the undue exaltation of our condition and the prejudice of their superiority. But Jove caused them to change their opinion by proving to them that not all the genii, even the great, are essentially beneficent, and that such is not the character of Truth, and that it would not produce the same results among men as among themselves. For whereas it made manifest to the immortals their own beatitude, it would, on the contrary, discover to men and place more clearly before their eyes their own infelicity; proving to them, moreover, that their condition was no incidental or accidental circumstance, but was due to the very nature of things, and was such as they could by no means remedy or escape from. And, most human evils being of such a nature that they are evil in the proportion that they are believed to be so by those who suffer from them, and more or less grave according to their opinion of them, it was easy to judge how harmful the presence of Truth among men must be; since by its means nothing will appear more profoundly true than the falsity of all human blessings, and they will realize the vanity of everything except their own suffering. For these reasons they will be even bereft of hope, with which from the beginning until now, more than with any other joy or comfort, they have supported life.

And so, hoping nothing, nor seeing any worthy object to strive or labor for, they will fall into such a state of indifference and abhorrence toward all worthy and ele-



vated aims that the condition of the living will differ but little from that of the dead. But in this condition of despair and inactivity they will be still tormented by that desire for boundless felicity which is inseparable from their nature, and which will sting and torment them more than ever because it will no longer be mitigated or distracted by a variety of cares or of active employments. At the same time they will be deprived of the solace derived from the imagination, which alone was able in some degree to satisfy their cravings after that impossible and incomprehensible felicity which is unattainable either by gods or men, however much they may yearn for it. "And," continued Jove, "all those semblances of infinity which I have placed in the world to illude and nourish them, according to their desires, with vague and shadowy aspirations will become ineffective, because of the new ideas and new methods of thinking which Truth will teach them. So that if the earth and the universe have heretofore seemed small to men, they will now appear quite insignificant, since the arcana of nature will be opened and revealed to them; and these, contrary to their present expectations, will seem so much the narrower in proportion as their knowledge of them becomes greater. Finally, its phantasms having been withdrawn from the earth through the teachings of Truth, by which men will gain full acquaintance with the nature of them, all valor and rectitude of thought and of deed will die out of human life, and men will no longer pride themselves on love of their country, but will again, as at the beginning, account themselves citizens of the world, making professions of universal

love toward all their species, though in reality the race will consist no longer of communities, but of individuals; and, these having no native country to be specially loved and no foreign one to hate, everyone will hate everybody else and love himself alone. From which condition of things, how many and how great troubles will surely spring, it would be infinite to recount. Yet in spite of all their infelicities men will not have courage enough to end their existence, because the influence of Truth will render them not less despicable than miserable; and adding beyond measure to the bitterness of life will take from them the will to renounce it."

Jove having thus declared his intentions, it appeared to the gods that our fate would be much more cruel and terrible than was consonant with the divine mercy to permit. But Jove added that he was disposed, while removing all the other phantasms, to leave them the one called Love, from which they would derive some slight comfort. And it would not be allowed to Truth, although most powerful and continually opposing it, to drive Love from the earth, or to vanquish it, save rarely. Thus the life of man, equally occupied in the worship of Love and of Truth, will be divided into two parts, and the phantasm and the genii will share between them the empire over the affairs and thoughts of mortals. Most men will be solicitous about these alone, save some few things of very minor importance. In old age the want of the consolations of love will be compensated by a kind of passive contentment with existence, such as is seen in the lower animals, and men will cherish life for its own sake merely.

Thus having withdrawn from earth the blessed phantasms, saving only Love, the least noble of all, Jove sent among men Truth, and gave it with them perpetual residence and lordship. Whence followed all those lamentable effects which he had foreseen. And one very marvelous thing resulted: that whereas Truth before its arrival on earth, when it had no power or commerce with men, had been honored by them with a very great number of temples and sacrifices; now that it was come upon earth with royal authority, and began to be known face to face, it so afflicted the minds of men and smote them with such horror that they, although forced to obey it, altogether refused to adore it, contrary to the case of all other celestial beings, which are the more venerated the more they are known. And while the phantasms of Justice, Glory, Virtue, and Patriotism were wont to be most loved and honored by those over whom their influence was greatest, this genius excited the fiercest maledictions and the deepest hatred from those over whom it exercised the greatest power. But not being able to evade or resist its tyranny, mortals lived in that supreme misery which they endure now, and always must endure.

However, that pity which in the minds of celestials never is extinguished, moved Jove not long since to take again into consideration the unhappy state of mankind, more especially because he saw that those among them who were most remarkable for their high intelligence, their noble sentiments, and their integrity of conduct were, above all others, afflicted by the power and hard domination of Truth. It was the custom of the gods



in the ancient days, when Justice, Virtue, and the other phantasms governed human affairs, to visit sometimes their dominions, now one and now another, descending to earth and manifesting their presence in various ways, their visits always bringing some great benefit either to all mortals or to some one in particular. But when life had once more become corrupted and sunk in every kind of wickedness, they disdained for a very long time to hold any intercourse with men. At last, Jove, compassionating our extreme infelicity, asked the gods whether any of them were disposed to visit mankind, as they had formerly been accustomed to do, to comfort them in their misery, and especially those among them who showed themselves deserving of a better fate. Whereon, all the others keeping silent, Love, the son of the Celestial Venus, like in name to the phantasm thus called, but in nature, virtue, and actions most unlike, moved by that spirit of compassion which distinguishes him above all the gods, offered himself to undertake the mission proposed by Jove, and to descend from heaven, whence never before had he withdrawn himself, since he was so ineffably dear to the gods that they had never allowed him to depart from their society even for an instant. It is true, indeed, that many of the ancients, deceived by the transformations and divers frauds of the phantasm called by the same name, believed themselves to have received from time to time tokens of the presence of the great god among them; but it is certain that he never visited mortals before they were subjected to the domination of Truth. And since that time he has only very rarely descended to earth, and for brief periods;

partly because of the general unworthiness of the human race, and partly because the gods could hardly endure his absence. When he does visit the earth he takes up his abode in the amiable and tender hearts of generous and magnanimous persons, and diffuses therein, for the short period he remains, a strange and wonderful serenity, and fills them with affections so noble, and of such virtue and force, that they experience a sensation hitherto unknown to them, namely, a feeling of real beatitude, and not a mere illusive semblance of it. Sometimes, though all too rarely, he unites two such hearts, which he binds together by inducing in them a reciprocal ardor and desire. This happy condition is often fervently prayed for by those who have once been favored by the god; but Jove seldom permits him to gratify their desires, because the felicity arising from such a blessing resembles too nearly that of the deities themselves. But merely to experience in oneself the presence of this divinity is a happiness such as transcends all others that have ever been known to mankind. Where Love is, around him, although seen only by those whom he favors, are congregated those beautiful phantasms which Jove banished from earth, but which Love brings back again. For this he has Jove's permission; nor can Truth, though most hostile to these phantasms, and greatly resenting their reappearance, resist their influence, for the genii may not dispute the will of the gods. And inasmuch as the fates endowed Love with eternal youth, so in consonance with his nature he fulfils in some degree that first desire of men, which was that they might have their youth restored to them. For in the



minds which he elects to inhabit he revives and makes green again, while he remains there, the infinite hope and the beautiful and dear imaginations of their tender years. Many mortals, ignorant and incapable of his delights, continually mock and slander him with unbridled audacity; but he is deaf to their insults, and if he heard he would not punish them, being by nature so mild and magnanimous. Moreover, the Immortals, satisfied with the vengeance they have taken on all our species, and the incurable misery that afflicts it, heed not the particular offenses of man; nor are the fraudulent and the unjust and the contemners of the gods otherwise specially punished than by being, even by their very nature, alienated from the divine grace.



POEMS

BY

FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



## INTRODUCTION

**A**MONG the revolutionists in the disastrous year of 1848 in Italy was Francesco Dall' Ongaro, who was born in Odezzo, near Venice, in 1808.

He was educated for the priesthood, and developed a fine literary taste, which in time found expression in prose and verse. When the revolution of 1848 broke out, he spoke most vigorously in the cause of patriotism, and for this he fell under the displeasure of the Church authorities, and was suspended from exercising his priestly functions. He established a revolutionary journal in Venice, entitled *Fatti, e non Parole* ("Facts, not Words"), and because of this, and of his active part in the disturbances of that period, he was compelled to leave Italy for ten years, during which time he produced poems, dramas, novels and political works. He returned to Italy in 1859, and became Professor of Literature in the University of Florence. He died in Naples, January 10, 1873.





## THE DECORATION

My love looks well under his helmet's crest;  
He went to war, and did not let them see  
His back, and so his wound is in the breast;  
For one he got he struck and gave them three.  
When he came back I loved him, hurt so, best;  
He married me, and loves me tenderly.

When he goes by, and people give him way,  
I thank God for my fortune every day;  
When he goes by, he seems more grand and fair  
Than any crossed and ribboned cavalier;  
The cavalier grew up with his cross on,  
And I know how my darling's cross was won!

## A LOMBARD WOMAN

Here, take these gaudy robes and put them by;  
I will go dress me black as widowhood;  
I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry  
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued.  
Henceforth no other ornament will I  
But on my breast a ribbon red as blood.

And when they ask what dyed the silk so red,  
I'll say, "The life-blood of my brothers dead."  
And when they ask how it may cleansèd be.  
I'll say, "O, not in river nor in sea;  
Dishonor passes not in wave nor flood;  
My ribbon ye must wash in German blood."

## TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

If you are good as you are fair, indeed,  
Keep to yourself those sweet eyes, I implore!  
A little flame burns under either lid  
That might in old age kindle youth once more:  
I am like a hermit in his cavern hid,  
But can I look on you and not adore?

Fair, if you do not mean my misery  
Those lovely eyes lift upward to the sky;  
I shall believe you some saint shrined above,  
And may adore you if I may not love;  
I shall believe you some bright soul in bliss,  
And may look on you and not look amiss.

OPTIMISM AND PATRIOTISM  
AND  
NOTES OF TRAVEL  
BY  
GIUSEPPE GIUSTI  
TRANSLATED BY SUSAN HORNER





## INTRODUCTION

**G**IUSTI, the Tuscan critic and satirical poet, was born in Monsummano in 1809, a year that produced many famous men. He was educated in the University of Pisa, studied law, and became an advocate. But because of delicate health and a disappointment in love he gave up his profession. He interested himself in liberal politics, opposed Austrian rule in Italy, like Manzoni and other patriots, and was for two terms a member of the Chamber of Deputies of Tuscany. In 1849 he lived at Viareggio, vainly seeking a restoration to health by means of the celebrated springs, and in May of the next year he died in Florence. His first work that attracted attention was a poem entitled *Il Dies Irae*, on the death of the Emperor Francis I in 1835. His writings, which were popular throughout Italy, were at first published anonymously; but in 1846 he gathered and published them in his own name, and in 1852 a more complete edition was printed in Florence. An eminent critic draws this parallel: "The Italy of the time stands between Leopardi and Giusti, like Garrick between tragedy and comedy. Giusti's gifts were less sublime than Leopardi's, but not less original. What Leopardi was to the Italian language in its most classical form, Giusti was to the peculiar niceties of the most idiomatic Tuscan. What Leopardi was to the most ele-

vated description of poetry, Giusti was to political satire. Indeed, he was more; for Leopardi merely carried recognized form to more consummate perfection, while Giusti's style was actually created by him." Flamini tells us that "the proper names of some of Giusti's characters have become common names in a way; as Girella, Bècero, and that Gingillino whom the author, with much of Parini's instructive irony, teaches how to get an office from the Government; and many phrases and sentences that are common property made their first appearance in Giusti's satirical poems."

The little treatise on optimism and patriotism which we present was written in 1840 in a letter to Giusti's friend Silvio Giannini, where it is incidental to a literary criticism. Giusti's biography has been written in English by Susan Horner (London, 1864).

## OPTIMISM AND PATRIOTISM

**I** WAS agreeably surprised by finding a friend of mine in the translator of the *Letters of Panagiota Suzzo*, and in the author of the lyric scene. I made the acquaintance of this distinguished young man in Florence, when he came from Naples to publish a historical work. It appears to me that Greek literature may have considerable influence in rousing the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, to whom every word will recall a fact, a hope, a desire; but Italians, although they feel the same desire for liberty as the Greeks, have no general or recent events in their history to remember, and would therefore remain cold while reading this poetic prose. When a high-flown style does not meet with a corresponding state of mind in those to whom it is addressed, the imagination and the heart are silent, and such a style has then a more freezing and pedantic effect than mere rhetoric and grammar. I wish, once for all, that these declamations and expressions of despondency would cease. At thirty years of age, anyone that has not been hermetically sealed in an atmosphere of blessed hallucinations must feel only too well that he has lost the illusions of his youth; but it appears to me an absurd contradiction to pretend that the world is advancing and at the same

time to despair of what has been done and what has yet to be done. Few of us Italians, I am sorry to say, know the meaning of political passions. Many of us, either from a desire to follow the fashion, or from ambition, or idleness, or to court popularity, talk of country; but who knows what kind of idea they attach to the word? The variety of interpretations it has received proves that few or none comprehend its true meaning. To me it is as a god; it is felt, and not understood. The Greeks heard it, and sacrificed to their idol; they may therefore now read and respond. We can only read by the intellect, and the intellect is too severe a judge. I may be wrong, but it appears to me that we, in these days, must make up our treasure out of family affections; first educate, then instruct; become good fathers before we become good citizens. Let us not put the cart before the horse; or, while we are composing beautiful sonnets on Italy, Italy herself will forever remain patched like a harlequin's dress.

Poetry tacked on to prose—be it said between ourselves—walks upon stilts; and it is easy to perceive that the author of this work has not had much practise in versification. The word *cimiterio* ["cemetery"], given as the title, conveys a sad and funereal idea and prepares the reader for something grave and solemn. But the meter chosen by the author does not harmonize with this idea, as it summons us to meet death in a light versification. All analogy between the meter and the subject is ignored; and wherever this rule is ignored it will be felt. We may play lively airs on any instrument, and on all chords; but to accompany an elegy on the



jewsharp and kettledrum is fit only for a Carnival jest. I am sorry that my friend should have followed the stream when writing on these subjects. We have enough of rhyming hypochondriasm that reaches us from beyond the Alps; and if the gentlemen at the head of our finances would put a duty on these importations, the treasury would be better filled and we be less depleted. I do not say that, because I perhaps am myself born a buffoon, we ought all to imitate *Punch*; but this playing with dead men's bones, like Shakespeare in his tragedy, appears to me an exotic and false taste, particularly in one who has been reared under the sun of southern Italy.



## NOTES OF TRAVEL

(1844)

**I** SAW Siena again with the pleasure that one feels at beholding a longed-for friend. As we approached Rome, and when still at some distance, I fancied I should see sarcophagi, or the ruins of ancient buildings; but imagination and desire strove in vain to discover them in a miserable hovel or a wretched tavern. What a state of depopulation and abandonment! The ancient empress of the world is surrounded by a desert. Here and there we met with a tree, flourishing just enough to prove that the land would yield to cultivation if the hand of man would lend itself for this purpose. The *vetturino* and my mother's maid, accustomed to see not a rood of land left bare at home, exclaimed every instant, "If we could only have this in Tuscany!" Here we are at last in Rome. The elevation of the dome of St. Peter's is not graceful, like that of Brunelleschi, which is indeed a miracle of art. From a distance Rome appears scattered in all directions. St. Peter's is vast and rich, but there is too much display of wealth. In the modern buildings there is generally pomp and space; but true magnificence, grandeur, and the marvelous are confined to the remains of antiquity. The Colosseum is something impossible to con-

ceive. It were as well to visit it last of all, because it diminishes the value of everything else. Arches and columns may be seen everywhere, but in the Colosseum you see the Roman people. The descriptions of this building and of what was enacted here appear the mere dreams of antiquaries and romance-writers; but, once seen, we believe even more than we have been told. I left it so filled with reflections, so deeply penetrated with the sight, that all the rest appeared as nothing. I believe I remained two hours without ascending to the top, and, fortunately, no one else was there; for a swallow-tailed coat would have disturbed me among the togas and the visions in which I lived at that moment. I seemed to behold an immense population, full of valor and armed with swords, crowding up those steps, and thousands of faces like ours, one above another, looking down from those benches at the gladiators and the wild beasts. And I saw the wild beasts themselves rushing out of those dens, and rivers of water gushing forth from those subterranean conduits, and I heard the applause and the groans. The visions I had conjured up were too vivid for the grass growing amidst the ruins to dispel.

Pompeii stands alone or its kind; but the pictures and the stuccoes remind one of the effeminate days of Rome. I must confess that, judging by the beauty of the frescoes and paintings here, the arts have hardly yet retraced their steps. It is an unspeakable annoyance to have one of the usual guides at your side to inform you, here Sallust walked; here Cicero washed his hands;

there Livia combed her hair, etc. What can it signify to me to conjecture all this, when I know for a certainty that the Romans inhabited this place and left the serious cares of the Republic and the fatigues of war to seek refreshment amid these delights? The ruins speak for themselves; the heart understands, and that is enough. For the rest, the figures or decorations, when they are found entire, appear as fresh as if made yesterday, if the merits of the work did not remind us that we are below ground. As reverence for authority increases in the ratio of distance, so the estimation and care for antique works is greater according as we are removed from the epoch when they were called into existence. As they are consumed by time they appear to grow in greatness, and a ruin, a relic, a fragment speak more to the inquiring mind than the beauty of an entire monument in its magnificence. The skeletons are all that remain; but as the beauty and strength of a man can be proved by a human skeleton, so the beauty and grandeur of these works is proved by one of these naked and worn remains.

In Naples, until this moment, I have seen nothing of works of art; but the men with whom I have become acquainted, and the nature by which I am surrounded, fill me with joy and consolation.

This is a country that has in it much that is good, much that is bad. I do not know to which side the balance leans; but at all events one sees and feels here that there is something great and promising. I lament that habit of scanning one another's faults, even where we agree in opinion, which is so injurious to us and so



much to be regretted by all who love Italy. I am at great pains to converse with every one I meet, and am always confirmed in the old and bitter truth that there is a want of understanding among ourselves. Here, too, that bad habit prevails of calling prudence fear, and audacity courage; but we must treat them with charity, because their wounds are fresh and their passions dark and present.

Of Rome I may say I saw nothing but the stones, but stones full of life and history. The Campo Vaccino, the Colosseum, and a thousand other remains of Roman greatness are beyond all imagination. Here I have seen both stones and men. The bay is worth seeing for itself. Pompeii stands alone in the world, as well as the museum of bronzes and the objects found there and in Herculaneum. The coast from Pasilippo to Cape Misenum is a succession of wonders. Pozzuoli, Baia and Cuma retain only the vestige of Roman luxury and splendor; but that little is enough to compensate for all we have lost. I examined these places with a weary and almost dull spirit, from my infirm health; but the sight of them refreshed my soul. The only annoyance is the tiresome commentary dinned into your ears by the guardians of the several places, a commentary that leaves your brain in the state in which it is left by the commentators on Dante. I do believe that, between Rome and Sicily, more stones have been baptized than men. Another distressing thing is the restoration of antique statues and bronzes. They have attached to a wonderful torso of Antinoüs arms and legs that look like gloves and stockings filled with flour. This want

of reverence for ancient art can exist only in the dull animal souls of presumptuous and clumsy artisans; true artists would spurn such sacrilege. Michelangelo alone, in his restoration of the Dying Gladiator and of the Laocoön, has equaled the chisel of the ancients; yet, when asked to restore the legs of the Farnese Hercules, he at first refused; when pressed, he complied; but when about to fix them in their place, he dashed them to pieces in anger and expiation. Yet he was the sculptor of Moses, of Night, of *Il Pensiero*, and of other trifles of the kind. For him who has eyes to see, a fragment is enough; and he who cannot construct an entire figure out of this, and fill up what is wanting for himself, need not go and see. Among more recent works, I have seen most beautiful frescoes by Il Zingaro, although they have been misused by time and suffered from neglect. We use such treasures as the prodigal uses his pockets, taking care of them only when they are empty.



THE VOYAGE OF THE BUCENTAUR

BY

ALEARDO ALEARDI

TRANSLATED BY CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE



## INTRODUCTION

**A**LEARDO ALEARDI was born near Verona in 1812. He received a thorough education in science, philosophy and law. He had hardly reached manhood when he became deeply interested in politics with relation to Italy's struggle for freedom. His first poetic work, *Arnalda di Roca*, which he published at the age of thirty, revealed his patriotic principles and rendered him obnoxious to the Austrian Government. It is founded on this historic incident: In July, 1570, the Turks besieged Nicosia, the capital city of Cyprus, which was so bravely defended by the Greeks that fifteen assaults were bloodily repelled. But after a siege of two months the Turks succeeded in entering the city. They are said to have put fifteen thousand of the citizens to death, and sold many into slavery. One ship was loaded with beautiful Cypriote women, whom their captors intended as a present to the Sultan. Among them was Arnalda di Roca, who, realizing the hideous fate that was in store for them, set fire to the magazine and blew up the ship. "This," says the historian, "was the last flame that celebrated the obsequies of what was once the capital of a flourishing kingdom." The poem entitled *The Voyage of the Bucentaur*, which is supposed to have been written on the anniversary (September 9th) of the fall of Nicosia, represents the ghost of the *Bucentaur*, with a company of the spirits

of doges and statesman, as making a midnight voyage in the Adriatic and the Ægean, visiting the scenes of Grecian triumphs and disasters. The poet was of a noble house, but was the last of his line. Verona was the headquarters of the Austrian Government in Italy during his young manhood, and this circumstance probably intensified his patriotic impulses. At all events, he devoted his poetic powers to the service of his country, and his poems were at first circulated in manuscript only. While he was still at the University of Padua, he lost his mother, to whom, in his profound sorrow, he paid this tribute:

Didst thou not seem to me  
As some fair pilgrim passing through the earth;  
Or as the sun's sweet ray immaculate  
Upon a stagnant waste; or like the leaves  
Of a most fragrant rose, too quickly scattered  
Upon the stream of time and borne away?  
Yet in the inner chamber of my heart  
The perfume lingers still. From thee first came  
The fount of poetry that springs within;  
And if perchance my Italy should shed,  
Some leaves from Fame's bright wreath upon my brow,  
The laurel crown shall wreath thy sepulcher,  
For it is thine.

His works include *Le Prime Storie*, *Il Monte Circello*, and *Lettere a Maria*. Maria was a young lady with whom he was hopelessly in love; and he burned the manuscript of two other poetical epistles addressed to her, because he thought they failed of appreciation, though he considered them his best work. When his appeals for liberty became too loud, the Government imprisoned him, as it had imprisoned Silvio Pellico, and

his treatment and sufferings were similar to Pellico's. In prison he composed poems, which he carried in his memory, as he had no materials for writing. After his pardon and release in 1859 he wrote a poem entitled *Le Città Italiane marinare e commercanti*. He was for a short time a member of the Italian parliament and a professor in the University of Florence. But he cared little for anything but poetry. Death came to him in his sleep, in the night of July 18, 1878. His collected works were printed in Florence that year. His biography has been written by Prampolini and others.





## THE VOYAGE OF THE BUCENTAUR

This, then, is the day that Cyprus fell,  
And by that fall a rare and priceless pearl  
Passed from the ducal diadem, to deck  
The jewel-hilted sword, the reeking blade  
Of yon Byzantine lord! Lo! yestere'en  
In the dead hour of midnight, solemn, still,  
While the forsaken gondolas lay chained  
To the deserted shore, nor sound nor tread  
Broke the deep silence of the quiet streets,  
The phantom semblance of the golden ship  
Bucentaur rose and glided by. Her sails  
Rent standards; and her oars the rusting halberds  
Of a bygone age; still from the high-curved prow  
The dying lion watched the fated course  
Whose broken wing flapped as an unfilled sail  
In that dead calm. The marble porticoes  
And stately steps, churches, and palaces,  
Appeared as if alive with shadowy forms  
Rich in the garb of Doge or Senator;  
Who ever, as the phantom ship drew nigh,  
Went forth to meet it, o'er those dark, still depths  
Passing with trackless feet. They reach the deck,  
Weird welcome interchanged; the ship glides on.  
But, as they pass the point where dash and foam  
The breakers 'gainst the giant marble walls,  
A gale mysterious arose, and whence it came  
None knew; which urg'd them swift as lightning's flash  
Through the dark clouds of night. Like frightened steeds  
The Istrian shores flee from their sight, and next  
Pola's deserted amphitheater,  
Dalmatia's rock-bound coast: along the line  
Point after point appears, recedes, is gone:  
Only one fragrant breath Corcyra wafts  
From valleys fair, and orange-laden groves.


Still must the ship drive onward in her course,  
And ever as she speeds past cape and gulf,  
Scenes of Venetian combat oft renewed,  
Rise as the witness of those sturdy fights  
Torn planks, masts, oars, and figure-head,  
Forth from their sandy grave, hid fathoms deep,  
And follow, swimming, in the phantom's wake.  
But as they reach Lepanto's well-known shore,  
Behold Lepanto's towers; as if by touch  
Of magic wand, that strong wind fell; the shades  
In serried ranks drew to the vessel's side.  
But vain the menace of the outstretched arm,  
And vain the semblance of the glittering blade  
Piercing the gloom; while through Morea's gulf,  
Epirus's long shore, the muttering sound  
Of imprecation, fierce and deep outburst,  
In agonized laments, which fill the air.  
The breeze returning gathered up the sound  
And bore it onward. Onward stood the ship  
Devouring spaces in her headlong course;  
Thy swelling hills, fair Cythera, they pass,  
Where the soft murmur of the turtle-dove  
Wakes gentle echoes in thy myrtle groves,  
And Crete, where still, alas! unsepulchred,  
Her hundred cities lie. The eyrie next  
Of Christian eagle, Rhodes, whose battlements,  
Once mightiest, now black and shattered stand,  
And, if in midnight voyage some passing bark  
Come 'neath that fort, her sails might haply catch  
The dim, faint outline of the warrior souls  
Keeping a ghostly watch; the crew, dismayed,  
Seized with a mystic sense of loss and death,  
Pause awe-struck, shivering in the cold night breeze.  
Cyprus at length stretched forth her rocky arms,  
The ship ran in, her phantom voyage o'er,  
And the sad shades dispersed throughout the isle.

POEMS  
BY  
GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI  
TRANSLATED BY G. A. GREENE





## INTRODUCTION

N the 27th of July, 1836, was born, at Valdicastello, near Pietrasanta in Tuscany, the future leader of the Neo-classic school in Italian literature. Giosué Carducci came of an old and honorable Florentine family, though his childhood was passed in the Pisan Maremma, where his father was engaged as a physician. He learned at an early age to love the Latin classics, but the tendency of the time was to admire the so-called "Romantic School," and this he followed in his youthful attempts to imitate Giusti, Berchet, and others of that group. In 1849 the young Carducci went to Florence, where he entered the Scuole Pie, and began a broader study of literature, which introduced him to Victor Hugo and other modern realists. By this time the literature of the new Italy needed a fresh voice to celebrate her liberty, after so many years of submissive slavery. She wanted a poet that would sing in a strain of challenge, joy, and strength, drowning the plaintive, despairing wail of the Romantics. Carducci's first volume of collected poems appeared in 1857, when he was in San Miniato as a teacher of rhetoric. Shortly after its publication he returned to Florence and became a regular contributor to the magazines and journals, and a member of a circle of young writers whose endeavor was to restore to Italian literature the form of the ancient classics, and

to overthrow the sentimental romanticism of the early part of the nineteenth century. During the time from 1861 to 1877 Carducci wrote much that was destined to establish his fame as the most notable of the poets of modern Italy, including the *Levia Gravia*, the *Decennalia*, and the *Odi barbare*. Strength and ardor, graceful eloquence, exquisite melody, faultless meter, and the power of representing nature in its most poetic aspect, are the striking characteristics of Carducci's style, which formed the noble model for many worthy followers belonging to a younger generation. He was elected to the lower Chamber as an earnest Republican, but later he supported the constitutional monarchy, and became a Senator of the kingdom. In 1906 the Nobel prize for eminence in literature was conferred upon him, at the same time that the Nobel peace prize was awarded to President Roosevelt. The Italian poet died February 15, 1907, and was buried in Santa Croce at Florence.

## THE OX

I love thee, pious Ox; a gentle feeling  
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.  
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!  
Over wide, fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing!  
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,  
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart:  
He shouts and goads, and, answering thy smart,  
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.  
From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise  
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells  
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.  
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes  
Of emerald, broad and still reflected, dwells  
All the divine green silence of the plain.

## THE FLEETING HOUR

O now so long-desired, thou verdurous solitude,  
Far from all rumor of mankind!  
Hither we come companioned by two friends divine,  
By Wine and Love, O Lydia!

Ah, see how laughs in sparkling goblets crystalline  
Lyæus,<sup>1</sup> god eternal-young!  
How in thy dazzling eyes, resplendent Lydia,  
Love triumphs and unbinds himself!

Far down the sun peeps in beneath the trellised vine,  
And rosily reflected gleams  
Within my glass; golden it shines. and tremulous,  
Among thy tresses, Lydia.

Among thy raven tresses, O white Lydia,  
One pale-hued rose is languishing;  
Softly upon my heart a sudden sadness falls,  
Falls to restrain Love's rising fires.

Tell me, wherefore beneath the flaming sunset sky  
Mysterious lamentations moan  
Up from the sea below? Lydia, what songs are they  
Yon pines unto each other sing?

See with what deep desire yon darkening hills outstretch  
Their summits to the sinking sun;  
The shadow grows, and wraps them round; they seem  
to ask  
The last sweet kiss, O Lydia!

I seek thy kisses when the shade envelops me,  
Lyæus, thou who givest joy;  
I seek thy loving eyes, resplendent Lydia,  
When great Hyperion falls.

Now falls, now falls the imminent hour. O roseate lips,  
Unclose! O blossom of the soul,  
O flower of all desire, open thy petals wide!  
Beloved arms, unclothe yourselves!

**RUSITC CHIVALRY**

*(Cavalleria Rusticana)*

**AND**

**THE WOLF**

*(La Lupa)*

**BY**

**GIOVANNI VERGA**

**TRANSLATED BY DORA KNOWLTON RANOUS**





## INTRODUCTION

**H**ISTORIC Sicily, now comparatively little known and seldom visited, finds the delineator of her primitive people, their crude life and turbulent passions, in Giovanni Verga, who was born in Catania in 1840. His early years were passed in Italy, chiefly at Florence and Milan. He returned to his native region, and made a close study of the Sicilian peasant class, beginning his literary work in that field with *Nedda*, though this was preceded by *The Story of a Blackbird* (a girl immured in a convent) and various short stories. *Nedda* is a realistic picture of the hard Sicilian peasant life, and this was followed by *Vagabondaggio* ("Tramps"), *I Malavoglia*, *La Lupa* ("The Wolf"), and *Cavalleria Rusticana* ("Rustic Chivalry"), known all over the world, wherever Italian music is played or sung, from the exquisite operatic setting the tale received at the hands of Pietro Mascagni. The story of *La Lupa* was also converted into a well-known opera by Giacomo Puccini. These portrayals of the fierce yet childlike Sicilians, with their oriental fatalism and their endurance of seemingly intolerable conditions, are given with the faithfulness of a dispassionate observer and the skill of an artist, and are a record for all time of the social side of Sicilian rustic life.



## RUSTIC CHIVALRY

(*Cavalleria Rusticana*)

**T**URIDDU MACCA, the son of the Gnà, (*Sig-nora*) Nunzia, after he had served his time in the army, was accustomed to swagger through the public square of his native town every Sunday, with the proud strut of a peacock; he wore his *bersagliere* uniform and red cap, and looked not unlike the familiar figure of the fortune-tellers, who stand at the street-corner with their cage full of canaries.

The girls threw sly glances at him from beneath their little mantillas, as they went to mass, and the small boys buzzed around him like flies.

He had also brought back with him from the army a pipe ornamented with a carving of the King on horse-back, which was so natural that it looked exactly like life; and he always scratched his matches on the seat of his trousers, lifting his leg as if he were about to kick someone.

Notwithstanding all this, Lola, the daughter of Mas-saro Angelo, had not allowed herself to be seen either at mass or on her balcony, because she was betrothed to a man from Licodia, a well-to-do-carter, who kept four Sortino mules in his stable.

When Turiddu first heard about this man, he swore by all the devils to disembowel him, to kill him—that rascal from Licodia! But he did not do any such ter-

rible thing; he contented himself with singing all the malicious songs he knew under the window of the charmer.

"Has Gnà Nunzia's Turiddu nothing else to do than to pass his nights in singing like a lonely bird?" inquired the neighbors after a time.

Finally he met Lola one day when she was returning from the pilgrimage to the Madonna del Pericolo; but when she saw him she neither blushed nor turned pale, bearing herself with an air of perfect unconcern.

"Oh, Turiddu, I heard from some one that you had been at home since the first of the month."

"And I have heard from some one of quite a different matter," he retorted. "Is it true that you are about to marry Alfio the carter?"

"If it is the will of God," Lola replied, drawing the two corners of her kerchief under her chin.

"The will of God moves on springs to please *your* will! And was it the will of God that I should return from so long a distance to hear this fine piece of news, Lola?"

The poor youth still tried to keep up a show of wrath; but his voice was hoarse, and he walked behind the young girl, with a toss of his head that made the tassel on his cap swing from one shoulder to the other. To do justice to Lola, she felt very sorry to see him with such a long face, and she had not the heart to deceive him with flattering words.

"Now, listen, Turiddu," she said at last; "let me go on and join my companions. What will they say in the village if anyone should see me in your company?"



"You are right," Turiddu answered. "Now that you are betrothed to Alfio, who has four mules in his stable, it is wise not to let people begin to talk about you. But my poor little mother has been forced to sell our bay mule, and that little vineyard of ours on the street besides, while I was away in the army. The time when Berta spun is past and gone, and you no longer remember the days when we used to talk at the window that looks into the courtyard—when you gave me your handkerchief before I went away. And God knows how many tears I wiped away with it at being obliged to go so far away that even the name of our part of the country is not known in that place. Now good-by, Gnà Lola! Let us pretend it has rained and cleared away, and our friendship is finished."

Gnà Lola married her carter, and on Sundays she used to go out upon her balcony with her hands crossed in front of her, to display the large gold rings her husband had given her.

Turiddu continued his old habit of pacing to and fro along that street, with his pipe in his mouth and hands in his pockets, assuming an air of indifference and making eyes at all the girls. But he was deeply irritated at the thought that Lola's husband had so much money, and that she affected not even to see him when he passed her house.

"I'll pay her back for that, under her own eyes, the little wretch!" he muttered.

Opposite Alfio's house lived Massaro Cola, the vine-dresser, who was very rich. He had a daughter who lived at home with him. Turiddu said and did every-

thing he could think of in order to enter the service of Massaro Cola, and finally he began to haunt the house, and to say gallant things to the daughter.

"Why don't you go and make all those fine speeches to Gnà Lola?" Santa inquired one day.

"Oh, Gnà Lola is now a grand lady. Gnà Lola is the wife of a crowned king!" he answered.

"I don't deserve to have a crowned king, of course!"

"You are worth a hundred like Lola, and I know one man who wouldn't even look at Lola, nor at her saint, if he could look at you instead, for Gnà Lola isn't worthy to wear your shoes, I can tell you that."

"Aha! when the fox couldn't reach the grapes, he said"—

"He said: 'How beautiful you are, my little grape!'"

"Get away with you, Turiddu!"

"Are you afraid I shall eat you?"

"I am not afraid of you, nor of your God."

"Ah, your mother was from Licodia—we know that very well. You have a quick temper. Ah, I could fairly devour you with my eyes!"

"Very well; devour me with your eyes, then, but meantime help me to lift this bundle."

"I would lift the house for you—I would indeed!"

Santa, to hide her blushes, threw at him a stick of wood that she held in her hand, and it just missed him by a miracle.

"Now, stop your nonsense; gabbling never gathered grapes."

"Ah, if I were rich, I should seek for a wife like you, Gnà Santa."

"Well, I never shall marry a crowned king, like Gnà Lola, but I too shall have a respectable dowry, when it pleases the Lord to send me a husband."

"Oh, we all know you are rich—we know it very well."

"Even if you do know it, say nothing about it now; for I hear my father coming, and I don't wish to have him find me in the courtyard."

The old father indeed began to show some objection to Turiddu's presence about the place, but the girl pretended not to notice it, for the reason that the gay tassel on the soldier's cap had set her little heart to throbbing faster, and it seemed to be continually dancing before her eyes. Finally her father forbade Turiddu the house; but the daughter opened her window every evening for him, and stood there laughing, chatting and whispering for hours, so that it was the talk of the whole neighborhood.

"Truly, I am going mad for love of you," Turiddu would say to her. "I have lost my appetite, and cannot sleep."

"What nonsense!"

"I wish I were the son of Victor Emmanuel, so that I could marry you."

"Nonsense, I say!"

"By the Madonna, I could eat you as if you were new bread."

"What folly!"

"Ah, yes, on my honor!"

"Ha! ha! *Mamma mia!*"

Lola listened every evening to all that went on, hidden behind a tall jar of basil, and at last one day, turn-

ing first red and then pale, she called out to Turiddu:

"So it seems, Turiddu, that old friends are never to speak to each other any more!"

"Ah!" sighed the youth, "happy is the man that is allowed to speak to you!"

"If you wish to speak to me, you know where I live."

After that Turiddu went to her house so often that Santa became aware of it, and slammed her window down in his face. The neighbors pointed him out to one another with a smile or a shake of the head when he passed along the street. Lola's husband was going about to all the fairs with his mules.

"I shall go to confession next Sunday," said Lola to Turiddu; "for last night I dreamed of black grapes."

"No, don't go! Stay at home!" entreated Turiddu.

"No; now that Easter is so near, my husband will wish to know why I have not gone to confession."

"Ah!" murmured Santa, the daughter of Massaro Cola, as she was awaiting her turn on her knees before the confessional where Lola was unburdening her conscience of her sins. "Ah, I will not send you to Rome to do penance!"

Alfio the carter returned with his mules, his pockets full of money, and bringing his wife a present of a beautiful new gown for the Easter holidays.

"You do well to bring presents to your wife," sneered his neighbor Santa, "for while you are away she decorates your house for you."

Alfio was the kind of man that cocks his cap over one ear, and when he heard his wife spoken of in that man-



ner he changed color as suddenly as if he had been stabbed.

"Thousand devils!" he exclaimed; "if your eyes haven't seen straight, I won't leave them to you to weep with—to you or to any of your family!"

"I am not in the habit of weeping," Santa retorted. "I did not weep even when I saw with these eyes of mine Gnà Nunzia's Turiddu going at night into your wife's house."

"Very well, very well!" Alfio replied. "Many thanks!"

Now that the cat had returned, Turiddu no longer paraded up and down that street every day, but wiled away the time at the inn with his friends.

On Easter Eve they were sitting at table, on which was a platter full of sausages. When Alfio entered, Turiddu understood instantly, from the expression in the carter's eyes, that he had come to quarrel about the affair of his wife. He laid his fork on his plate.

"Have you any orders for me, Alfio?" he inquired.

"I have no favors to ask of you, Turiddu," said Alfio; "I have not seen you for some time, and I wish to speak to you about a matter that you understand."

Turiddu had offered Alfio a glass as soon as he came in, but the carter declined it with a gesture of his hand. Then Turiddu rose, and said:

"I am at your service, Alfio."

The carter threw an arm across Turiddu's shoulders.

"If you will come to-morrow morning to the prickly-pear trees of La Canziria, we can discuss that matter."

"Wait for me in the street at sunrise, and we will go there together."



With these words they exchanged the kiss of challenge. Turiddu caught the carter's ear between his teeth, which signified a solemn promise not to fail him.

Turiddu's friends left the sausages on their plates, and silently accompanied Turiddu to his home. Poor Gnà Nunzia waited until late for him every evening.

"Mamma," said Turiddu to her, "do you remember, when I went away to be a soldier, that you thought I never should come back again? Well, now, give me a sweet kiss, just as you did then, for to-morrow morning I am going far away once more."

Before dawn he took his spring-knife, which he had concealed under the hay when he had been conscripted, and set out on the road toward the prickly-pear trees of La Canziria.

"Oh, Gesù Maria! where are you going in such a hurry?" cried Lola, alarmed, at seeing her husband preparing to go out.

"Only a short distance," Alfio replied; "but it would be better for you if I should never return!"

Lola knelt at the foot of her bed in her nightgown, pressing to her lips the rosary that Fra Bernardino had brought to her from the Holy Land, and reciting all the Ave Marias that she could.

"Alfio," Turiddu began, after he had walked a short distance beside his companion, who strode along in silence with his cap pulled over his eyes, "as true as there is a God, I know that I have done wrong and that I ought to let myself be killed. But before I left the house I saw my old mother, who got up early to see me off, pretending to look after the hens. Her heart warned

her, and, as true as there is a God, I mean to kill you like a dog, so that my poor old mother shall not be made to weep."

"Very well," Alfio replied, taking off his waistcoat. "Then each of us will do his best."

Both were expert fencers; Turiddu received the first blow, and had time to catch it in the arm. As he received it, he paid it back in kind, and wounded Alfio in the groin.

"Ah, Turiddu! so you are indeed determined to kill me, are you?"

"Yes, I told you so; since I saw my old mother among the hens, it seems to me that she is always before my eyes."

"Open your eyes wide, then!" cried Alfio, "for I mean to return you good measure."

As he stood on guard, bending over, in order to keep his hand on the wound, which was painful, and almost touching the ground with his elbow, he snatched up a handful of dust and threw it into his adversary's eyes.

"Ah!" howled Turiddu, blinded; "I am dead!"

And he tried to save himself by taking desperate leaps backward; but Alfio rushed after him, planting another thrust in the stomach and a third in the throat.

"That makes three! Take that for the decorations that you have given to my house! Now your mother will not get up so early to tend the hens!"

Turiddu staggered a few steps here and there among the trees, and then fell like a stone. The foaming blood gurgled in his throat, and he could not even cry out, "*Ah! mamma mia!*"

## THE WOLF

*(La Lupa)*

**S**HE was tall and thin, but she had a round, full bosom, although she was no longer young; her face was dark, yet pale, as if she had always had malaria. This strange pallor intensified the dark brilliance of her large eyes and her fresh, crimson lips, that seemed ready to devour one.

They called her *La Lupa* ("the wolf") in the village, because nothing ever satisfied her desire for conquest. When she passed by, the women crossed themselves, to see her stealing along, always alone, and looking about her with the skulking and suspicious air of a hungry wolf; she could fascinate their sons and their husbands in a twinkling, if she chose, with her rosy lips, and one glance from her great Satanic eyes would bewitch them, even if they were kneeling before the altar of St. Agripina. Fortunately, *La Lupa* never went to church, either at Easter or at Christmas; she never went to mass nor to confession. Father Angiolino of Santa Maria di Gesù, once a true servant of God, had lost his soul for her sake.

Maricchia—poor little girl, good and sweet—wept in secret because she was *La Lupa's* daughter, and no one had asked her to marry, although she had fine things in her chest of drawers, and her own patch of sunny meadow, like every other girl of the village.

One day *La Lupa* became enamored of a handsome young fellow who had just returned from his service in

the army. He and she were working together getting in the notary's harvest. She thought she surely must be in love with him, when her heart glowed under her fustian bodice, and when, merely in looking at him, she felt as thirsty as if it were a June noontide in the valley. But the youth only worked steadily on, with the utmost tranquillity, almost with his nose on his sheaf, only saying to her carelessly: "Oh, what ails you, Gnà Pina?"

In the immense fields, where the whirring flight of the grasshoppers was the only sound, while the sun's rays fell straight down in a blinding glare, *La Lupa* piled up sheaf on sheaf, without ever appearing tired, without once rising from her task, or even touching her lips to the flask of water, in order that she might follow close on the heels of Nanni, who reaped and reaped, asking her from time to time:

"What do you want, Gnà Pina?"

One evening she told him, while the men were asleep on the threshing-floor, tired out with the long day; the dogs could be heard howling over the vast, dark campagna. "I want you, Nanni! You are as beautiful as the sun, and sweet as honey! I want you!"

"And I, on the contrary, want your daughter. I would rather have the calf, you see!" Nanni answered, laughing.

*La Lupa* plunged her hands deep into the dark masses of her hair, scratched her temples without saying a word, and then departed, nor did she appear again in the fields. But in October she saw Nanni once more, at the time when the men were pressing the oil, because he worked



near her house, and the noise of the press prevented her from sleeping.

"Take a sack full of olives, and come with me," she said to her daughter in the morning.

Nanni was shoveling olives in the press, and crying "Ohi!" to the mule, to keep it from stopping.

"Do you want my daughter Maricchia?" Gnà Pina asked him.

"What will you give along with your daughter Maricchia?" Nanni responded.

"She has all her father's possessions, and I will give her my house as well; if you will only let me have a corner in the kitchen large enough to sleep in on my little mattress, it will be enough for me."

"If that is the case," said Nanni, "we can talk about it at Christmas, eh?"

He was oily and dirty from the fermenting olive oil, and Maricchia did not wish to have anything to say to him; but her mother seized her by the hair as they stood near the fireplace, and muttered through clenched teeth:

"If you don't take him, I'll kill you!"

*La Lupa* was looking quite ill the next year, and the townsfolk said of her: "When the devil was old the devil a monk would be!" She wandered about the country no more, nor did she now stand at her threshold, as she used to stand, gazing out with those haunting eyes. When she fixed those dark eyes on the face of her son-in-law he would laugh, and then pull an image of the Madonna out of the pocket of his short jacket, and cross himself. Maricchia stayed in the house to take care of her baby, and her mother went out in the



fields to work with the men, and behaved like one of them—she pulled weeds, dug in the fields, looked after animals, and pruned the vines, whether it were in the windy month of January or in the sirocco of August, when the mules droop their heads languidly, and the men sleep flat on their stomachs in the shade of the north wall.

In that hour between vespers and nones, or nine o'clock, when no good woman flaunts herself abroad, Gnà Pina was the only living being to be seen straying over the campagna, over the burning stones of the little streets, or among the dry stubble of the immense fields, the horizon of which was lost afar off in the burning haze of cloudy Ætna, where the sky appears to hang heavy over the landscape.

"Awake!" exclaimed *La Lupa* to Nanni, who was sleeping in a furrow next to the dusty field, with his head between his arms. "Open your eyes, for I have brought you some wine to refresh your dry throat."

Nanni opened his eyes dreamily, still half asleep, and saw her standing before him, pale, with heaving bosom and her eyes as black as coals. He waved her away with his hand.

"No! a good woman does not wander abroad in the hour between vespers and nones!" Nanni whispered hoarsely, hiding his face deep in the dry weeds bordering the furrow, his hands clutching his hair. "Go away! Go away, I tell you, and don't come to the threshing-house again!"

And *La Lupa* went away, fastening up her superb hair, and hastening along, through the burned grass and

stubble, with a downward glance of those eyes as black as coals.

But she went again to the threshing-house, and Nanni did not reproach her again; and when she was late in coming, in the hour between vespers and nones, he went to wait for her at the top of the white and lonely little path; his brow was bathed with perspiration then, but later he would thrust his hands into his thick hair, and say: "Ah, go, go! Come no more to the threshing-house!"

Maricchia wept night and day, and she looked fiercely at her mother, her eyes glittering with burning tears and jealousy, herself like a wolf's cub, whenever she saw her returning from the fields, always pale and silent.

"Wicked, wicked mother!" she cried at last.

"Be silent!"

"Thief—you are a thief!"

"Be silent, I say!"

"I shall go to the brigadiere!"

"Go, then!"

And the daughter really went to the authorities, carrying her children, fearing nothing, and without shedding a tear. She was like one insane, because by this time she herself loved the husband she had been compelled to marry, oily and dirty as he was from his work among the fermenting olives.

The officials summoned Nanni to appear before them, and threatened him with the galleys, and even with the gallows. Nanni only wept and tore his hair; he did not deny anything, nor attempt to excuse himself.

"I was tempted," was all he said, "and it was the

temptation of hell!" He threw himself at the officer's feet, and implored him to send him to the galleys.

"For heaven's sake, Signor Brigadiere, take me away from this hell I live in! Let them shoot me or send me to prison! Don't let me see her any more—never, never let me see her again!"

"No," *La Lupa* answered, when questioned by the brigadiere. "I reserved a corner of my kitchen to sleep in, when I gave my house to him as my daughter's dowry. The house is mine. I will not leave it!"

A little later Nanni was kicked in the chest by his mule, and was very near to death, but the priest refused to administer extreme unction so long as *La Lupa* remained in the house. So she went away, and her son-in-law was made ready to die like a good Christian; he confessed and took the sacrament with such signs of penitence and contrition that all the curious neighbors wept at the bedside of the dying man.

Better would it have been for Nanni had he died then, before the devil returned to tempt him anew, and to take possession of him, body and soul, after he had recovered.

"Let me alone!" he said to *La Lupa*; "for God's sake, leave me in peace! I have been face to face with death. My poor Maricchia is in despair. The whole town knows all about it. If I do not see you, it is all the better for both of us."

And in fact he would rather have torn out his own eyes than to look into the eyes of *La Lupa*, for when she fixed them upon him they made him forget and lose soul and body. He did not know how to overcome the

spell she cast upon him. He paid for masses to be said for souls in purgatory, and invoked the help of the priest and the brigadiere. At Easter he went to confession, and as a penance stood publicly in the sacred enclosure in front of the church with his tongue protruding from his mouth. When *La Lupa* approached him to try her temptations once more, he said:

"Listen to me! Never come to the threshing-house again, for if you do come there in search of me, I will kill you as sure as there is a God!"

"Very well, kill me, then," *La Lupa* answered. "That makes no difference to me, but I cannot live without you."

When Nanni saw her from a distance gliding through the green cornfield, he left off dressing the vines, and went to the foot of an elm-tree to get his ax. *La Lupa* saw him coming toward her, with pale face and wild eyes. The ax glittered in the sunlight, but she did not stop nor turn away her eyes. She came straight on, her hands full of clusters of scarlet poppies, and seeming to wish to devour him with those great black eyes.

"Ah, curses on your soul!" stammered Nanni.



WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

BY

VITTORIO BETTELONI

TRANSLATED BY G. A. GREENE





## INTRODUCTION

**A**T the time when Vittorio Betteloni began to write (in 1866), a movement had been for some time in progress among the younger Italian writers against the so-called Romantic School of poets, with its cold formulas, polished style, and lack of human emotion, and a return to the manner of the classics had begun, in which the younger generation strove to prove that the conventions of "romanticism" could be thrown aside and true poetry written without them. Among the more notable of these venturesome spirits was the subject of this sketch, who was born in Verona in 1840, the son of the poet Cesare Betteloni, and was educated at the University of Pisa. In the early 'eighties he became Professor of Italian Literature and History in the College of Oneglia. His first literary effort was a novel in verse (*ottava rima*), entitled *L'Ombra dello Sposo* (1866), followed by a collection of poems, *In Primavera* ("In Springtime"), published in 1869. Later appeared the *Nuovi Versi* (1880), the first six cantos of Byron's *Don Juan* translated into Italian (in *ottava rima*), and a translation of Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*. His muse sings in a free and natural manner of the simplest, tenderest emotions, the beauties of nature, and the sweetness and glory of "youth, the dream."



## WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

Then slowly was I wont to follow you  
As a young lover will, content to spy  
The form beloved, far off, and so to do  
As to deceive the casual passers-by.

And you, with cautious and suspectful mien,  
As if no thought of me had crossed your mind,  
Now and again, hoping yourself unseen,  
Would turn your face—not oft—and glance behind;

And yet not very seldom, truth to say,  
Because you feared lest I should be too slow,  
Or lest perchance I should mistake the way,  
Or meet some friend who would not let me go.

Then, when you reached the threshold of your home,  
For one short moment you would pause, and stay;  
Quickly around your loving glance would roam,  
To see if I were near or far away.

Then swiftly up the stair your feet would fly,  
And on the terrace you would pause awhile;  
Slow, very slowly would I saunter by;  
And then you made me happy with a smile!





EVENING: THE BELLS

BY

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

TRANSLATED BY G. A. GREENE



## INTRODUCTION

**T**HIS popular writer of the present generation is both novelist and poet. He was born at Vicenza, in 1842, and received most of his early education under the tuition of the Abbé ZANELLA, himself a favorite Italian poet. He was graduated at the University of Turin in 1861, and soon entered the field of literature as a poet, charming his fellow countrymen with his power to express the beauties of nature and the finer impulses of man. His first work, a romance in verse entitled *Miranda*, was published in 1874, and in 1876 a much more notable volume appeared under the name of *Volsolda*, which was republished, in amplified form, in 1886. Another collection of poems entitled *Profumo poesie* appeared in 1881. After this his popularity was increased by the high quality of his prose work, as shown in his novel called *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, known in its English form as *The Patriot*, and followed by two other novels of political, social, and religious interest—*The Sinner*, and *The Saint*. The haunting melody of the Angelus, and the purple twilights of Italy, return to the imagination through the fascination of his verse.



## EVENING: THE BELLS

### *The Bells of Oria*

Westward the sky o'er gloometh,  
The hour of darkness cometh.  
From spirits of evil,  
From Death and the Devil,  
Keep us, O Lord, night and day!  
Come, let us pray.

### *The Bells of Osteno*

O'er waters waste we too must sound,  
From lonely shores where echoes bound,  
Our voice profound.  
From spirits of evil,  
From Death and the Devil,  
Keep us, O Lord, night and day!  
Come, let us pray.

### *The Bells of Furia*

We too, remote and high,  
From the dark mountains cry:  
Hear us, O Lord!  
From spirits of evil,  
From Death and the Devil,  
Keep us, O Lord, night and day!  
Come, let us pray.



*Echoes from the Valleys*

Let us pray!

*All the Bells*

The light is born and dies,  
Enduring never:  
Sunset follows sunrise  
Forever;  
All things, O Lord All-wise!  
Save Thine eternity,  
Are vanity.

*Echoes from the Valleys*

Vanity!

*All the Bells*

Come, let us pray and weep,  
From the heights and from the deep,  
For the living, for them that sleep,  
For so much sin unknown, and so much pain.  
Have mercy, Lord!  
All suffering and pain,  
That does not pray to Thee;  
All error that in vain  
Does not give way to Thee;  
All love that must complain,  
Yet yields no sway to Thee,  
Pardon, O Holy One!

*Echoes from the Valleys*

O Holy One!

*All the Bells*

Pray we, and toll the bell  
For the dead beneath the loam,  
Whom Earth hath gathered home

Guilty or guiltless, as vain men opine.  
Thou, Mystery Divine!  
Alone canst tell.

*Echoes from the Valleys*

Alone canst tell!

*All the Bells*

Let us pray for the immense  
Pain of the universe,  
That lives its life intense,  
Loves, suffers Thine adverse  
Inscrutable decrees.  
Peace to the wave, to the hill  
These voices, too, be still;  
O beat o' the bronze, be still!  
Peace!

*Echoes from the Valleys*

Peace!

*The Wave*

Dost thou sleep, fair shore  
That the waters adore?  
With quivering breath  
My pain lingereth  
As I sing, as I weep;  
And my love is asleep!  
One accent alone,  
One murmur, one moan,  
One sigh—only this—  
As thy pebbles I kiss.  
Be silent, O deep!

The stars as they smile  
Fall in love for awhile  
With my mirror serene;  
In my bosom bright Vesper reflected is seen.  
Silence and sleep!  
One accent alone,  
One murmur, one moan,  
One sigh—only this  
One kiss.

*The Waterfall of Rescia*

My waves have no peace;  
My waves do not cease—  
They murmur and roar  
Through silences lonely  
On a desolate shore.  
The silent waves hear;  
The dark mountains hear;  
They list, and hear only  
My murmurs austere.

**TURKISH WOMEN**

**BY**

**EDMONDO DE AMICIS**

**TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE TILTON**





A BEAUTY OF THE HARKEN  
From a painting by N. Sichel



***A BEAUTY OF THE HAREM***

*From a Painting by N. Sichel*





## INTRODUCTION

**T**HIS favorite writer, whose works have been translated into many languages, was born in Oneglia, in 1846. His parents wished him to enter military life, and he was educated with that end in view. When the war of 1866 broke out in Italy, he was a sub-lieutenant, and took part in the battle of Custoza. In 1867 he went to Florence, and became the editor of the *Italia Militare*, a journal of military life and doings, in which his *Bozzetti della Vita militare* ("Sketches of Military Life") first appeared; these sketches were greatly admired and had an enormous sale, and marked the beginning of his highly successful literary career. After the capture of Rome, in 1870, by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, De Amicis left the army and thenceforth devoted himself to literature, in which he gained his greatest success as a writer of books of travel. These delightful works comprise *Spain, Morocco, Holland, Constantinople, Recollections of London, Recollections of Paris*; he wrote also *The Romance of a Schoolmaster*, a novel, and a volume of poems, published in 1882. The stories of his journeyings are remarkable for their brilliant descriptive style, their play of humor, and the art with which they give the intimate personal details of the life of foreign peoples. The following chapter is from his book on *Constantinople*, the most popular of all his records of travel.





## TURKISH WOMEN

**I**T is a great surprise for those arriving for the first time at Constantinople, after hearing much of the state of slavery in which the women are kept, to see women from all parts, and at all hours of the day, going about as in any European city. It seems as if all those imprisoned birds had been let loose on that particular day, and that a new era of liberty for the Mussulman fair sex must be about to begin. The first impression is most curious. The stranger wonders whether all those white-veiled figures, in bright-hued swathings, are masqueraders, or nuns, or lunatics; and, as not one is ever seen accompanied by a man, they appear to belong to no one, and to be all girls or widows, or members of some great association of the "unhappily married." At first it is difficult to persuade oneself that all those, Turks, male and female, that meet and pass without taking the slightest notice of one another, can have associations in common. One is constrained to stop and meditate upon these strange figures and stranger customs. These, then, you think, these are really those "conquerors of the heart," those "founts of pleasure," those "little rose-leaves," "early ripening grapes," "dews of the morning," "auroras," "life-givers," and "full moons," of which a thousand poets have sung. These are the *hanums* and the mysterious odalisques that we dreamed of when we were

twenty-one and read Victor Hugo's ballads in a shady garden. These are the lovely oppressed ones, imprisoned behind gratings, watched by eunuchs, separated from the world, passing on the earth like phantoms, with a cry of pleasure or a shriek of pain. Let us see what remains of truth in all that poetry.

First, then, the Turkish woman's face is no longer a mystery, and thus a great part of the poetry surrounding her has vanished. That jealous veil, which, according to the Koran, was to be "a sign of her virtue and a guard against the world," is now only a semblance. Everyone knows how the *yashmak*, or veil, is fashioned. There are two large white veils, one of which, bound tightly round the head like a bandage, covers the forehead to the eyebrows, and is tied behind at the nape of the neck, falling in two long ends as far as the girdle; the other veil covers the lower part of the face up to the eyes, and is knotted in with the first, so that the two seem but one. But these veils, which should be of muslin, and drawn in such a way as to leave only the eyes exposed, are in reality of transparent tulle, and so loosely arranged that not only the face, but the ears, neck, and hair are visible, and very often, too, a European hat, trimmed with flowers and feathers, is worn by the more "reformed" ladies. Thus it happens that just the contrary of what once obtained is now the custom, for the older women, who once were allowed to uncover their faces a little, are now the most closely veiled, while the handsome women, who used to be rigorously hidden, are now quite visible. Of course the many charming surprises and fascinating mysteries dear to the poets

and romancists, are no longer possible, and among other fables is that which declares that the bridegroom beholds the face of his bride for the first time on his marriage night. But beyond the face everything else—shoulders, arms and waist—is scrupulously hidden by the *feredjè*, a kind of long tunic, furnished with a cape and long, wide sleeves, a shapeless garment, falling like a sack from shoulders to feet, made of cloth in winter and of silk in summer, and of one usually very brilliant color. Sometimes it is bright red, sometimes orange, or green; and one or another color predominates from year to year, while the form remains unchanged. But they know how to adjust the *yashmak* with so much art that the handsome seem still handsomer, while the plain present an agreeable appearance. It is impossible to describe the variety of things they do with those two veils, with what grace they arrange them in coronets and turbans, with what amplitude and nobility of folds they twist them about, with what lightness and elegance they let them float and fall, making them serve at once to display, to conceal, to promise, to propose a problem, or to betray some little marvel unexpectedly. Some appear to be wearing around their heads a white, transparent cloud that would vanish with a puff; others look as if they were crowned with lilies and jasmine flowers; all have very white skins, and the veil adds a new charm of whiteness and softness and freshness. It is a costume at once austere and sweet, which has something virginal and holy about it; under which none but gentle thoughts and innocent fancies should have birth.

It is difficult to define the beauty of the Turkish



woman. I may say that when I think of her I see a very fine face, two black eyes, a crimson mouth, and an expression of sweetness. Almost all of them, however, are painted. They whiten their faces with almond and jasmine paste, they lengthen and darken their eyebrows with Indian ink, they tint their eyelids, they powder their throats, they put a dark circle round their eyes, they wear patches on their cheeks. But they do it all with taste, not like the beauties of Fez, who paint themselves with a whitewash-brush. The greater part of them have fine oval faces, the nose a little arched, full lips and round chins, with dimples; many have dimples also in their cheeks; a beautiful throat, long and flexible; and small hands, almost always hidden, unfortunately, by the long sleeves of their mantles. Nearly all are rather fat, and many are above the middle height; it is rare to see a dumpy or a long, thin woman, as in our country. All have a common defect of walking with a stoop, and a certain waddle like that of a big baby suddenly grown up; which comes, it is said, from a weakness of limb caused by abuse of the bath, and also somewhat from their awkward, ill-fitting slippers. In fact, it is common to see very elegant ladies, who must have small delicate feet, shod with men's slippers or long, wide boots, wrinkled all over, that a European ragpicker would disdain. But even in this ugly manner of walking there is a kind of girlish air, which, when one is used to it, is not displeasing. Of those figures like fashion-plates, so frequent in European cities, that walk like puppets and look as if they were hopping on the squares of a chess-board, none are to be seen. They have not



yet lost the stately, negligent grace of the Oriental; and if they were to lose it, they might be more dignified, but certainly would be less interesting. There are figures among them of a great variety of beauty, according as there is a mingling of Turkish, Arabic, Circassian, or Persian blood. There are matrons of thirty of opulent forms which the *feredjè* fails to conceal, very tall, with great dark eyes, full lips and dilated nostrils—*hanums* to strike terror with a look into the souls of a hundred slaves.

There are others small and plump, who have everything round—face, eyes, nose, and mouth—and an air of such gentleness, benevolence, and childishness, an appearance of such entire and mild resignation to their destiny, and of being nothing but toys and things for recreation, that passing near them one is tempted to pop a sugar-plum into their mouths. And there are the slender forms of wives of sixteen, ardent and vivacious, with eyes full of caprice and cunning, who inspire in the beholder a sentiment of pity for the poor *effendi* that has to control them and the unfortunate eunuch that is obliged to watch them.

The city makes an admirable frame for their beauty and their costume. These white-veiled, purple-robed figures should be seen seated in a *caïque* in the midst of the blue waters of Bosphorus; or reclining on the grass under the green shade of the cemeteries; or, better still, coming down a steep and solitary street of Stamboul, shut in at the back by a great plane tree, the wind blowing, and the veil and *feredjè* streaming out, and displaying throat, and foot and ankle; and I assure you

that in that moment, if the indulgent decree of Solyman the Magnificent were still in vigor, which mulcted in an *aspro* every kiss given to the wife or daughter of another man, Harpagon himself would kick avarice aside. And when the wind blows the Mussulman woman does not put herself out to hold down her *feredjè*, because her modesty does not extend below her knee, and sometimes stops a good bit above it.

One thing that is astonishing at first is their way of looking and laughing, which would excuse the boldest advance. It frequently happens that a European looking fixedly at a Turkish lady, even one of high rank, is rewarded by a smiling glance, or an open laugh. It is not rare, either, for a handsome *hanum* in a carriage to give a gracious salute with her hand, behind the eunuch's back, to a Frankish gentleman who has pleased her fancy. Sometimes in a cemetery, or in a retired street, a capricious lady will go so far as to throw a flower as she passes, or to let it fall with a manifest intention that it shall be picked up by the elegant *giaour* who is behind her. In this way a fatuous traveler may be very much deluded; and there are indeed some simple beings, who, after passing a month in Constantinople, really imagine in perfect good faith that they have destroyed the peace of a hundred unfortunate women. No doubt there is, in these acts, an ingenuous expression of sympathy, but there is still more of a spirit of rebellion, which all the Turkish women have in their hearts, born of the subjection in which they are held, which they show, when they can, in these foolish tricks, thus spiting their masters, even in secret. They

do it more from childishness than from coquetry, and their coquetry is of a singular kind, resembling much the first experiments of little girls, when they become aware that they are being looked at. It is a broad laugh, or a look upward, with mouth open and an expression of astonishment, or a pretending to have a pain in the head or the leg, or a wilful jerking of the embarrassing folds of the *feredjè*, schoolgirl tricks that seem intended to excite laughter rather than to seduce. Never an affected or artificial attitude. The little art they show is entirely rudimental. One can see, as Tommasseo says, that they have not many veils to lift; that they are not accustomed to a long wooing; and that when they feel an attraction toward anyone, instead of sighing and rolling their eyes in suspense, they will go straight to their point, and if they could express their sentiments, would say: O Christian, thou pleasest me! Not being able to do that, they make it frankly visible, showing two rows of shining pearl-like teeth, or laughing out in his face. They are pretty tamed Tartars.

And they are free; this is a truth apparent to the stranger almost as soon as he arrives. It is an exaggeration to say, like Lady Montague, that they are more free than Europeans; but whoever has been at Constantinople can not but laugh when he hears them spoken of as "slaves." Ladies, when they wish to go out, order the eunuchs to prepare the carriage, ask no one's permission, and come back when they please, provided it is before nightfall. Formerly, they could not go without being accompanied by a eunuch or by a female slave, or friend, and the boldest were at least obliged



to take one of their children with them, who served as a sign of respectability. If any woman appeared alone in a retired street or square, some city guard or rigorous old Turk was sure to accost her and demand: "Whither goest thou? Whence comest thou? And why art thou alone? Is this the way thou respectest thy *effendi*? Return at once to thy abode!" But now they go out alone by hundreds, and are seen at all hours in the Mussulman suburbs, and in the Frank quarters. They go to pay visits to their friends, they pass half the day in the bath-houses, they go about in boats—on Thursdays to the Sweet Waters of Europe, on Sundays to those of Asia, on Tuesdays to the cemetery of Scutari, on other days to the islands, to Terapia, to Bujukdéré, to Kalender, to lunch with their slave women, in companies of eight or ten. They go to pray at the tombs of the Sultans, to see the dervishes at their convents, to visit the public exhibitions of nuptial *trousseaux*, and there is not the sign of a man accompanying or following them, nor would any presume to accost them, even when they are quite alone.

To see a Turk in the streets of Constantinople—not with a lady on his arm or at his side—stopping but for one instant to speak with a "veiled woman," even if they bore husband and wife written on their foreheads, would appear to all the strangest of strange things, or rather an unheard-of piece of impudence, such as it would be in our streets were a man and woman to make love to each other in public. In this way, the Turkish women are really more free than their European sisters, and their delight in their liberty is indescribable, and the

wild excitement with which they rush into noise, crowds, light, open air—they who in their own homes never see but one man, and live behind grated windows and in cloistered gardens. They go about the city with the joy of liberated prisoners. It is amusing to watch one of them from a distance, and, following her footsteps afar off, observe how she prolongs and spreads out the pleasure of vagabondizing. She enters a mosque near by, to murmur a prayer, and lingers a quarter of an hour under the portico, chattering with a friend; then to the bazaar to look in at a dozen shops and turn two or three upside down in search of some trifle; then she takes the tramway, gets out at the fish-market, crosses the bridge, stops to contemplate all the braids and wigs in the hair-dresser's window in the streets of Pera, enters a cemetery and eats a sweetmeat, sitting on a tomb, returns to the city, goes down to the Golden Horn, turning a hundred corners, and glancing at everything out of the corner of her eye—shop windows, prints, placards, advertisements, people passing, carriages, signs, theater doors; buys a bunch of flowers, drinks a lemonade, gives alms to a poor man, crosses the Golden Horn in a caïque, and walks about Stamboul; there she takes the tramway again, and, arriving at her own door, is capable of turning back, to make the tour of a group of small houses; exactly as children coming out for the first time alone, seek to make the most of their liberty, and see a little of everything. Any poor corpulent *effendi* who should try to follow his wife to spy out her actions, would be left behind before half the journey was accomplished.



To see the Mussulman fair sex, it is well to go one day to the great festival of the Sweet Waters of Europe, at the end of the Golden Horn, or to those of Asia, near the village of Anaduli-Hissar; which are two great public gardens, covered with groves of trees, watered by two small rivers, and sprinkled with cafés and fountains. There over a vast grassy plain, in the shade of nut trees, pines, plane trees and sycamores, forming a succession of green pavilions where no ray of sun penetrates, are to be seen thousands of Turkish women seated in groups and circles, surrounded by their female slaves, eunuchs and children, lunching and frolicking for half the day, in the midst of crowds of people coming and going. They have hardly arrived when they seem to fall into a sort of dream. It seems like a festival in the paradise of Islam. Those myriads of white-veiled figures, clothed in *feredjès* of scarlet, yellow, green and gray, those innumerable groups of slaves in many-colored garments, that throng of children in fanciful dresses, the large Smyrna carpets spread on the ground, the gold and silver vessels, or what look like such, passing from hand to hand, the Mussulman coffee-seller in gala-dress, running about carrying fruits and ices, *zingari* dancing, Bulgarian shepherds piping, horses trapped with silk and gold fastened to trees, pashas, beys, and young gentlemen galloping by the river-side, the movement of the distant crowd like a field of flowers, many-colored caïques, and splendid carriages arriving, to mingle other colors with that of sea-color, and the murmur of songs, flutes, and other instruments, the voices of children, in the midst of that loveliness of green

shadow, varied here and there with glimpses of the sunlit landscape beyond—all present a spectacle so gay and so new that one is tempted to clap one's hands and cry out *Bravissimo!* as in a theater.

Even here, in spite of the confusion, it is extremely rare to catch a Turkish couple in the act of exchanging amorous glances, or smiles and gestures of mutual intelligence. Gallantry *coram populo* does not exist here as in Italy. There is to be found neither the melancholy sentinel who passes up and down under the window of his lady, nor the panting rear-guard following for three hours on the stretch in the footsteps of his goddess. If it should happen that in some deserted street a young Turk is surprised looking up at a grated window, from which sparkles a black eye, or a white hand waves for an instant, you may be quite certain that the couple are betrothed. To the betrothed alone is permitted the sweet childishness of official love-making, such as speaking from a distance by means of a flower, or a ribbon, or the color of a garment, or a scarf. And in these matters the Turkish lady is mistress. They have a thousand objects, among flowers, fruits, leaves, feathers, stones, each one of which possesses a specific meaning, being an epithet or a verb, or even a complete sentence, so that they can make a letter out of a bunch of flowers or say a hundred things with a box or purse full of various small objects that seem to have been brought together casually. A clove, a strip of paper, a section of a pear, a bit of soap, a match, a little gold thread and a small portion of cinnamon and pepper, express the following: "I have loved

you long—I burn, I languish, I die for love of you. Give me a little hope—do not repel me—send me one word of reply.” They can say many other things besides; reproof, advice, warning, information, all can be conveyed in this way; and youthful swains, in their first attack of palpitation, find much occupation in learning the symbolical phrases and composing long letters addressed to lovely sultanas seen only in their dreams. There is also the language of gesture, some of which is most graceful; that, for instance, of the man who feigns to tear his breast, signifying: “I am torn by the furies of love,” to which the lady replies by letting both her arms fall at her sides, which means: “I open my arms to thee.” But there is not perhaps one European that ever has seen these things; which for the rest are now more traditional than customary. The Turkish ladies would blush to speak of them, and only here and there some ingenuous *hanum* might confide them to some Christian friend of her own sex.

In this way only can we know how the Turkish woman is dressed within the walls of the harem, wearing that beautiful, capricious, and pompous costume, of which we all have some idea, and which gives to its wearer a princely dignity, as well as a child-like grace. We never shall see it, unless the fashion is adopted in our own country; for, even if some day the *feredjè* should be thrown aside, the lovely Turks would be found to wear the European dress underneath. What a disappointment for the painters, and what a pity! Imagine a beautiful woman, “slender as a cypress,” and blushing “with all the colors of the rose,” wearing, a little on one side of



her head, a small round cap of crimson velvet embroidered with silver; her black tresses falling over her shoulders; her vest of white damask worked with gold, with wide, open sleeves, and parting in front to display her full drawers of rose-colored silk, falling in many folds over her small feet clothed in slippers with turned-up Chinese points; a sash of green satin round her waist; diamonds on her neck, in her hair, at her girdle, on her arms, in her ears, on the border of her cap, on her slippers, buttoning the neck of her chemise, and across her forehead; glittering from head to foot like a Spanish Madonna, and lying in a childish attitude, upon a broad divan, surrounded by her Circassian, Arab, and Persian slave women, wrapped like antique statues in their flowing robes; or imagine a bride, "white as the crest of Olympus," dressed in pale blue satin, and covered with a veil of woven gold, seated upon a pearl-embossed ottoman, in front of which, upon a carpet from Teheran, kneels the bridegroom, making his final prayer before uncovering his treasure. This home dress, however, is subject to the caprice of fashion. The women, having nothing else to do, pass their time in devising new adornments; cover themselves with trinkets and fringes, put feathers and ribbons in their hair, tie bands around their foreheads, and strips of fur about their necks and arms; borrowing something from every kind of Oriental costume. And they mingle European fashions with their own as well; they wear false hair and dye their own black, blond, red, making themselves as artificial and ridiculous as the most ambitious of their European sisters; and doubtless if by the waving of a magic wand

at the Sweet Waters all the *feredjès* could be made to fall, we should see as great and strange varieties of costume among the women as are to be seen among the men upon the bridge of the Sultana Validé.

The apartments in which these rich and lovely ladies dwell correspond in some sort with their seductive and bizarre attire. The rooms reserved for the women are generally well situated, commanding marvelous views of the country, sea, and city. Below, there is a garden surrounded by high walls clothed with ivy and jasmine; above, a terrace; on the street side, small projecting rooms enclosed with glass like the *miradores* of the Spanish houses. The rooms are almost always small; the floors covered with Chinese mats and carpets, the ceilings painted with flowers and fruit, large divans running along the walls, a marble fountain in the middle, vases with flowers in the windows, and that vague, soft light, peculiar to Oriental houses, dim and shaded, like a wood, or like a cloister, or sacred spot, where you are impelled to walk and speak softly, and to use gentle, sweet words, discoursing only of God and love. The decorations of these harems are generally simple and severe, but there are some of great magnificence, with their walls covered with white satin embroidered in gold, ceilings of cedar wood, gilded gratings, and very rich furniture. The manner of life may be divined from the furniture. It consists of easy chairs, large and small ottomans, little carpets, stools and foot-benches, cushions of every description, and mattresses covered with shawls and brocades; the whole of the softest and most luxurious description. Here and there may be seen hand-mirrors



and large fans of ostrich feathers; carved *chibouks* are suspended on the walls; there are cages full of birds in the windows, perfume-burners and musical clocks on the tables, toys and small objects of every kind testifying to the puerile caprices of an idle woman. Nor is this luxury confined to the things that are seen. There are houses in which the table service is of gold and silver, the napkins are of satin fringed with gold, brilliants and other stones glitter on the forks and spoons, the coffee-cups, pipes, wine-coolers, and fans; and there are other houses, in much greater number, of course, in which almost nothing has been changed from the time of the Tartar tent, where everything could be packed upon one mule's back, and be ready for a new pilgrimage across Asia; houses of primitive austerity and pure Mohammedanism; in which, when the hour for departure shall arrive, no sound shall be heard but the wild voice of the master, saying: *Olsun!* ("So let it be").

The Turkish house is divided, as we know, into two parts: the harem and the *selamlık*. The *selamlık* is the part reserved for the man. Here he works, receives his friends, takes his noon-day nap, and usually lives. The wife never enters it. As in the *selamlık* the man is master, so the woman is mistress in the harem. She has full powers of administration there, and can do anything she pleases except receive men. When she does not choose to receive her husband, she can decline his visit, and politely request him to come another time. One single door and a small corridor divide the harem from the *selamlık*; but they are as distinct as two separate houses. The servants of each part belong only to that,

and there are two kitchens. Rarely the husband dines with his wife, especially when there is more than one. The wife, however, must be always prepared for her master's visit, dressed and looking her best, ready to vanquish a rival, and to preserve as best she may a predominance that is always in danger; she must be something of a courtesan, exercising such self-control as shall secure a smiling aspect of things about her lord, and even when her heart is sorrowful, display the radiant visage of a happy and fortunate woman, so that he may not be disgusted and repelled. Thus the husband is rarely acquainted with his wife, whom he never has known either as a girl, sister, or friend; whom he does not know as a mother. And she allows the nobler part of her nature to perish slowly within her, there being no call for its exercise, no opportunity for its revelation; resolutely stifling the voices of her heart and conscience, to find in a sort of sleepy animalism, if not felicity, at least peace. She has, it is true, the comfort of children, and her husband plays with them, and caresses them in her presence; but it is a comfort embittered by the thought that perhaps an hour ago he caressed the children of another; that an hour thence he may be caressing those of a third, and perhaps within the year a fourth. The love of the lover, the affection of the father, friendship, confidence, all are divided and subdivided, as each has its hour, its measure, and its appropriate ceremony; so everything is cold and insufficient.

Yet the conditions of conjugal life vary greatly, according to the pecuniary means of the husband, even without counting the fact that one who is not rich

enough to maintain more than one woman, is obliged to have one wife only. The rich noble lives separated in body and mind from his wife, because he is able to keep an apartment or even a house for her sole use, and because, wishing to receive friends, clients, flatterers, without his wives being seen or disturbed, he is obliged to have a separate residence. The middle-class Turk, for reasons of economy, lives nearer to his wife, sees her more frequently, and is on more familiar terms with her. Lastly, the poor Turk is necessarily obliged to eat, sleep, and pass most of his time in the close company of his wife and children. Riches divide, poverty unites. In the case of the poor man, there is not much difference between the Turkish and the Christian household. The woman that can not have a slave does her own work, and labor enhances her importance and authority. It is not rare to see her drag her indolent husband from the café or the tavern, and drive him home with blows from her slipper. They treat each other as equals, passing the evening together at the door of their house; in the more distant quarters, they often go together to buy the family supplies; the husband and wife are often seen eating their luncheon together in a cemetery near the tomb of some dead relative, with their children about them, like a family of working people in our country.

There are those who say that the women of the East are satisfied with polygamy, and do not understand the injustice of it. To believe this, one must be ignorant not only of the East, but of the human soul itself. If it were true, that would not happen which does happen; namely, that there is hardly any Turkish girl who, ac-



cepting the hand of a man, does not make it a condition that he shall not marry again during her lifetime; there would not be so many wives returning to their families because the husbands have failed in this promise; and the Turkish proverb would not be in existence, which says: "A house with four women is like a ship in a tempest." Even if she is adored by her husband, the Eastern woman can but curse polygamy, which obliges her to live with the sword of Damocles above her head, having from day to day a rival, not hidden and remote and always guilty, like the rival of the European wife, but installed beside her, in her own house, bearing her title, claiming her rights; condemned perhaps to see her own slave promoted to an equality with herself and giving birth to sons having the same rights as her own. It is impossible that she should not feel the injustice of such a law. She knows that when her husband introduces a rival into her home, he is but putting in practise the right given to him by the law of the Prophet. But in the bottom of her soul she feels that there is a more ancient and more sacred law which condemns his act as traitorous and an abuse of power; that the tie between them is undone; that her life is ruined, and she has the right of rebellion. And even if she does not love her husband, she has a hundred reasons to detest the law; her children's interests are injured, her own self-respect is wounded, and she finds herself in the fatal necessity of complete abandonment, or of living as a mere chattel for her husband's use. It may be said that the Turkish woman knows that the same things happen to her European sister; true, but she also

knows that the latter is under no constraint of civil and religious law to respect and live in amity with her who poisons her life, and that she has at least the consolation of being considered as a victim, having besides many ways of vindicating and alleviating her position, without her husband being able to say, like the Turk: "I have the right to love a hundred women, but it is your duty to love me only."

It is true that the Turkish woman has many legal guaranties, and many privileges conceded to her by custom. She is usually treated with certain forms of knightly courtesy. No man would dare to lift his hand against a woman in the public street (as in England). No soldier, even in times of popular tumult and sedition, would take the risk of maltreating the most insolent woman of the people. The husband treats his wife with ceremonious courtesy. The mother is the object of peculiar deference. No man would think for a moment of living on his wife's earnings. The husband at his marriage assigns a dowry to his bride; she brings nothing to his house but her wardrobe and a few female slaves. In case of repudiation or divorce, the man is obliged to give the woman enough to live upon; and this obligation saves her from maltreatment for which she might seek and obtain a separation. The facility of divorce remedies in part the sad consequences of matrimony blindly contracted under the constitution of Turkish society, where the sexes live entirely separated. Very little cause is needed for a woman to obtain her divorce: that the husband has ill-treated her once, that he has spoken ill of her to others, that he has been unfaithful for a



certain time. She has only to present her written statement of grievances to the tribunal; or, she can, when opportunity occurs, go in person before a *vizier*, the grand vizier himself, by whom she is received and listened to kindly and without delay. If she cannot agree with the other wives, the husband is bound to give her a separate apartment; and even if she does agree, she has a right to a separate apartment.

A woman who is seduced can oblige her seducer to marry her if he has not already four wives; and if he has four, he must receive her as an odalisque and her children must be recognized. This is the reason that among the Turks there are no bastards. Old bachelors are rare, old maids very rare; forced marriages less frequent than might be supposed, since the law punishes the father who is guilty of coercion. The State pensions widows that are without relatives and without means, and provides for the orphans; many female children left without protection are taken by rich ladies who educate and marry them; it is very unusual for a woman to fall into misery. All this is true, and very good; but it does not prevent us from smiling when the Turks pretend that the social condition of their women is better than that of ours, and that their society enjoys an immunity from the corruption of which European manners are accused.

From all this one may easily gather what sort of being the Turkish woman is likely to be. The greater part of them are only pleasing feminine creatures. Many know how to read and write, but practise neither the one nor the other; and those who have a superficial culture are miraculous beings. The men, according to whom women

should have "long hair and short intelligence," do not care to have them cultivate their minds, and prefer that they should remain inferior to themselves. Thus, having no instruction from books, and receiving none from conversation, they are grossly ignorant. From the separation of the two sexes comes the absence of gentle manners in the one sex, and of dignity in the other; the men are coarse, and the women vacant. Having no society beyond their own small circle of women, they all retain even in old age something puerile and trifling in their ideas and manners; a wild curiosity about everything, a habit of being astonished on the smallest occasion, an immense fussiness over nonsense of all sorts, small backbitings, sudden spites and tempers, screams of laughter at the slightest cause, and a fondness for the most childish games, such as chasing one another from room to room and snatching bonbons from one another's mouth. It is true that they have, to turn the French saying the other way, the good qualities of their defects; and that their nature is transparent and plain, to be seen through at the first glance; real persons, as Madame de Sévigné says, not masks, nor caricatures, nor monkeys; open and all of a piece even in their sadness; and if it be true that it is only necessary for one of them to swear to a thing in order that no one shall believe her, it only shows that they are not artful enough to be deceitful. But it is also true that in that narrow life, deprived of all mental or spiritual recreation, in which the instinctive desire of youth and beauty for praise and admiration remains forever ungratified, their souls become embittered and exasperated; and having no education to

control and guide them, when some ugly passion moves them, they rush into excess. Idleness foment in them a thousand senseless caprices, which they pursue obstinately and will have gratified at any price. Besides, in the sensual atmosphere of the harem, in the constant company of women inferior to themselves in birth and position, with no man to act as a controlling force, they acquire an extraordinary crudity of speech, they know no delicacies of language, they say things without a veil, liking best the word that might raise a blush, the shameless jest or the plebeian *equivoque*; and are often most foul-mouthed, indecent and insolent. A European who understands the Turkish language may sometimes hear a *hanum* of distinguished appearance abusing some indiscreet or careless shopkeeper in language that in his own country could not be heard except among women of the lowest and most abandoned class.

Many have described the Turkish woman as all sweetness, softness and submission. But there are among them some of a fierce and haughty spirit, not to say ferocious. Even there, in times of popular tumult, women are to be seen in the front rank; they arm themselves, crowd together, stop the carriages of the offending viziers, cover them with abuse, throw stones at them, and resist armed force. They are kind and gentle, like most women, when no passion gnaws or excites them. They treat their slaves well enough, if they are not jealous of them; they show tenderness for their children, although they do not know how, or do not care, to educate them; they contract with one another, especially those that are separated from their husbands or afflicted



with a common sorrow, the most tender friendships, full of girlish enthusiasm, and show their reciprocal affection by wearing the same color, or the same fashion of garment, and using the same perfumes.

As is their nature, so are their manners. The greater part of them are like those young girls of good family, brought up in the country, who, no longer children but not yet women, are constantly committing in company a hundred amiable absurdities, causing their mammas to frown and shake their heads. To hear a European lady relate her experience while paying a visit in a harem is truly comic. The *hanum*, for instance, who at first is seated on the sofa in the same decorous attitude as her visitor, suddenly throws her arms over her head and emits a loud yawn, or seizes one of her knees between her hands. Accustomed to the liberty, or rather license, of the harem, to the attitude of idleness and ennui, and weakened by much warm bathing, she tires immediately of any upright position. She throws herself down on her divan, turning and twisting about, and getting her long garments into an inextricable entanglement; she leans on her elbows, she takes her feet in her hands, she puts a cushion on her knees and her elbow in the cushion, she stretches out her limbs, and draws them up in a heap, she puts up her back like a cat, rolls from the divan upon the carpet, and from the carpet to the marble floor, and sleeps when she is sleepy wherever she finds herself, like a baby. A French traveler has said that she has a good deal of the mollusk in her composition. Their least relaxed position is that of sitting with crossed legs, and from this habit probably comes the fact that

their legs are slightly bowed. But with what grace they sit! They sink to the ground without using their hands to support them, and remain like statues, motionless (all this may be seen in the gardens and cemeteries), and rise all of a piece, as if set on springs. The grace of the Turkish woman is in repose, and in the art of displaying the soft lines and curves of the reclining form, with head thrown back, hair flowing, and helpless arms—the art of extracting gold and gems from her husband.

There are two other kinds of harems besides the pacific and the stormy: the harem of the young Turk without prejudices, who encourages his wife in her European tendencies; and that of the conservative, either by his own convictions, or dominated by his relatives, in general by some inflexible old Mussulman mother, who governs the house as suits herself. In the first there is a piano, and a Christian lady as teacher; there are worktables, straw chairs, a mahogany bedstead, and a writing-desk; on the wall hangs a fine portrait of the *effendi*, done by an Italian artist of Pera; in a corner a bookshelf with a few books, among them a small French-and-Turkish dictionary, and the illustrated *Journal des Modes*, which the lady receives from the wife of the Spanish Consul. She also paints fruit and flowers in water-colors with much enthusiasm. She assures her friends that she is never lonely or *ennuyée*. Between one employment and another she writes her memoirs. At a certain hour she receives her French teacher (an old, crooked-backed man, of course), with whom she practises conversation. Sometimes a German photographer from Galata comes to take her portrait. When she



is ill, she is visited by a European physician, who may even be a handsome young man, the husband not being stupidly jealous like his antiquated friends. And once in a while comes a French dressmaker, who takes her measure for a costume modeled on the very latest fashion-plate, with which Madame intends to surprise her husband on Thursday evening, the sacred evening in Mussulman houses, when the husband is expected to pay his debts of gallantry toward his "roseleaf." And the *effendi*, who is a man of high aspirations, has promised her that she shall certainly have a glimpse, through some half-open door, of the next grand ball that is given by the English Ambassador. In short, the *hanum* is a European lady of the Mohammedan religion, and she tells her friends complacently that she lives like a *cocona*—like a Christian; her friends, as far as they can, following her example. But in the other harem all is rigorously Turkish, from the attire of the ladies down to the minutest household detail. The Koran is the only book, the *Stamboul* the only journal allowed. If the *hanum* be ill, one of the numerous Turkish female doctors is called, who has a miraculous specific for every known malady. All the openings in the house are well grated and bolted, and nothing European, except the air, can enter; unless the lady has had the misfortune to learn French in her childhood, in which case her sister-in-law brings her French romances of the worst type, telling her at the same time: "See what kind of society this is which you are aping! What fine doings! What admirable examples!"

And yet the life of the Turkish woman is full of ac-

cidents, worries, and small gossip and tale-bearing, that at the first aspect do not seem possible in a society where the two sexes are so divided. In one harem, for instance, is the old mother who wishes to drive out one of the wives to make room for a favorite of her own, and tries in every way to influence her son against her and her children. In another it is the wife who is jealous of a rival in her husband's affections, and moves heaven and earth to get a handsome slave woman and put her in his way, in order that in this manner she may detach him from the other. Another wife, who has a natural leaning toward match-making, racks her brains to bring about a marriage between some male relative of her own and some young girl of her household, thus circumventing her husband, who has had his eyes turned in the same direction. Here it is a number of ladies subscribing to a fund wherewith to buy a handsome slave woman, and present her to the Sultan, or the Grand Vizier; there, another group of ladies, highly placed, are busy pulling a hundred secret wires, whereby some powerful enemy is to be pulled down, some friend saved, some importunate person sent into a distant province. And although there is less social communion than among us, there is just as much gossip about other people's affairs. The fame of a woman of high spirit, or of a specially evil tongue, or of a ferocious jealousy, is spread far beyond the circle of her acquaintance. There also, pointed speeches and fine plays upon words, to which the Turkish language readily lends itself, are passed from mouth to mouth and from circle to circle. Births, circumcisions, marriages, all the small

events that happen in the European colony and in the Seraglio, are subjects of endless discussion. "Have you seen the new bonnet of the French ambassadress?" "Who knows about the handsome Georgian slave that the Sultana Validé is going to present to the Sultan on the day of the great Beiram?" "Is it true that Ahmed-Pasha's wife was seen yesterday in a pair of European boots trimmed with silk tassels?" "Have the costumes for the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* at the Seraglio Theater yet arrived from Paris?" "It is a week since Mahmoud Effendi's wife began to pray for the grace of twins, in the mosque at Bajazet." "There has been a scandal at the photographer so and so's at Pera, because Ahmed Effendi found his wife's portrait there." "Madame Ayesha drinks wine." "Madame Fatima has got visiting-cards." "Madame Hafiten has been seen to go into a Frankish shop at three, and come out at four." And so on, *ad infinitum*.

It would be singularly diverting if there were among the Turks, as among us, those living gazettes of the fashionable world who know everybody and everybody's history; it would be both amusing and instructive to plant oneself on a holiday at the entrance to the European Sweet Waters in company with one of these, and hear his comments upon the notabilities as they pass by. "That," he would say, "is a lady who has lately broken with her husband and gone to live at Scutari; Scutari is the refuge for all malcontents and quarrelsome people; she is staying with a friend, and will remain, until her husband, who really cares for her, comes and makes it up. This *effendi* now going by is a clerk of the Min-



istry of Foreign Affairs, who has lately married an Arab slave, and she is now learning Turkish from his sister. This pretty one is a divorced wife, who is only waiting until a certain *effendi* shall have gotten rid of one of his four, to go and take the place that was promised her. That other dame is a lady who has been twice divorced from the same husband, and now wishes to marry him a third time, he agreeing to do so; and so she will be married in a day or two, as the law commands, to another man, from whom she will be divorced the following day, after which the lovely capricious one can celebrate her third nuptials with her first spouse. The brunette with the lively eyes is an Abyssinian slave presented by a great lady of Cairo to a great lady of Stamboul, who died, and left her mistress of the house. That *effendi* of fifty has had ten wives. That little old woman in green can boast of having been the legitimate wife of twelve husbands. Here comes a lady who is making a fortune by buying girls of fourteen, having them taught music, singing and dancing, and the fine manners of noble houses, and then selling them at a profit of five hundred per cent. Here is another, who was first a slave, then an odalisque, then a wife, then divorced, then married again, and now she is a widow and is looking out for a good marriage. That man is a merchant who for business reasons has married four wives, who live, one at Constantinople, one at Trebizond, one at Salonica, and one at Alexandria in Egypt, by which arrangement he has four different houses where he may repose from the fatigues of his journeys. That handsome pashà of twenty-four was only a month ago a poor

subaltern officer of the Imperial Guard, and the Sultan made him pashà and married him to one of his sisters; but his sultana is known to be 'as jealous as a night-ingale,' and perhaps, if we were to search the crowd, we might discover a slave watching to see whom he looks at, and who looks at him. See this child of five years old! She was this morning betrothed to a small boy of eight; the gentleman was carried by his parents to pay his bride a visit, found her much to his taste, and went into a fury because a cousin three feet high dared to kiss her in his presence. Ah! what have we lost! A Seraglio carriage has gone by, and the Sultan's third wife was in it; I recognized it by the rose-colored ribbon on the intendant's neck; his third wife presented to him by the Pashà of Smyrna; she has the largest eyes and the smallest mouth in the world; a face something like that little *hanum* there with the arched nose, who yesterday had a flirtation with an English artist of my acquaintance. The little wretch! and to think that when the angels Nekir and Mukir come to judge her soul, she will try to get off with the usual lie, saying that she had her eyes shut and did not recognize the infidel!"

But then there are unfaithful Turkish wives? Without doubt there are such; and this notwithstanding the jealousy of their lords, and the vigilance of their eunuchs, notwithstanding the hundred blows with a whip with which the Koran threatens the culprit, notwithstanding the species of mutual assurance society formed by Turks among themselves. It may be even affirmed that the "veiled ones" of Constantinople commit as many sins as the unveiled ones of other countries. If this were



not so, *Caraghens* (The Turkish *Punch*) would not so often have upon his lips the word *kerata*, which, translated into a classic name, means Menelaus. It must be said, however, that women are no longer thrown into the Bosphorus either with or without a sack, and that punishment and the bastinado are no longer practised even by the most ferocious *kerata*. The force of ridicule, as well as other European forces, has found its way into Mussulman society, and even jealousy is afraid of that. And besides, Turkish jealousy being more the effect of self-love than affection (and certainly it is powerful and vindictive enough), has not that indefatigable and investigating eye that belongs to the more spiritual passion. The Turkish authorities do their best to prevent certain abuses. It is enough to say that in the orders given to the police of Constantinople on holiday occasions, the larger part refer to the women, and are directly leveled at them in the form of advice and threats. It is forbidden, for instance, to let them enter the back shops, or rooms behind the shops; they must stay where they can be seen from the street. They are not to go in the tramways for amusement; or they are to get out at the terminus and not come back by the same way. They are forbidden to make signs, to stop at this place, to pass by that place, to stay more than a certain time at a certain spot. And then there is that blessed veil, which, originally intended as a safeguard for the woman, is now turned into a mere screen for intrigue and coquetry.

The bath-houses are the places where the Turkish women meet to plot and gossip. The bath is in a cer-

tain way their theater. They go in couples and groups, with their slaves carrying cushions, carpets, articles for the toilet, sweetmeats, and often their dinner, so that they may remain all day. There in those dimly lighted halls, among marbles and fountains, are often gathered more than two hundred women, naked as nymphs, or only partially clothed, presenting, according to the testimony of European women, a spectacle to make a hundred painters drop their brushes. Here may be seen the snow-white *hanum* beside the ebony black slave; the matron of opulent charms beloved by the Turk of antique taste; slender little brides with short, curling, childish locks; golden-haired Circassians, and Turkish women with their black tresses braided into an infinity of little tails, like an enormous wig; one with an amulet on her neck, another with a sprig of garlic bound round her head as a charm against the evil eye; half savages with tattooed arms, and fashionable dames whose bodies bear the traces of corsets, and their ankles the marks of French boots; and some whose shoulders show signs of the eunuch's whip. Some are stretched upon their mats, smoking; some are having their hair combed by their slave women; some are embroidering; others singing, chattering, laughing, and slandering their neighbors in the next group. A European woman among them is the object of immense curiosity and a thousand idle questions: "Is it true that you go to balls with your shoulders bare? And what does your *effendi* think of that? And what do the other men say? And how do you dance? That way!—really?—well, I should not have believed it if I had not seen it!"

They are delighted to receive a European lady in their houses, and on such occasions they invite their friends, display all their slaves and their treasures, load the visitor with sweets and fruits, and seldom let her go without making her accept a present. The sentiment that moves them to these demonstrations is more curiosity than kindness; and as soon as they are familiar with their new acquaintance, they examine her costume bit by bit, from bonnet to boots, and are not satisfied until they have conducted her to the bath, where they may see how a *nazarene* is made. But they no longer have the contemptuous dislike that they once nourished for their European sisters. On the contrary, they feel humiliated in their presence, and seek to imitate in every way their dress and manners. If they study languages, it is in order to introduce a word here and there to show their knowledge, but above all, it is to be able to converse with a Christian, and to be called Madame. They frequent certain Frankish shops on purpose to be addressed by that coveted title; and Pera attracts them as a light attracts moths. They seek to know Frankish women in order to learn from them something of the splendors and amusements of their world, but it is not only the varied and feverish life of gayety that attracts them; more often it is the domestic life, the little world of a European family, the circle of friends, the table surrounded with children, the honored and beloved old age; that sanctuary full of memories, of confidence and tenderness, which can make the union of two persons good even without the passion of love; to which we turn even after a long life of aberration and faults; in which, even



among the tempests of youth and the pangs of the present, the heart finds refuge and comfort, as a promise of peace for later years, the beauty of a serene sunset seen from the depths of some dark valley.

But there is one great thing to be said for the comfort of those who lament the fate of the Turkish woman; this is, that polygamy is declining from day to day. It has always been considered by the Turks themselves rather as a tolerated abuse than as a natural right of man. Mohammed said: "That man is to be praised who has but one single wife," although he himself had several; and those who wish to set an example of honest and austere manners never in fact marry but one wife. He who has more than one is not openly blamed, but neither is he approved. The Turks that sustain polygamy are few, and still fewer those who approve it in their hearts. All those who are in a social position that imposes a certain respectability and dignity of life have but one wife. The higher officers of the ministry, those of the army, magistrates, and men of religion, all have but one. Four-fifths of the Turks of Constantinople are against polygamy. The fact is this: that the transformation of Turkish society is not possible without the redemption of the woman, that this is not practicable without the fall of polygamy, and that polygamy must fall. It is probable that no voice would be raised if a decree of the Sultan were to suppress it to-morrow. The edifice is rotten and must fall. The new dawn already tinges the terraces of the harem with rose. Hope, O lovely *hanums*! The doors of the *selamlık* will be opened, the grates will fall, the *feredjè* will go to decorate the

museum of the Grand Bazaar, the eunuch will become a mere black memory of childhood, and you shall freely display to the world the graces of your visages and the treasures of your minds. And then, when "the pearls of the Orient" are spoken of in Europe, to you, O white *hanums*, will be the allusion! to you, beautiful Mussulmans, gentle, witty and cultured; not to the useless pearls that encircle your foreheads in the midst of the cold pomp of the harem. Courage! then, for the sun is rising. As for me—and this I say for my incredulous friends—I have not yet renounced the hope of giving my arm to the wife of a pashà in the streets of Turin, and of conducting her for a walk on the banks of the Po, reciting to her meanwhile a chapter from *I Promessi Sposi*.



**POEMS**

**BY**

**GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO**

**TRANSLATED BY G. A. GREENE**



## INTRODUCTION

**V**ERSATILITY is one of the marked characteristics of D'Annunzio's genius; he is painter, musician, novelist, playwright, poet all in one.

His earliest efforts in the realm of art were made in painting, after the manner of Filippo Lippi and Botticelli. But at eighteen he began to read the poetry of Giosué Carducci, the effect of which was to thrill the untried poetic chord in his own nature, bringing into his native language creations of marvelous strength and beauty. While he was hardly more than a boy, he rose at once to the foremost literary rank of his day. Some of this early work was condemned by the severer critics for its riot of exuberance in erotic description, its unusual phrases, and total disregard of all conventions, but no censure could drown the true music of the poet's song. His first poem was entitled *Primo Vere* (1879). During the three years following his removal to Rome (in 1880), he published two volumes of poems: *Canto Novo* and *Intermezzo di Rime*, which established him for all time as one of the first of Italian poets. Later he turned his attention to the writing of novels, in which field he achieved a success no less brilliant. The most notable of these, *Il Fuoco* ("The Flame"), is included in this series, in which volume will be found a more extended sketch of his career.



## THE LOVE-CHILD

### I

He was a love-child. In his gloomy eye  
Burned flames of desperate hatred, prompt to glow,  
Like lurid gleams of sunset from the sky  
Fallen in foul waters of a ditch below;  
Pale, lean he was; his red hair stood up high  
Over his head deformed and marked with woe,  
And his misshapen body made awry  
As if from stone hewn by an ax's blow.  
And yet—! None knew his heart-beats in the night,  
None saw his burning tears, none heard him weep  
Tears breaking his poor heart, in youth's despite,  
When o'er the deck broke from the odorous deep  
Vast waves of perfume 'neath the full moonlight,  
And naught was heard save long-drawn sighs of sleep.

### II

Ah, none! She passes o'er the sands of gold,  
Singing a song, and with the sunlight crowned;  
Given to the Loves, her ample breasts unfold,  
Given to the winds, her tresses flow unbound.  
Joyous with youth, her honest eyes and bold,  
Blue like the tropic skies, seek all around  
Fancies and dreams, while to the heavens out-rolled  
O'er the opal sea her joyous songs resound.  
He, breathless, quivering with passions vain,  
Crouched in the boat along the swaying keel,  
Holds in his hands his temples filled with pain—  
"See to the nets!" the skipper's orders peal,  
Who kicks him where he lies. And o'er the main  
Her jocund songs arise, rebound and wheel.



## III

Her song ran: "Sea-weeds! flowers o' the ample sea!  
Down in the waters green the mermaids dwell  
In gardens coralline, where mansions be,  
Built for fair maids that love their sweethearts well."  
Her song ran: "Flowers of May on the hawthorn tree!  
There is a grotto made of many a shell,  
Deep in the waters blue, a home of glee,  
Built for fair maids that love's sweet story tell."  
And Rufus said to himself: "I am a cur!  
For me there is no smile for dear love's sake,  
And never a kiss for me! I am a cur!  
Up! Draw the bridle tight! I work and ache;  
My blood I sell for bread, while none demur:  
Yet—if one day the worn-out cord should break?"

## IV

The murderer climbed the cliff with hurrying feet,  
With pale and anxious face, with aching head,  
Like a wild beast struck mad in the summer heat,  
Grasping the guilty knife still dripping red.  
The angry sea-gulls in battalions fleet  
Raised o'er the crags their clamorous shout, and fled;  
And the death-cry shook far off a lugger's sheet,  
As he hurled himself to waves that onward sped.  
Far echoed o'er the golden sands the sound  
Of human labor; mournful and unblest,  
Voices of women surged along the ground;  
And tossed upon the sea's sublime unrest,  
On emerald deeps with zones of glory crowned,  
A corpse turned to the sun its shattered breast.

## MOONLIGHT

Beneath the white full moon the murmuring seas  
Send songs of love across the pine-tree glade;  
The moonlight filtering through the dome-topped trees  
Fills with weird life the vast and secret shade;  
A fresh, salt perfume on the Illyrian breeze  
From sea-weeds on the rocks is hither swayed,  
While my sad heart, worn out and ill at ease,  
A wild poetic longing doth invade.  
But now more joyous still the love-songs flow  
O'er waves of silver sea; from pine to pine  
A sweet name echoes in the winds that blow,  
And, hovering through yon spaces diamantine,  
A phantom fair with silent flight and slow  
Smiles on me from its great-orbed eyes divine.

## O MAIDEN STRANGE!

O maiden strange with great and wandering eyes  
Mysterious, bright and deep as the sea is deep,  
Fair maid, 'tis not for me to immortalize  
That smile which in my songs I cannot keep!  
And yet the rhymes of love that murmuring rise  
Like the hum of a hive afar, and onward sweep,  
Swarming the circle's bounds where magic lies,  
Lull thee, white witch, into a dreamy sleep:  
And while thou see'st, in delicate shades forlorn  
Of mournful eve, the hill-top's outline flee,  
Where whiffs of perfume o'er the wave are borne,  
Thou dreamest of a skiff that sailing free  
Enters the harbor's mouth by the breeze of morn,  
'Mid opal surges of the violet sea.

## EVENING IN MAY

Now in the Mayday twilight  
O'er the bright skies pearl-colored clouds float through  
the emerald spaces,  
While on the shore the wavelets  
Lightly take hands, rise and subside, dance like ena-  
mored naiads.

Never a sail is seen there;  
But with gay song swallows afar fleetly wing o'er the  
waters,  
Stretched in long lines of shadow:  
Sharp acute odors of tar come on the freshening breezes.

Ah! and the happy children,  
Whom the sun first smiled on, whom first burned the  
malignant south wind,  
Down the long sands are racing;  
Laughter and shouts mingle afar as of a band of sea-  
gulls.

Vesper of Maytime ending!  
Now in my heart sweetly the rhymes buzz like a swarm-  
ing beehive;  
Vesper, to thee made sacred,  
Bend to my yoke, quivering still, leaping, the Sapphic  
verses,

Bend to my yoke, quiescent;  
Beautiful girls, sunburnt and bright, magical songs are  
singing—

Now that the lunar crescent  
Rises o'er hills Samnite afar, set the loud echoes ringing!

THOU ASKEST

BY

ADA NEGRI

TRANSLATED BY G. A. GREENE





## INTRODUCTION

**P**OET of the poor and the suffering is the phrase often used in mentioning Ada Negri, one of the younger and greatly admired Italian poets of to-day. She was born in a small village of Lombardy, and in her early years knew only the struggle of poverty and the bitterness of repression. Notwithstanding this, her eager and determined mind reached out for education and obtained it. At the age of eighteen she left her native village to teach in a small school at Motta-Visconti, where she remained several years, producing at intervals poems of rare beauty and originality. These were collected and published in a volume entitled *Fatalità* (1892), and attracted much admiration for their exquisite blending of force and tenderness, pathos and passion. Soon after the publication of this volume, Signorina Negri was appointed to an official place in Milan, where she has lived ever since.

## THOU ASKEST

Thou askest who I am?—Child, thou shalt hear.  
I am a strong-winged bird by fate restrained,  
Condemned to languish in a prison drear.  
I pine for splendors of the sunlit sphere,  
And here I beat my wings, in torture chained.  
My fair child, thou shalt hear.

I dream the wedding rites of sylvan flowers  
In centuried shadows of the woodland vale:  
I dream the loves of beasts in tropic bowers,  
Or stretched on torrid sands; the burning showers  
Of fervent sunlight, fury of the gale,  
Sunlight, and storms, and flowers.

And sometimes, markest thou? forgetting fear,  
I struggle, cursing, as through tears I call.  
The world goes on and laughs, and doth not hear.  
While, raging for the freedom held so dear,  
I break my wings against the iron wall,  
The great world doth not hear!

Oh, who will break these bars wherein I lie?  
Oh, who will give me light, and boundless day?  
Who will unclothe the gates that ope to the sky?  
I must, I will go forth, and singing fly,  
In the delirious sunlight swept away—  
Freedom! or I shall die.











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